

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

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COMFORT

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A Million and a Quarter Homes.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

Afflictions clarify the soul.
Ambition is but avarice on stilts.
A face that cannot smile is never good.
Ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace.
He lives who dies to win a lasting name.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
—Shakespeare.
Sin is a state of mind, not an outward act.
The farmers are the founders of civilization.
Nature never betrayed the heart that loved her.
Command large fields, but cultivate small ones.
Nothing is too late till the tired heart stops beating.
Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.
—Owen.
There is purpose in pain, otherwise it were devilish.
Just laws are no restraint upon the freedom of the good.
Better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.
There are epidemics of nobleness as well as epidemics of disease.
For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
—Pope.
Patience is the strongest of strong drinks, for it kills the giant despair.
Each departed friend is a magnet that attracts us to the next world.
Gray hairs are like the light of a soft moon silvering over the evening of life.
More helpful than all wisdom is one draft of simple human pity that will not forsake us.
Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.
—Sir Walter Raleigh.
When men once reach their Autumn, sickly joys fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees.
Where all are selfish, the sage is no better than the fool, and only rather more dangerous.
Alas, for the unhappy man that is called to stand in the pulpit, and not give the bread of life.
Amusements are to religion like breezes to the flame—gentle ones will fan it, but strong ones will put it out.
Music! Oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell;
Why should feeling ever speak
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
—Moore.
None but God can satisfy the longings of the immortal soul; that as the heart was made for Him, so He only can fill it.
Most arts require long study and application; but the most useful art of all, the art of pleasing, requires only the desire to please.

A Few Words by the Editor

All in the wild March morning, I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March morning, I heard them call my soul.
—Tennyson.

WE are now approaching that portion of the church year, known as Lent. Easter comes early this year—on March 31st. Lent used to be observed only by Catholics and Episcopalians, but nowadays its observance is becoming more general.

In these days of hurry and scurry, when every nerve is strained to its utmost tension, and brain and body racked to the point of exhaustion, anything that calls a halt to the mad rush of life is to be welcomed. As the old saw says, "Life is not all beer and skittles," and neither is it all toil and strife, social functions and money getting. There is a deeper purpose in life, and it is during Lent that we should strive to give a little time to devotion, and we should endeavor to hush the warring elements in our nature, and listen to the "still small voice," and seek a little of the peace that passeth understanding. It will be all the better for us, if we do this. We shall gain, both physically and spiritually. For once in a while, as we hurry through life, we should all stop to note the road on which we are traveling, and mark where it leads to, and what is at the end of it. Perhaps such a period of reflection may show us that we are on the wrong road, that we have lost our way, and are far, far from home, deep in the morass that threatens our destruction, sinking in quicksands that will eventually engulf us.

Once a year men take stock of their business, and calculate their losses and gains, so they may know just where they stand. It is in Lent that a man should take stock of himself, and note where he is journeying. If he is not satisfied with the inventory he has taken of himself, if his footsteps are uncertain, the outlook dark, the storm clouds gathering, he need not despair; greater men than he have taken this self inventory, and have been harassed by doubts and fears, and disheartened and discouraged, have faltered, not knowing which way to go, or how to reach a harbor of safety, and a rock of security, which something told them was not far ahead, if they only knew just where and how to seek it.

No trial which has taken place in this country, except those of the assassins of President Garfield and President McKinley, has caused wider interest and comment than that of Harry Thaw, the young Pittsburgh millionaire, for the shooting of Stanford White, the famous New York architect. It is hardly necessary to go into details. Evelyn Nesbit, a pretty chorus girl, was the cause of all the trouble. After a more or less scandalous career, Thaw married her, and then was her opportunity to have retired from public view, and as wife, possibly mother, to have lived down her past. But the young Mrs. Thaw was not made of such stern stuff. She could not make the sacrifice even in so good a cause. She came back to New York where White was, and her husband's jealousy grew until one night last summer he killed the man whom Mrs. Thaw swears first led her astray.

Whatever may be true of the shocking testimony with which all newspaper readers have been served, the lesson is in it against the modern metropolitan methods of living among those who exist in the glare of the lights which are red. This is the light which attracts so many young people all over this country, and it is the fierce blaze which scorches the virtue of so many girls who come to the city, and leads to destruction so many weak young men who cannot resist the temptations of every part.

Thousands of young girls in every part of the United States, whose homes are comfortable, and whose lives might be fitly shaped for what is best in living, are drawn to the city by the promises of better opportunities and wider scope of mind and work, only to find disappointment and death, or the life that is worse, now and hereafter. These girls may read the dreadful story of Evelyn Nesbit and be properly shocked at it, but will they heed it? Will they listen to the words of the wise who would save them, or will they still want to try for themselves and weep the bitter tears of sorrow that must come to most who know not the lure of the city, and depend upon the careless, often the wicked, to instruct them in the ways they should not go? COMFORT has many readers among the young who are dissatisfied with the simpler life of the country, and long to go to the city, and to these this word of warning in all kindness is spoken. Better rust in the country than rot in the town.

Your editor has just been running his eyes over a number of magazines that compete with COMFORT in its particular field. It occurred to him that it would be unwise to take it for granted that good old COMFORT was so far ahead of its rivals, that there was no necessity of his spying out the land, and knowing what others were doing in the way of catering to your literary needs. The ostrich, you will remember in a time of danger, puts its head in the sand, and ignores its enemy. Your editor does not believe in imitating the ostrich, COMFORT imitates no one, but blazes a pathway for itself, a pathway most other publications are only too glad to follow. Your editor's main desire then, in casting his eye over the magazine field, was to note if anyone was giving a more generous literary dish, and setting a more bountiful table for its readers than COMFORT. While he was noting quality and quantity, it occurred to him also to notice price. The review was a conscientious and impartial one, fair and thorough, and we have much pleasure in making the result known to you, for that examination convinced your editor, and would also have convinced you, had you been here when it was made, that COMFORT leads all its competitors both in quantity and quality. Many publications, which charge nearly double what COMFORT charges you for a year's subscription, had not one half the reading matter to be found in one of our ordinary issues. Where COMFORT gave 32 pages, the majority of other publications gave only 16. One magazine whose yearly subscription rate is 25 cents, had only 19 columns of reading matter, while COMFORT had just four times as much. It is only natural that everyone should want to get the best possible return for their money both as to quality and quantity. The readers of this paper can rest assured that we give

them more for their money, both in quality and quantity, than any other similar publication, in fact, we give three and sometimes four times as much, as is given by other similar periodicals. We do not make these remarks from any desire to belittle other literary enterprises, but simply to place before you a plain statement of facts that is indisputable. Nearly everything in life depends upon one's point of view, depends upon the way we look at things. Some people regard the public as simply a mass of humans created by a kindly Providence to provide them with a living—the public is to be squeezed at every opportunity. Such people embark in all sorts of enterprises, with but one idea, and that is to get rich as quickly as possible, and to get rich quickly means that one must make big profits on a very little outlay. It means considering only one's self, and ignoring the public utterly. In other words, one must work without a conscience, and have only greed as an ideal. COMFORT's point of view is the very antithesis of this. Our one idea is to give you as much as we possibly can for the money. We are not here today and gone tomorrow, but intend like the brook "to go on forever," bringing comfort into your lives that only COMFORT can bring. We are more intent on heaping up friends than heaping up profits. While others are striving to see how little they can give for the money, we are endeavoring to see just how much our plant and resources will permit us to place before you. You know COMFORT's heart is in the right place. Our interest in seeking to help the unfortunate proves that, and our generous methods of catering also substantially prove it. You can rest assured that no publication will ever do better by its readers, ever can do better by its readers and manage to exist, than will COMFORT. Every promise we make we keep. Some magazines make a specialty of proclaiming their generous intentions towards their readers only to still further curtail the scanty literary fare provided for them. Our word is our bond. COMFORT is the biggest and best, not because we say so, but because it is so, and no one knows this fact to be true better than yourselves.

A new department. Knowing nearly everyone is interested in the things that befall the life of women, we commence in this issue to give you a general review of the past month's happenings from all over the country, showing the many odd and curious things women are doing. We would like to know if our readers are interested in this style of information, and the Editor would be pleased to have all express their opinion on the subject. A postal from you, or a few words in a letter when you are writing, would be very acceptable.

Those who from force of habit have procrastinated in the matter of renewing their subscriptions, should do so at once. Directly your subscriptions run out your papers stop. We feel confident that if your subscription is not renewed, it is not because you cannot afford the trifling outlay, only 15 cents, necessary to secure our paper for one year, but simply because you have been unable to get to the post-office, or have been too pressed with other matters to spare time to write to us. Do not hesitate longer. We want to keep our family intact, and if we could eliminate procrastination from human life, we should never lose a subscriber except by death;—of that we are confident, for no one who has got used to COMFORT, ever drops it to take another paper, for no one would be foolish enough to stop an excellent magazine like ours, and to take in its place another publication of inferior quality and higher price. Once more then, let us assure our readers, there is no magazine in America, or in the world for that matter, that can touch COMFORT as to quality, quantity and price. It is the best, and you know it.

Your friend,
Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

Charles Curtis, who was lately elected United States Senator from Kansas, has served in the House of Representatives, fourteen years. His mother was a full-blooded Kaw Indian.

John F. Stevens, chief engineer of the Panama canal commission has resigned. The President has asked the canal commission to assign to the office of chief engineer, Major George W. Goethals, of the Engineer Corps.

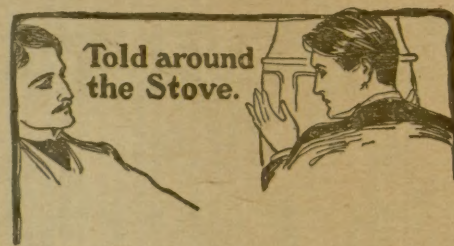
The historic battleship Oregon that Captain Clark raced around the continent to bring in the nick of time into the battle of Santiago Bay, is to be modernized, and the Secretary of the Navy has authorized the expenditure of \$1,000,000 on her. She was one of the best battleships in 1898, and now has become almost obsolete.

During the present session of the Indiana Legislature an appropriation will be asked to care for the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the mother of Abraham Lincoln. That the grave of the mother of Abraham Lincoln should have been so long neglected does not speak well for public sentiment in that state, or for the whole country.

Sabatis Shay and Newel Ranco, full-blooded Indians, in Maine, are to erect a building for the manufacture of canoe paddles and cant-dog handles—articles which require honesty in manufacture as a safeguard to life. A young Indian girl, a graduate of a High School and business college, is to be the stenographer and bookkeeper of the company.

Halley's comet, last seen in 1835, will be visible again in 1910, and astronomers are bestirring themselves in preparation of the event. It is the greatest comet known to have been seen at more than one return, its average period being about seventy-five years. The object of the astronomers at present is to predict the moment of its perihelion with the utmost possible accuracy.

The idea of a religious service to open the day's session of the New York Stock Exchange has been taken up by the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Warren, employing the novel expedient of the telephone. Just before the beginning of business the preacher's study is connected by



Told around
the Stove.

Child Labor

"One of the hard problems to handle," said the philanthropist, "is that of child labor—that is, making children under 14 do day's work, as an adult does. Most states have laws against it, but they vary, and in addition we must contend against the need of what the children may earn by working in families and getting no help in our efforts from parents. According to the latest census there were 1,750,178 children from 10 to 15 years of age engaged in various occupation, and in 20,452 families 35.7 of the breadwinners were under 15. Of the total, 1,054,446 were employed on the farms where they lived. Next to farm work comes servants and waiters, of whom there are 138,065, mostly girls. Of general laborers, principally working in cities, there were 128,617, all being boys except 17,059. In the gainful occupations about one third were 15 years of age, and more than one half above 14. Of working children about three fourths are boys. The per cent. of colored child laborers is much higher than among whites, but it is almost entirely on farms. More children are employed in cotton mills than in any other industry, and the majority of them are in New England, North and South Carolina and Georgia. Of the 71,622 messengers, errand boys and cash girls, 90 per cent. are boys. Of the textile workers and needle trades, 29,334 were girls and 5,123 boys. In 188 families the children supported them entirely, the size of the families ranging from five to eight dependents. In some families every member is a bread winner, and still the children have to work. However, this is merely for gain, and here is where the law should be exercised on the parents."

A Paid Sunday School

"As far as I know," said a clerical-looking party, "there is but one Sunday school in this country, or the world, where teachers and tuition cost money. Some say it is not a good plan, but I think it is. This school has competent teachers who instruct children on religious subjects of an entirely undenominational character, and the scholars pay a tuition fee of \$15. The school meets every Sunday morning, and opens with simple religious exercises of responsive Bible reading and singing of hymns. For the little ones there is a kindergarten with Bible stories and songs, and for the older ones the Bible is taught in all its phases, moral, historical and literary. The good part of the Bible is taught to the children, and they are shown how its precepts may make better boys and girls of them, and how they can improve all persons with whom they come in contact. It is simply teaching practical religion to the right kind of children by competent and liberal-minded teachers, and the result cannot help being of the greatest benefit now and hereafter. Pictures and lectures are constantly used to interest the children in their Bible studies, and the school is growing, with bright prospects of similar schools being established elsewhere."

'phone with different brokers' offices, and reading of the Scriptures follow to all who care to listen. A prayer is then offered that honesty and justice may prevail.

One of the worst disasters for many years was in the wreck of the Rotterdam Steamer Berlin, off Hook, Holland, and within sight of her dock, Feb. 21. As a result of the courage and determination of Prince Henry of the Netherlands, 11 survivors were rescued. The Berlin carried passengers and crew to the number of 141. Among the drowned were 16 members of the German Opera Co., who had just concluded their season at Covent Garden. Three members were rescued.

A Service Pension Bill has been passed by Congress, under which every honorably discharged soldier of the Civil War who served as much as three months, is entitled to receive a pension of \$12 a month at the age of 62, of \$15 a month at the age of 70, and of \$20 a month at the age of 75. A provision giving survivors of the Mexican War a pension of \$20 a month was incorporated in the bill. It is estimated that the bill will entail an additional expenditure of about \$15,000,000 for the first year.

The collision of the side-wheel steamer Larchmont, of the Joy Line, with the schooner Harry Knowlton, off Block Island, resulted in terrible disaster, causing great loss of life. Of the more than 200 passengers only 10 were saved. Some of the crew reached land. Thirty-two bodies were washed ashore, with the 11 brought in on the boats and rafts made 43 recovered. The full loss of life may never definitely be known, as the only list of passengers was held by the purser of the steamer.

A remarkable surgical operation is reported from Vienna. The patient had lost the sight of both eyes. Dr. Zirm, the surgeon, had to remove the eye of an eleven-year-old boy. The eye was fatally injured by a steel splinter in the interior, but the corner was intact. The operator, therefore, cut slits in the opaque corners of the man's eyes and inserted pieces from the boy's. The experiment failed as to the right eye, as the transplanted windows also thickened, but in the left eye it retained its transparency and almost normal vision was restored.

JERRY, THE BACKWOODS BOY

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By Horatio Alger, Jr.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jerry Blue, a boy fourteen years old, lives with Squire Parkhurst. Going in search of a lost cow he finds hoof prints. He hears an odd sound, and "Stop, Nero! Stop, I tell you!" Suddenly a horse bursts into view. From one stirrup drags the form of a horseman. Jerry stops the horse, saving the man from death. Henry Maxwell questions Jerry as to his parents and his home. He is Squire Parkhurst's bound boy and was taken by him out of the poorhouse in New York City. Jerry does not know how long he was there. A man named Cass takes him away for two years; he is killed and Jerry goes back. Henry Maxwell gives him gold for his bravery. When Jerry is his own master he will try to clear up the mystery of his identity. When Mr. Maxwell goes back to New York he will look into the matter for him. Jerry offers the money back; the man refuses to take it and rides off. Jerry finds the cow, and he wonders about himself. He will find out some day, but he does not dream of the odd things to happen before the secret of his identity is revealed.

A few miles to the south of where Jerry meets Henry Maxwell, night and darkness overtake Dick Clarke, who meets Indian John, and asks him to guide him to a place of shelter. They arrive at Hill's Tavern. The landlord is curious as to his visitor's home and name. He may call him Clarke, as to his stay he will be guided by circumstances, and he inquires about the chief settlers. There is Isaac Davenport, an officer in the war, Henry, the Major's only son, a graduate of Harvard, Squire Parkhurst, and his daughter Mabel. The landlord often sees Henry Davenport and Mabel Parkhurst riding together. Dick Clarke retires for the night.

Squire Parkhurst's home is well chosen—two stories high, with a rustic piazza. Mehitable Higgins lives at Squire Parkhurst's, and at thirty-seven is unmarried, and unwilling to admit the years. In her secret heart she is jealous of Mabel Parkhurst. Jerry Blue annoys Mehitable.

Jerry Blue takes a gun to shoot deer. Dick Clarke inquires of the landlord the way to Squire Parkhurst's. It is the saving of distance to go through the woods. As he walks along there is the discharge of a gun, the bullet of which lodges in his hat. Jerry mistakes him for a deer. Dick Clarke asks the boy to conduct him to Squire Parkhurst's. Jerry tries to conceal the gun, but Mehitable meets him. Jerry relates his adventures and reckons he's in search of a wife. Dick Clarke meets Squire Parkhurst, and tells him he is a lawyer by profession. Though Squire Parkhurst lives in the wilderness, Dick Clarke knows he was born to wealth. Inheriting fifty thousand dollars from his father, his investments fail and he leaves New York. His daughter takes the change more kindly than he. Mr. Parkhurst is anxious and ready to hear anything he may have to say. Dick Clarke has the power to replace him in his old position, and promises nothing he can not perform. Chance has thrown it in his way.

Dick Clarke buys, at auction, an antique desk belonging to Squire Parkhurst's father. He discovers a secret spring which reveals a hidden drawer, containing a paper, which tells the place of concealment of a large fortune left by Squire Parkhurst's father. Dick Clarke thinks the finder should receive some reward and seeks the hand of Mabel Parkhurst. Her father yields so much that he agrees to give him the marriage portion, ten thousand dollars. Dick Clarke refuses the sum, without Mabel for his bride. Unless the father yields, he has gained nothing by the discovery, and is powerless. Dick Clarke knows where the money is concealed. He takes up his residence at Hill's Tavern, where Squire Parkhurst may see him at any time. Jerry's opinion of Dick Clarke is not favorable; he thinks he has seen him before, at Dan Cass's, or the poorhouse. Jerry starts fishing; he meets Henry Davenport who inquires for Mabel. He finds her near the wilderness home. He declares his love, and steals the first kiss Jerry, perched on one of the upper branches, witnesses all.

CHAPTER X.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

THE lawyer's visit had operated upon Joseph Parkhurst as a stone thrown into a pool—producing movement and agitation, a general feeling of unrest, which time alone could calm. There are some natures that seem made for a particular sphere and are not pliant enough to adapt themselves to the requisitions of another. So it was with him. He had been bred to all the privileges which wealth and high birth bestow, and in a quiet way had been in the habit of looking down upon all who did not move in the same circle with himself.

To such a man the sudden downfall which has already been described proved a severe blow. The thought of ranking with those whom he had regarded with condescension only, and of being treated as an inferior by those with whom he had hitherto moved on terms of perfect equality, was indeed bitter to one of his disposition. He could no longer endure to live where he would be subjected to such mortifications. But for that imperative reason he never would have brought himself to what in his case might be fairly considered a desperate step—namely, a home in the wilderness. It was a sacrifice which he made upon the altar of his pride. He had indeed exhibited a little interest in fitting up the cabin, but after that was completed he sank into a state of lethargy which gave Mabel, when she observed it, a vague feeling of uneasiness. But she, herself, was so thoroughly contented with the change she was unable to enter into her father's feelings. She had no longings after the old life which she had led in the city. This was particularly the case after her acquaintance with Henry Davenport had ripened into intimacy, which led to their being almost daily together.

Both Henry and Mabel had many tastes in common. They delighted in long walks, or gallops upon the soft turf, and scarcely a day passed without some mutual engagement. In addition to this, Davenport had placed a boat on the little sheet of water near the house, and would often row his fair companion across it. He had even taught her to manage an oar with considerable dexterity, so that she would sometimes laughingly order him to take his turn as passenger while she plied the oars.

But Mr. Parkhurst had no such pleasant associations with the country. The cultivation of land he regarded as irksome but essential to the support of the family. He therefore committed it to other hands, nor did he even reserve to himself the general superintendence of the farming operations, for which indeed he was as little fitted by experience as by inclination.

As long as he regarded his present state as inevitable, these feelings were kept under some restraint, and he submitted, though with an ill grace, to what he knew no complaints could remedy. But after his conversation with the lawyer the feeling of disgust for his present circumstances and yearning for the past came upon him with redoubled force. The longer

he thought of the possibility which existed of regaining what he so much coveted, the more desirable it seemed—the more unendurable it appeared to get along without them.

"To think," he murmured to himself, as he paced his apartment with hasty steps, "to think that I may again live in the old mansion which I was compelled to surrender; that I may again keep my carriage and entertain my old friends, and live as befits a gentleman of my rank and breeding! One year of my former life is worth five, nay ten, in this out-of-the-way place where I am deprived of all that I value. Yes, I may get it all back. He says so, and though he is not a gentleman, yet his story is a plausible one. But the condition—"

Here his countenance changed, and with some heat he exclaimed: "The low-born fellow has actually the audacity to demand Mabel's hand in marriage, and to make that the condition of restoring to me what is rightfully my own. I have a great mind to have him arrested!"

A moment's reflection was sufficient to convince Mr. Parkhurst that such a proceeding would be ill-advised, inasmuch as he would be utterly unable to prove anything. The lawyer would undoubtedly meet his charges by a cool denial. He could hardly be expected to admit anything to his own detriment.

What, then, could be done? There seemed to be but a single alternative, either to give up all thought of obtaining the money and its contingent advantages, or to submit to the condition imposed.

The last Joseph Parkhurst could not at first endure to think of; but being a man who had

brooding over his own peculiar troubles, had he probably noticed the extent to which their intimacy had gone. He did not therefore anticipate the disarrangement which his plans were likely to receive from this source.

But this discovery was not long to be delayed. The avowal of love which had been made by Henry Davenport was followed by a subsequent conversation, in which both parties agreed to make the matter known to their respective families. The necessity of this communication troubled neither. No opposition was anticipated as both the families were on intimate terms, and in other respects there seemed to be no real difference except that Mr. Davenport was unquestionably much the wealthier. But, as he had no aristocratic prejudices to contend against, it was not likely that this would have any effect upon his mind.

"Father," said Mabel in a tone of hesitation, arising from the knowledge of the purpose for which she solicited an interview, "I should be glad to see you in the study a few minutes."

"Certainly," said her father, surprised that she should have anticipated a request which he had himself thought of making.

Mehitable heard this request through the half-open door, and the curiosity of the handmaiden—a quality of which she certainly had her share—was greatly excited.

"I wonder what she's got to say to her father," thought that lady. "Maybe she's going to complain of me. She told me yesterday that she thought the meat was overdone. A pretty chit she is to talk to me, that knew all about cooking before she was born."

Mehitable forgot that her expressions were



"FATHER," SAID MABEL, "YOU FORGET THAT I LOVE HENRY DAVENPORT!"

been accustomed through life to regard his own comfort and advantage of paramount importance, he began little by little to reconcile himself to it. This he was the better able to do because the objections were merely from his own prejudice, not from regard for his daughter's feelings. It then ultimately resolved itself to this, and in this form he submitted it to himself for consideration.

Would it be a greater sacrifice for him to put up with an unacceptable son-in-law, or to spend the remainder of his life in a wilderness and a state of society which he detested?

It was not difficult to decide what the answer would be. It required only little time to arrive at it.

The lawyer had had the foresight to see this, and for this reason he had had the good policy not to insist upon an immediate answer to his proposition, but to give time for Mr. Parkhurst's selfishness to present the matter in its bearing upon his own comfort.

After Joseph Parkhurst had begun to reconcile himself to that branch of the alternative which would require from him the least sacrifice, the process became rapid.

"After all," he thought, "there is nothing in this man's profession which should interfere with his being a gentleman, and if he is lacking a pedigree the deficiency can easily be supplied by money. It can be reported that he has high connections in England, and as no one will take the trouble to go over and ascertain the incorrectness of the report, it will pass unquestioned. It is, I admit, presumption in him to make the demand; still, it is better to sacrifice a little pride for the sake of a great advantage. And besides, I don't know that Mabel is likely to make a more advantageous connection in this wild place."

Mr. Parkhurst had never suspected the strong interest felt by Henry Davenport, nor, indeed, so much had his time been devoted to

of a nature to throw doubt upon her often asserted claims to juvenility.

In compliance with his daughter's request, Mr. Parkhurst proceeded to the study.

Mabel followed with a flushed cheek, yet with a happy light in her eyes. She dreaded the task of opening to her father the subject of her love, yet she would not for a large sum have foregone the occasion of her embarrassment.

"I'd like to know what it is they're a-going to talk about," repeated Mehitable, as she prepared to clear away the table. "Perhaps the squire may say something about that fine young man that came here yesterday, and seemed so struck with my appearance. I'd give a good deal to know who he is, and what is his business with the squire, and whether he thinks of settling down in this destrict of country, and whether he's married, though I don't think he is, and whether he isn't in search of a wife."

Mehitable's volubility in wondering was very great, but it was at least fully equalled by her curiosity. Accustomed as she had been for many years past to consider, in regard to every man, whether he was available in a matrimonial way, the politeness of the lawyer, added to Jerry's hint, had worked upon her imagination to such an extent that she was already half-persuaded that it required but an effort upon her part to bring the lawyer to her feet. That effort she was willing to make.

"Poor man! Perhaps he's had a misfortunate attachment, like my Joshua that I rejected because I didn't love him. But I'm sure I didn't object to somebody else making him happy. So I think, if I could see it to be my duty, that I should be willing to marry this gentleman that seems so pretty and polite in his manners. I can't say but what I'd like to have a house of my own. There's some satisfaction in working for yourself and your own family that there

isn't in working for other people, that don't know how to appreciate you."

These thoughts were soon terminated by the closing door after Mabel and her parent.

"I wonder if I couldn't creep up to the door and hear what they're a-sayin'," thought Mehitable to herself. "I've a great mind to. I guess I'll take the dust brush with me, so's if the door should suddenly open, they'd think I'm a-dustin'," and she lost no time in putting it into execution.

"The dishes may stand," she muttered. "Jerry hain't had his breakfast, and I guess I'll let the table wait for him a few minutes."

Seizing the dust brush Mehitable passed cautiously into the entry, treading on tiptoe and avoiding carefully even the least noise, intent upon gratifying her natural desire for information without the somewhat awkward accident of discovery.

She leaned her head forward so that her ear was close to the keyhole, and in this attitude listened eagerly to what was said. What she heard was of even greater interest than she had anticipated.

But, alas for poor Mehitable! In her plans of avoiding detection there was one element of uncertainty she had quite forgotten to take note.

Jerry had gone out early in the morning in search of birds' eggs, of which he had already collected quite a variety, and this made him late for breakfast.

Entering the kitchen with bare feet he did not make sufficient noise to attract attention. This was an unfortunate circumstance for her, as it proved. Entering the kitchen, Jerry naturally looked about for Mehitable. Not finding her he stepped to the entry door, and there, to his surprise, found her in the act of eavesdropping.

"I'll fix her," thought the boy, after pausing a minute or two, hoping that she would look up and learn to her confusion that she was discovered. Jerry finally got tired of waiting and determined to precipitate matters.

Accordingly he gave a slight cough, which was sufficient, however, to draw Mehitable's attention.

Turning suddenly she saw the boy looking at her with a whimsically knowing air, that clearly indicated that he very well understood what she was about.

Mehitable started with a guilty look, and her sallow face actually flushed.

"Why, Jerry," said she in a flustered manner, "have you got back? I thought I'd let the breakfast things stand till you got home, and as the entry needed dustin' I'd go to work doin' it."

"Do you generally dust the keyhole, Hitty?" asked the boy, his eyes twinkling with mirth. "What do you mean, Jerry Blue?" inquired Mehitable with offended dignity.

"Oh, I don't mean anything, of course," said the provoking boy. "Only I saw you bending down with your ear close to the keyhole."

"I suppose you hain't any objection to my stoopin' over and tying up my shoestrings," said Mehitable, in an injured tone.

"It took you pretty long to tie it, then. You didn't seem to be doing nothing for about five minutes while I was looking at you."

"Oh, you audacious boy!" exclaimed she. "How do you dare to say such things about a poor, unprotected girl that hasn't done you any harm! I've lived for years and years—"

"There's no doubt about that, Hitty," said Jerry with a meaning look.

"Don't you interrupt me, you little wretch. I ain't too old to be your sister."

"Oh, my gracious!" exclaimed Jerry. "I should as soon think of being brother to my own grandmother."

"You can't have any tea this morning," said Mehitable spitefully, "for it has got cold."

"Then you'll warm it for me," said Jerry quietly.

"I will, will I? And who's to make me, I'd like to know?"

"I am."

"You!" retorted Mehitable in a shrill voice, turning up her nose in ineffable contempt.

"Yes, that is, unless you'd like to have me tell Mabel about you listening at the door."

This produced another outbreak from Mehitable, who nevertheless thought it most prudent to comply with the boy's demand—feeling that she had placed herself in his power. Nor was this the first occasion on which Mehitable had to rue the results of eavesdropping.

CHAPTER XI.

A HARD ALTERNATIVE.

When the father and daughter found themselves together a mutual feeling of embarrassment affected both. Each was considering in what way it would be best to open the conversation. At length the father spoke: "I had a visitor yesterday, Mabel."

At that moment Mabel could only think of one person. She thought it possible that Henry Davenport, in his impatience to have the matter decided, might have called upon her father without her knowledge. In this case her father's answer, when she had requested a private interview, could readily be understood.

"Was it Henry Davenport?" she asked in a low voice, endeavoring not to look unduly interested.

"Henry Davenport!" repeated Mr. Parkhurst in some surprise. "Certainly not. I know of no especial reason for his calling. It was a lawyer from New York."

"Was he a man, of about forty, with a rather forbidding aspect?" inquired Mabel.

"No," said Mr. Parkhurst, hesitating, for it was his desire that his daughter should look as favorably as possible upon the stranger. "I should not describe him in that manner. He was not absolutely young, to be sure, nor I suppose what the ladies would call handsome, but you know beauty is not expected of a man."

"I won't quarrel with you on that point, father," said Mabel, laughing, "nor oblige you to defend him. Whether he is as homely as a rail fence or as handsome as an angel, he is nothing to me. I was only going to say that I caught a glimpse of him as he was walking in the direction of the tavern. I did not know that he had been here until I listened to Mehitable's enthusiastic praises of him after I returned. By her account he was very polite to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sta. stitches; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

k. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. puri; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; b. bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

d. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

The Art of Netting

SOME time ago we published an article on netting, but as this is an art which the younger people are not very familiar with, we will give again the method of doing this work for the benefit of all who have made inquiries in regard to it.

The making of twine or thread into meshes is a contrivance of ancient date for catching fish, birds, and even enclosing tracts of land into which wild animals were driven.

Hammocks or tennis nets can also be made by following the succeeding instructions:

The cord employed should be of a soft cotton variety. For a measure take a smooth piece of hard wood, eight or ten inches in length, one and one half inches wide, and three quarters of an inch thick, having it planed off thin toward one edge, about an eighth of an inch in thickness. In making fancy netting round wood, steel or ivory sticks, or flat ones, in two widths are used; and they may be obtained in almost any fancy work store. A shuttle will also be needed, and if it cannot be obtained elsewhere, can also be manufactured at home.

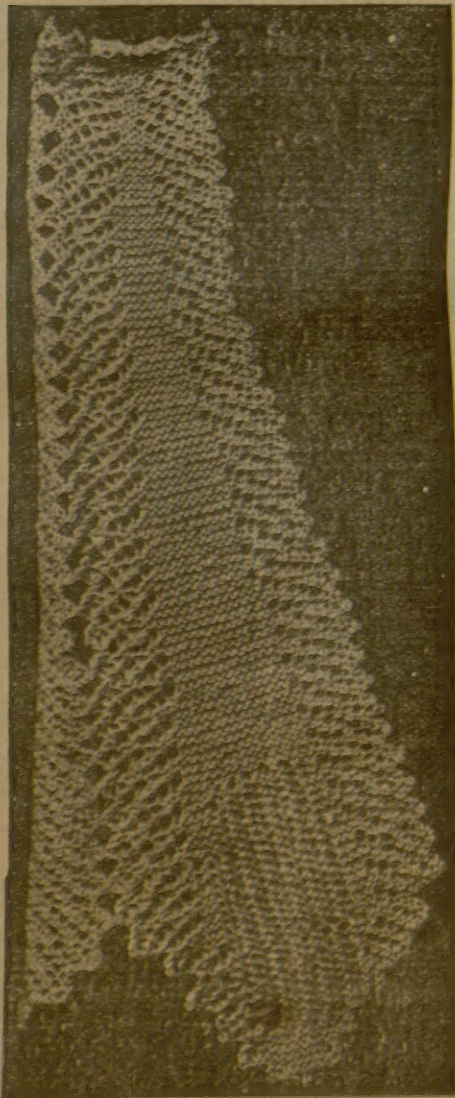
To make a shuttle, take a smooth piece of hard wood ten or eleven inches long, a little less than an inch wide, and only thick enough to be supple and not break; at one end cut it out so as to form a deep curve or heel and shape the other end off to a long point; about an inch and a quarter below the point cut away the wood about an eighth of an inch from each side of the center for four inches down to form a prong about which the cord is to be wound.

In winding a shuttle remember that it should be held in one position so as not to twist the cord, and wind tightly so it will not slip off during the knotting.

Knitted Shoulder Cape in Double-edged Sections

Cast on twelve stitches and knit across plain.
1st row.—K. 6, o., n., o., n., o., k. 2.
2nd row.—K. 7, o., n. 2, o., k. 2.
3d row.—K. 8, o., n. 2, o., k. 2.
4th row.—Bind off 3 sts., k. 6, o., n., o., n., o., k. 2.

5th row.—Bind off 3 sts. Continue back and forth, and by following the directions the center stitches will widen one stitch, each row. When as long as desired, o., n. four times in the center, back and forth for 10 rows; then o., n. twice on each side, back and forth. To form the pointed end, simply bind off 6 instead of 3 sts. for the points on each side, following the exact directions to n. 2, o., k. 2, down to the last point in the center. Bind off, secure the end of the thread. Knit as many sections



SECTION OF SHOULDER CAPE.

as required to fit the shoulders. Run ribbon through and through the points sewed together for dressy effect. MRS. G. T. DRENNAN.

In netting some weight is needed, anything staunch enough to resist the strength of the worker; in fancy netting some use a cushion, filled with sand others simply pin it to the knee.

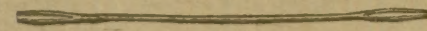
To make a hammock, tie the cord selected around the wedge, making an ordinary knot on the thinner edge. Have ready a good-sized hook in a convenient place; slip the loop off the wedge and throw it over the hook, then take the wedge in the left hand and hold the thick edge toward you; bring the cord from the loop on the hook over the wedge, carry the shuttle up underneath and press it through the loop on the hook; pull the cord tightly so that the sides of the loop through which the shuttle passes will be straight and tight, and the end of the loop even with the top of the wedge, holding the end of the loop so that the knot at the hook will not slip away from the hook. Place the thumb close to the end of the loop, holding the cord drawn through the loop down tightly; now throw the cord up over the loop, pull the shuttle through, carrying it downwards and to the right and underneath the two threads under the thumb, close to the

again; take up the next two wedges in the same manner and again throw the cord over the hook, continue in this way until all the meshes in this end are taken up, to form the guys. Now wind the cord tightly about the guys far enough below the hook to have a ring sufficiently large to suspend the hammock, winding the cord closely for several inches; then lift the ring off the hook and wind it the same way.

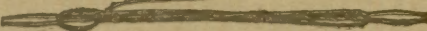
Finish the other end in a similar manner. If one prefers, metal rings can be used, and will be more durable.

Steel Needles for Fine Netting

We illustrate here the regular Steel Netting Needles, such as are sold at Fancy Work Stores in the large Cities. They are very necessary in

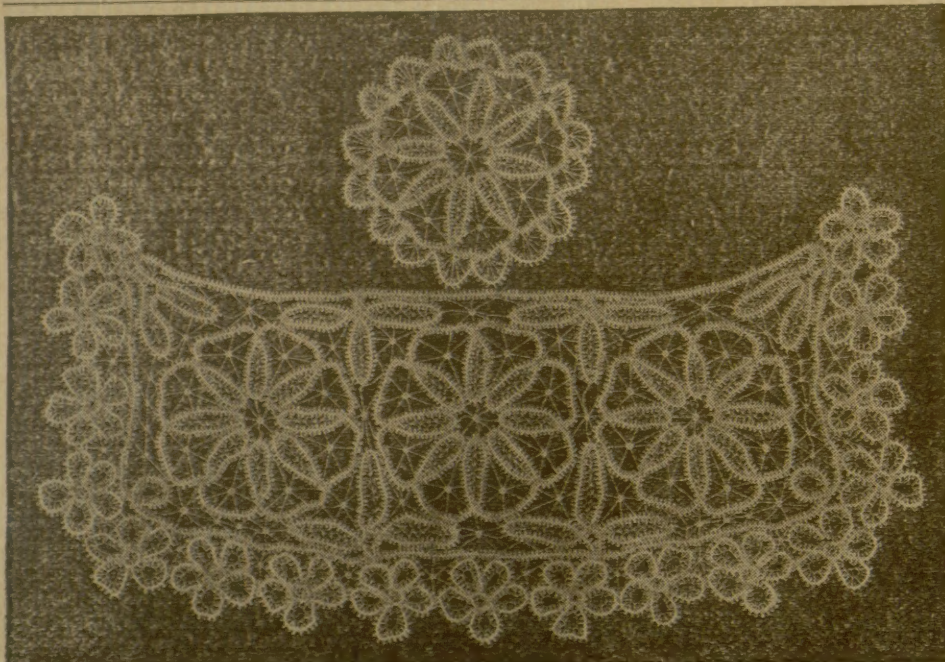


STEEL NETTING NEEDLE.



NEEDLE PARTLY FILLED.

doing the fancy netting described below. To fill a netting needle, pass the end of the thread through the little hole or eye, and tie it, and then wind the thread through the prongs, as shown in partly filled needle. The Publishers of COMFORT will send one of these needles free for a club of only Two Yearly Subscribers at 15 cents each.



BABY'S LACE CAP IN FEATHER-EDGE BRAID.

This lovely creation for a baby is made of the finest feather-edged braid which is based upon a pattern, as for point lace. Lace stitches are used the same as in point lace. This cap was especially designed for our readers by Mrs. H. L. Miller.

hook; now take hold of the cord and pull it as tightly as possible, still holding the thumb in the position directed, so that the cord will not slip. The thumb must be pressed firmly over the cord and the cord drawn as tightly as possible, so that a slip knot will not be produced; now slip this loop off the wedge and carry the cord over the wedge, close to the knot last formed, then carry the shuttle up underneath and pass it up through the loop last removed from the wedge, carry the shuttle downward over the wedge, also allowing the wedge to slip downward; pull the cord tightly so as to draw the loop down straight and tight and bring it close to the top of the wedge, then place the thumb close to the end of the loop and press it closely over the cord, as previously directed. Bring the cord up over the loop, pass the shuttle under the loop drawn down, taking up both sides of the loop, then carry the shuttle downward over the wedge, and pull the cord tightly to make another knot, always holding the thumb closely till the knot is made. Now slip this loop off the wedge and continue in this manner to make knots and loops until the required width of the hammock is obtained. Thirty-six meshes make a good width.

Knots formed as described are known as netting. When you have finished the thirty-six meshes, take the loop off the hook, but do not cut the cord. Then take a piece of cord half a yard or more in length, and pass it in and out through one of the two rows of loops. Tie the ends thus, run through in a knot, and place this loop of cord over the hook, now take the shuttle in hand, pass the cord over the wedge, carry the shuttle up underneath, and pass it up through the mesh nearest the working cord, carry the shuttle downward over the wedge, pulling the cord tightly so as to draw the loop firmly, and bring it close to the top of the wedge; throw the cord up over the loop and pass the shuttle under the loop, holding the thumb, and drawing the cord in the same way as above directed for making the meshes. Keep this loop on the wedge and take up the next and each succeeding mesh in the same way holding a convenient number on the wedge. Returning the loops or meshes to the wedge is only to secure regularity in size and avoid entanglement.

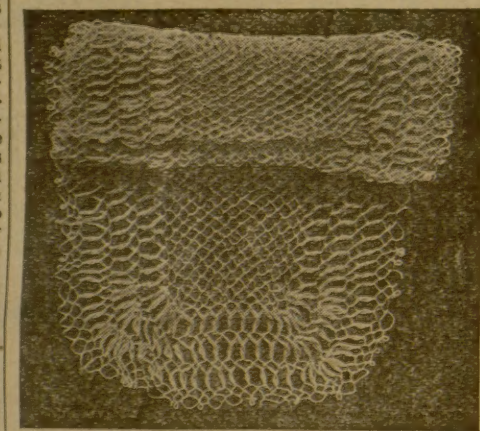
When a convenient number of meshes have been taken up this way—and extreme care must be used not to skip any—take the wedge in the right hand, and with the left take hold of the first loop or mesh to the left on the wedge, and pull all but the last loop off; continue to take up the remaining meshes in the same way. Then proceed to the next row and continue knotting until the hammock is as long as desired; one thirty-six meshes wide should be seven or eight feet in length.

As the work proceeds the cord may be taken off the hook and run through a row of meshes nearer the netter, so it will be easier work.

When the hammock is done take out this cord, smooth out each end of the net, then take a piece of cord, tie it so as to make a long loop, throw the loop over the hook, and hold one end of the net straight in front of you, pass the shuttle through the first loop at the left side of this end, from underneath, and also through the next wedge in the same manner; then throw the cord over the hook and carry it down

Netted Tie

For a tie forty-five inches long cast on one hundred and fifty loops over a bone mesh or

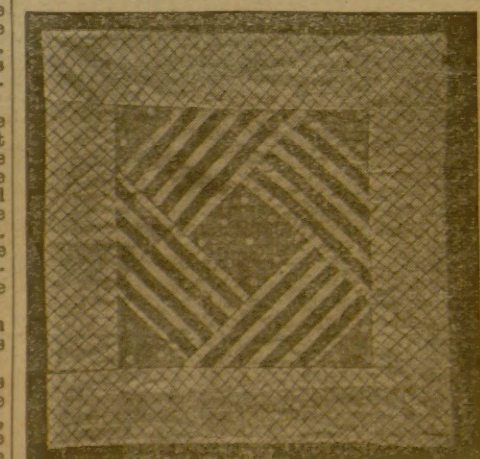


A NETTED TIE.

round wooden needle one half inch in diameter. Turn, and net back and forth for ten rows. Then with double thread net over a mesh one and one half inches all round the tie, making three stitches in one at the corners. Net all round over small mesh. Double thread, and net a round over the large mesh. Then a round over small mesh. Double thread, and net a round over large mesh. Then net two rounds over small mesh. Widen in three corner stitches when working over large mesh in the last two rows.

Quilt Making

Striped goods for patchwork can be de-



ZIG-ZAG.

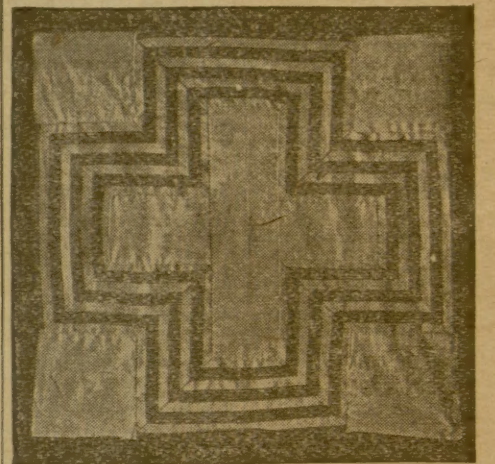
veloped into attractive blocks which look much more intricate than they are.

The zig-zag is composed of four striped pieces, combined with dotted goods of the same color as shown in the design, and then bordered with white, checked off in the same color. A quilt made in this way is odd.

Duplicate Cross

This is easily made, but care needs to be exercised in cutting the pieces so that the strips will exactly match.

A handsome quilt which I call The Wave



DUPLICATE CROSS.

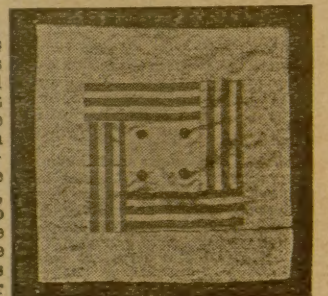
may be pieced by cutting diamond-shaped pieces of blue and white striped goods and piecing so the strips will match and run in points across the whole quilt.

Another called

Cross Roads

Is a simple design of straight strips set together as shown in illustration with a dotted center and suitable border.

Numberless other designs may be evolved by patient study. There is no limit when one will exercise patience and ingenuity, and these two qualities are shown in some of the quilts made by our grandmothers and great-grandmothers and preserved with loving care, as priceless heirlooms. They exhibit a skill which would put to shame many, who in these later days have had advantages, which they did not, in developing a talent for designing.

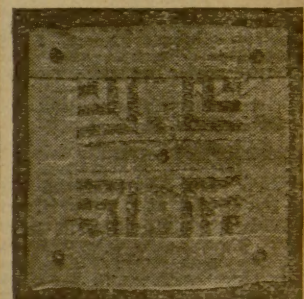


CROSS ROADS.

The Arrow Heads

The name of this design undoubtedly comes from the seams in the corner squares, pointing

to the center, and from the solitary dot in the squares. Many ideas will develop as the work progresses. In this design, there must of necessity, be five colors. For the center white with a blue dot, navy blue for the cross, red and white for the corners, and white with a polka dot for the crosspieces. It may be set with Turkey-red, or navy-blue; it is merely a matter of taste. When done one will really have an attractive quilt. MRS. B. J. CARL.



ARROW HEADS.

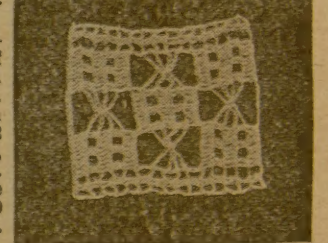
Crocheted Insertion

This pattern of insertion is made from No. 70 crochet cotton for an apron; or of linen thread for tidies or lunch cloths.

Make a chain of forty-two stitches, then make a single crochet in each stitch which is the best way to begin and end any length of crocheted lace.

1st row.—Make a ch. of 4 sts., put a d. c. in the third s. c. on ch., d. c. in the next; ch. 2 sts., sl. 2 s. c., then put a d. c. in each of the next 10, ch. 10 sts., sl. 10 s. c. and put a d. c. in each of the next 10, ch. 2, sl. 2 s. c., put 2 d. c. in the next 2 s. c., ch. 2, put a d. c. in the last s. c.
2nd row.—Ch. 4, put 2 d. c. in the 2 d. c. of first row; ch. 2, put 2 d. c. in the next 2 d. c., ch. 2, sl. 2 d. c., put 2 d. c. in the next 2, ch. 5, catch in the middle of ch. 10 of first row, ch. 5, put 2 d. c. in the next 2 d. c. of first row, ch. 2, sl. 2 d. c., put 2 d. c. in next 2 d. c., ch. 2, sl. 2 d. c., put 2 d. c. in the next 2, ch. 2, and put 2 d. c. in the next 2 d. c. of first row, ch. 2, and put a d. c. in last d. c. of first row.
3rd row.—Ch. 4, put 2 d. c. in the first 2 d. c. of last row, ch. 2, put a d. c. in each d. c., and in each st. between the d. c. of last row, making 10 d. c. in all, then ch. 5, catch in the middle of ch. of the other row, ch. 5, then put a d. c. in each d. c., and in each stitch between the d. c. of last row, until you have 10, ch. 2, then 2 d. c., in the next 2 d. c., ch. 2, put a d. c. in the last d. c. of second row.
4th row.—Like second row.
5th row.—Like third, only let the ch. 10 hang loosely.
6th row and following rows can be readily seen from the pattern to be a repetition of the previous rows, only changing the position of the open and the solid blocks.

CROCHETED INSERTION.



MRS. O. L. SATERN.



Points to Remember

Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.

Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.

Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.

Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.

Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.

As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.

Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.

Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.

All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.

Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

DEAR SISTERS:

As many of you have been disappointed by the non-appearance of your letters, I will try to make amends somewhat by a little explanation. You all must realize that with the enormous subscription list which COMFORT has, a goodly number of letters come to this department each month, many more in fact, than we could possibly publish, if every page were devoted to them; so you see, as this is not possible, in choosing those which shall appear, it is simply a survival of the fittest, that is, the letters which are really the best and will give the most pleasure and information, are naturally and rightfully chosen. Then the others are considered and each recipe request, or bit of experience, or help is weeded out and appears in its proper place, thus we try to be just to all and make this corner as interesting and helpful as possible. Do not feel badly if your first letter failed to find a place, just make the next one so good, it can not meet a similar fate.

Maggie Forier and Eleonora R. Weatherholt. Your letters received and I thank you for sending the letters inclosed. As stated above and as I have said so many times, such changes are wrong and we do not intend these columns to be used by anyone who breaks this rule, for this reason.

Mrs. Clara Olsen. I can not give you Mrs. Griffiths' address.

Dear J. A. D. Please do not refer in your letters to persons whom you know persist in these methods.

Mrs. Arrilla Moore, Fredonia, N. Y. The paragraph to which you refer was simply a suggestion for Christmas presents for an elderly couple; read it over again and you will understand.

Mrs. Jesse Hathaway. Mrs. L. M. McGee's address is Gage, R. F. D., 4, Okla.

Nellie F. O'Connell. Your letter received; do write a long letter. I know all the sisters would enjoy a description of the "Windy City." Miss Lucy A. Hoover. I could not tell until seeing it, whether we could use the rose design of which you write. If you will submit it and inclose postage, we will return it to you, and if available for use in the fancy work columns, pay for the same at current rates.

To R. E. Dallas, M. Wyman, Mrs. L. T. Walker, Nellie Bliss and numerous others who have written, requesting patterns of different kinds, and asking questions all of which are fully answered above, I would repeat, please read these Points to Remember, very carefully, and you will be saved the trouble of writing for a reply which will not come, as our object in publishing them each month is to give you just the desired information and save this correspondence.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for the past nine years and think no other paper, for its price, can compare with it, as it seems so homelike and brings so many cheerful hearts together.

I am a resident of the stricken city of San Francisco; if this should meet with favor I will write again and describe how the city managed for a few months after that eventful morning of April 18, 1906. I am also a member of the League of Cousins and feel highly honored to belong to such an interesting band.

I am twenty-six years of age, an artist by occupation; if I can help any of the sisters with any suggestions in any line will gladly do so (providing they will inclose a stamp). I make all kinds of satin, silk, or velvet hand-painted pillows, also paint on porcelain, but no china or any other material that the oil paint won't absorb without spreading.

Mrs. Van Dyke and others. Many thanks for generous favors, greatly benefited by same.

Mrs. Dickens. Please try steeping fresh celery root and drinking the liquid for your poor nerves.

Miss Emma Gerlach and others. Would you kindly try alum (powdered if you wish, but sew it between a thin cloth), and place it near the afflicted parts and in all the pockets and if possible keep the hands in them as the heat of the body dissolves the alum. It cured a colored gentleman here of many years' rheumatism.

Mrs. J. R. Robbins. A good transparent tracing-paper can be made by using varnish formed from Demarara resin. Place amount of tissue paper required in a flat pile spreading the varnish evenly over the paper with a soft-haired brush then remove sheet by sheet and hang it up to dry. For a colored tracing, I generally use colored chalk rubbed smoothly over common wrapping-paper, turning chalk side down, but please be very careful

and not press too heavy on the article as to put extra chalk on your material.

MISS CARRIE VAN WISE, San Francisco, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I am deeply interested in the Sisters' Corner, and love to read letters from all parts of the United States, and I will join in with the rest of the sisters and represent Washington. We are living in the Palouse, Washington, second best town west of the Cascade mountains. It is situated on the north slope of Palouse River, one of the most beautiful places for natural scenery of all kinds in the state.

We can take an electric car at six P. M. and attend a good theater at Spokane, and be home at twelve, midnight. We were out to our country farm today. It was a beautiful day, which made the trip indeed pleasant. We will sooner or later move out on the farm, and I will go into the poultry business, as I dearly love to look after little chicks.

We had beautiful weather till the middle of November, then the snow came and covered the mountains, and along the foothills it is very deep, and the sleigh-bells jingle all around. Sisters, to ride in a light sleigh with a pair of horses and sleigh-bells, so like Uncle Josh when he rode in an automobile, or a kerosene buggy, as he called it, it makes you feel like you are going to lose all your hair.

I will give the readers of COMFORT a recipe for cleaning a clothes wringer. It is very simple, yet few know it. Saturate a soft cloth with kerosene, and rub on the rollers, you will find it very satisfactory.

To Mrs. Belle Rush of Hansen, Idaho, Mr. Coigny says he claims you for his first cousin, and says your description is correct. We would like to have had the chance to spend the 4th of July at the Shoshone Fall. Write and tell us of your trip to Twinfall, Ill.

We have no sage-brush to burn here, and though we have thousands and thousands of acres of heavy timber near us, you may be surprised that wood is eight dollars a cord, coal ten dollars per ton.

MRS. VENEVA COIGNY, Palouse, Washington.

DEAR SISTERS:

In response to my letter in May COMFORT, I received many letters telling me how to raise Angora cats, but it was goats, not cats, that I was interested in; now who can help me out? I enjoyed all the letters and thank you all for the many helps and hints. I was especially interested in letters giving methods of raising poultry and nursing the sick. Let's hear from some of you on bee-keeping and the rearing of goats, and the cultivation of flowers. I think raising goats would be a profitable business for women. What do you think about it, sisters?

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THE SHADOW OF A CROSS

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The tall athletic figure of a young man is seen leaning against the trunk of a tree. Half aloud he soliloquizes, and wonders what is keeping them. He asks himself why a woman of Mrs. Rosslyn's Puritanic strength of character should embrace the Catholic faith. "Is it for this I am to be separated from the object of my dearest desire?" The sound of many voices chanting the Ave Maria is borne to his waiting ears. The service ends, and Theta Rosslyn meets her lover, Gene Warfield. There is an opening for him in the West in Judge Blodgett's office. He will win wealth and fame, and coming back make Theta his wife. As he pleads he sees a small chain about Theta's neck, and asks what talisman is hiding there. Pulling at the chain he finds a tiny gold crucifix; he snaps the chain and dashes the crucifix to the ground. With a cry like a wounded animal, she catches the crucifix to her breast. "God forgive me, if even for a little while I let your love words deceive me into forgetting the depth of the gulf which lies between us," Gene pleads with all the fervor of youth, but the girl dare not yield, and his pride battles with the anguish which kills the soul, though the body yet lives.

Gene finds his mother waiting for him; she sees the stricken look, that goes to her heart, and she tries to comfort him. He will carry the scar to the grave. He feels all is lost save ambition. Gently the mother chides him. Ambition will never make him happy. Could she have her way she would have him a simple farmer, marry and settle down for a long and happy life. His uncle John is a good manager, but has spoiled him for the happy contented life. If she were sure the forces of his nature were always to be arrayed on the side of right, she would not mind. She is assured he will never yield to the power of gold, but she knows his weakness—the insatiable appetite for power, and this fear comes, because he has broken with all religious traditions. The mother's heart is breaking because she knows that the width of poles lies between them. The parting comes; the mother cries, "I didn't know it would be so hard!" Theta Rosslyn hears the cry, and laying her hands on the mother's shoulders softly says, "God will take care of him."

Years pass and Eugene Warfield is in Excelsior, the home of the Harvester Trust and no longer an unknown lawyer. The boyish look is gone forever and the lines of power deepen. He finishes the last page of a paper and with the exclamation, "I am glad it is finished!" the door opens and Judge Blodgett enters. Gene tells him he has arrived in the nick of time.

CHAPTER III. (CONTINUED.)

"I HAVE noticed," the Judge remarked sententiously, "that the man who arrives in the nick of time, usually finds himself in a tight place. 'You are at it, as usual, I see,' with a glance at the manuscript on the desk."

"Yes, writing them out and sitting up all night like Webster to learn the speeches I expect to deliver impromptu next day," Gene replied, smiling.

"A good way, Warfield, a very good way. A speech is always better for a careful preparation beforehand, and then in the heat of an argument if you want to branch out you can, but you've got the main thread to come back to. You begin your legal battle next week I believe?"

"Yes, but I confess it seems an almost hopeless undertaking. No, not that chair, Judge—it's got a round gone—take that leather-covered one, it's more comfortable. Yes, I'm to begin my fight next week. The evidence has all been collected; it seems meager enough, but it gives me a fighting chance when court convenes. I've done what I could to marshal my forces, but I begin to feel the pressure of Corcoran's power. I suppose I'll go on fighting then, though, until among them they crush me." As he spoke he took a piece of paper from the desk, rolled it into a tight ball and let it drop to the floor.

The action was significant and the Judge looked grave.

"Ca-areful, Gene, ca-areful," spreading out his hands on his pudgy knees as he spoke.

Gene's broad shoulders squared themselves and his lips tightened.

"You certainly wouldn't wish to have me truckle to them, Judge?"

"N-o," the Judge brought out the word slowly, "and yet, Gene, I've seen young men as able as you get caught between that upper and nether millstone, the Trusts and the people, and I've seen them ground up a heap finer than anything the mill of the gods ever did grind, and I say now, I hope you'll feel your way carefully. I've never had a son," he went on, his voice softening, "and all my girls are dead and under the grass roots, and somehow you've come to be almost like a son to me, and I'd hate to have you get into a mixup with Corcoran. It isn't the Trust I fear. It has bought legislatures and bullied courts until it imagines the public is powerless against it. Soulless, blind, mollelike it burrows and knows not its digging betrays it to its own destruction. No, it isn't the Trusts I fear, but the brains which conceived 'em, the stupendous power summed up in that one word—Corcoran. Mind—I wouldn't want you to do anything against the dictates of your own conscience—and yet I want you to be careful. There are more ways than one of downing a man, and if smirching his character doesn't work there are always ruffians to be hired to strike a blow in the dark. It is a sad commentary on our boasted civilization but it is so."

Gene made no reply to the Judge's warning, though he felt a vague uneasiness creep over him. A sense of his own hopelessness to cope with the power against which he was arrayed was strong upon him. He turned back to his desk and collected the scattered sheets into a pile.

"Here, Judge," he said as he handed them over, "just look this over and polish it up a bit for me, if you please. You'll find it pretty rough. I wish sometimes I'd taken my four years at the Latin."

"Nonsense," said the Judge as he adjusted the gold-rimmed eyeglasses on his nose. "You wouldn't be any better off if you had taken them. Ingersoll says—'Ingersoll says: 'Thousands of men go to college and get a certificate that they have an education and that certificate is in Latin, and they stop studying, and in two years to save their life they couldn't read the certificate they've got.' If you'd gone to college the chances are about this time you'd be starting on a long and dusty hunt for something to do, instead of being well started on your career as you are. Now, here is a sentence," running his pencil through a few words, "that I think I'll have to modify, and here," writing a few words, "is a place where a

sentence can be added to bring out the meaning a little better." The Judge kept up a running fire of comment as he looked over the manuscript and when he had finished he handed it back to Gene with:

"Well, that is the best I can do for you. It isn't well to polish too much, it's the rough surface that sticks, and holds the public attention. I think that's all the revising it needs. About the most curious instance of speech revising I ever knew of happened when I was a member of the North Dakota Legislature. Did I ever tell you about that, Gene?"

"No, Judge, I can't say you ever did. Let's have it!"

The Judge took out a cigar, chewed the end of it reflectively a moment and began:

"It happened as I said, when I was a member of the North Dakota Legislature, or rather the senate of that body. There was a character from somewhere up in the north part of the state, a good old soldier with a wooden leg whom we called Colonel. How the Colonel ever got elected was a mystery to him as well as to the legislature and its associates, but elected he was and the one consuming ambition of his existence was to make a speech. The opportunity never seemed to present itself till someone from his county petitioned to have a game law passed. This appealed to the Colonel and he made a speech and such a speech! After it was over the Colonel walked over to the reporter's desk and complained he wasn't quite satisfied with it. The Colonel had gotten onto the fact that this reporter—he has since become famous as a novelist—had revised some other speeches. At any rate the Colonel asked him if he could give an hour or so to the revision of his speech, and laid a ten dollar bill on the corner of the desk, stating something about people not being expected to work for just the pleasure of it. The reporter saw the ten and told him he could. The next day the Colonel's speech in full appeared in the local press. It was a glorious day for the Colonel. Then the reporter helped him draft a bill and the bill came up for its first reading the following day."

"A newspaper man was reading clerk in the senate and he heard the speech, heard the Colonel cry and felt with him his anguish. I don't know just why, but something prompted the fellow in the reading of the bill next day to add on a few words which read something like this: 'Be it enacted etc., that it shall be unlawful during certain periods to shoot buffalo, geese, (wild) etc., incorporating quite a list of game and then adding, 'fish, tadpoles, cows and craps.' About this period in the proceedings the senate broke out in hilarious uproar despite the vigorous rapping of the Lieutenant Governor."

"The Colonel's heart was broken. Getting up on his one limb and stamping vigorously with the stump of the other, he said in loud and not too modest tones that there wasn't anything in his bill prohibiting the 'shooting of craps.' This, of course, was the added fuel necessary to cause a complete collapse of the senate and they adjourned amid wild uproars and hearty congratulations for the Colonel both upon his speech and his bill." The Judge paused and Warfield paid tribute to the story by a hearty laugh.

"What, you are not going yet!" he exclaimed as the Judge arose and lit his cigar.

"Yes, I promised to do a little commission for my wife. Now where, I wonder, did I put that piece of cloth—" feeling his vest pockets—"Oh, yes, here it is. She wants a pair of gloves to match an especially fetching costume she is to wear to a blowout up at the Huston's this evening, and if I don't get the right shade," he broke off with a comical gesture of dismay, then went on: "It is a reception given in honor of Mrs. Huston's sister-in-law, Mrs. Moore, widow of the late General Moore, and her daughter Miss Victoria of Washington, D. C. The daughter is said to be a great beauty. You've been invited, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Gene with a touch of annoyance, "and that reminds me that I meant to have sent regrets, and I haven't and now it is too late, and I'll be expected to attend. What a bore!"

"Nonsense, Warfield, it isn't natural in one at your time of life to shun women. As Ingersoll says: 'The grandest ambition any man can possibly have is to so live and so improve himself in heart and brain as to be worthy of the love of some splendid woman.' Take my advice, young man. Array yourself in purple and fine linen and go to the party." And so saying, the Judge opened the door and tramped away down the corridor.

CHAPTER IV.

MEETING WITH VICTORIA.

Gene went over to the telephone and ordered his horse brought from the stable, mounted and rode slowly out of town. As he passed along he nodded to several acquaintances and once he stopped for a few minutes' chat with an old countryman he met on the way. His horse, a big Kentucky-bred chestnut, carried him swiftly over the ground, and once beyond the thickly-settled, farming district he struck out across the open prairie.

Warfield loved horseback riding, and it had really been the only recreation he had allowed himself since coming to Excelsior. He loved that long easy gallop over the rolling swells the billows left there in ages past, and he loved the feeling of the free wild wind on his brow, a wind that stung often like the lash of a whip.

At these times he was no longer Warfield, the man of action, who had won his way by sheer force of personality, pluck and endurance, but Gene, the dreamer, who held that the solution of the life-problem would ultimately prove to

be but a mere matter of chemistry, or possibly of electricity.

On the afternoon of which we speak one of his old musing fits was strong upon him, and as he dismounted, leaving his horse to graze at will, he stood on the rising swells and broke out into one of those odd half poetic rhapsodies in which he was wont to indulge when alone.

"After all," he exclaimed, "what is man but an atom blown about by every wind of chance, like a grain of dust on the world's highway," as a fitful wind tore a cloud of dust into his face, "then settling down into silence, the end alike of man and of dust! With all our boasted learning how little we really know of that old problem which Sphinx-like stands ever before us. We see through our telescopes giant balls of vapor resolving themselves into fiery planets, cooling down until they become fit to bring forth life, then growing cold and rigid, finally floating like black and battered hulks across the sea of space; we know, too, that when the last faint spark has expired they will fall in upon their central sun and the whole dead mass thus regaining heat will rearise in blinding, bewildering mist and the whole process of evolution will be repeated over again, but the meaning of all this turmoil we strive in vain to solve. Is it, as Fiske has said, that through countless aeons of time the last consummate work of Creation, the Human Soul might be wrought? This alone we know: Above all, and beyond all, there is a Fate, mighty, compelling, and strive against it as we may, which sweeps us onward like the dust before the wind. The atom Man, who fondly imagines himself the lord of his little day, what power has he against the force of Fate? That day so many months ago, up there on the mountain, I felt myself strong to conquer, yet a Fate that was mightier than I came between my love and me. Theta! How her memory haunts me! How often I have lived over again that little hour when she yielded to my caresses and I felt her give back kiss for kiss! Yet is she now as far beyond my reach as yon white cloud which floats across the blue! Am I to live always in the memory-haunted cells of the past? Is there for me no sweet woman waiting—somewhere? The Judge was right, I have shunned women—and yet I long for love—my nature craves it as the flower craves the sunlight. Yes, I have shunned women. I have put down with resolute hand the passions which would have interfered with the accomplishment of my ambition. My ambition! Here again Fate steps in to my undoing. Once more a power that is stronger than I confronts me. Corcoran! That man of might! He comes to see me tomorrow, and I did not tell my old friend—for the first time in my life I felt valpine and furtive. Corcoran! Will he conquer me, or shall I use him as a stepping-stone to reach—?" He broke off suddenly and stood silently gazing out across the prairie. He had prated of fatality but he did not know even then Fate was bearing down upon him in the shape of a fair woman.

Out of the west came a speck which rapidly grew larger until it resolved itself into a superb female figure, mounted on a sorrel colt which bore "thoroughbred" in every line of its sinuous body. As the horse and its rider came into Warfield's range of vision an exclamation of admiration broke from him.

"What a splendid horsewoman!" he thought, and then he shuddered as he added: "But at what a tremendous pace they are coming—the ground is uneven hereabouts, if there should be a misstep—" The words had scarcely left his lips when the expected happened, for as the horse drew opposite him it stepped into a gopherhole, swerved, lurched sidewise and came down to the ground.

See first page illustration.

Horried, Gene rushed to the spot, but great was his surprise to see a tall handsome young woman rise lightly from the side of the fallen horse and stand calmly regarding him.

In that flashing glimpse Gene saw a pair of magnetic blue eyes, and hair of an auburn so darkly bright it shone blood-red against the whiteness of the fair face it framed.

"Are you hurt?" Gene inquired anxiously.

"No, but I think my horse is." She was perfectly cool as she said this, only her slightly accelerated breathing betraying any agitation, which may have been caused more by the rapid ride than by any fright.

A glance at her smiling lips which had not lost a tinge of their rich color assured Gene she was uninjured, and he turned his attention to the horse which was making frantic efforts to get on its feet, only to fall back each time.

After a careful inspection he announced ruefully:

"Your horse is badly injured. The poor brute has broken his shoulder."

"It can't be helped," she rejoined coolly. "Take your gun, please, and put him out of his misery."

"My gun! I never carry one." Gene's face was a picture of astonishment.

"You haven't one?" She arched her finely penciled brows. "Then take mine." And from among the folds of her well-fitting riding habit she drew out a silver-mounted derring and held it out to him in a small, gauntleted hand.

An odd sensation came over Warfield. The thought of inflicting death on anything was repugnant to him. He made no move to take the weapon, but said temporizingly:

"He is such a beautiful animal it is a pity to kill him. Maybe if a veterinary—"

"No use," she cut him short, "if his shoulder is broken. He would always be lame, and no one could expect me to ride a lame horse. If you are afraid to do it," she looked daringly at him, "stand aside and I'll shoot him, myself!" And she half turned as if to put the threat into execution.

He became angry—as she had expected he would. As he took the deadly toy out of her

hand his manner had in it as much of sternness as he ever permitted himself to use toward a woman.

"Go over there," he said authoritatively, pointing to a little dip in the land, "and stand with your back to me!"

She gave him a look which seemed to carry with it a challenge, then her eyes drooped and she meekly obeyed.

Bending over the prostrate animal it required the exertion of all his will to steady his hand when he caught the look of almost human pain in the beautiful eyes upraised to his; there was a blinding flash, a few struggles, and the poor brute was dead.

He was pale when he rejoined her.

"I have killed your horse as you bade me," he said shortly.

She gave him a smile.

"I knew you would," she said, "but there is another thing you can do for me. My saddle—it is one I fancy, and it is possible I may not be able to get another that will suit me as well—take it off, please, and I can send out tomorrow and have it brought in." This was said with the precision of a military general giving an order on the battlefield.

Her coolness had an odd sort of fascination for Gene, and at the same time her seeming heartlessness—for she expressed never a word of regret or pity for the noble animal—repelled him.

"Is she utterly devoid of sentiment," he thought, "or is it that she possesses such perfect control over her nerves she will not exhibit any feeling?" It pleased him to think the latter.

"Certainly," he said, "I will take the saddle off for you." And without further words he obeyed the order.

When he came back she took a bit of paste-board from a tiny chatelaine that hung at her belt.

"We ought to be introduced," she said, "and in the absence of Mrs. Grundy perhaps this will serve," and she held out the card.

Miss Victoria Moore, Washington, D. C.

As he read the name a flash of intelligence was conveyed to his mind.

"You are the young lady visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Huston's," he said as he offered one of his business cards.

Glancing at the card she regarded him earnestly. During the past week she had heard much of this Eugene Warfield. Around her uncle's dinner table she had heard him discussed as a possible candidate for Congress.

"You have guessed rightly," she rejoined, "but the question now arises, how is that young lady to get back to Excelsior?"

"You will have to ride my horse." And as he spoke he looked about for the animal.

The horse had run away at the sound of the pistol, but had come back and was standing over the dead one regarding it strangely.

Warfield easily caught the chestnut.

"Can you—" he said diffidently—"can you ride this kind of a saddle?"

"Can I?" she echoed. "Yes, I rather think I can. But you—what are you going to do?"

"I can walk," he said airily. The prospect of a ten-mile tramp had no terrors for him at that moment.

"Nonsense! you would be half the night getting back. There is really no need of your walking," with a critical glance at the chestnut, "your horse is big and strong, and if he will carry double we can both ride."

Her promptness took Gene's breath away but he rallied quickly.

"So we can," he said with an admiring look at her beautiful face, "and I'm sure I shall be delighted. Will you take the saddle, or would you prefer—"

"Yes," she replied with alacrity, "I will. I always like to lead in the procession."

"I believe you do," he said with a hearty laugh. "I think you are one that wouldn't want to take a back seat—anywhere."

Victoria affected mirth and Warfield was startled as her voice fell upon his ear, it was so soft, so musical, such a gurgling ripple of sweet sounds.

He helped her into the saddle doing it very badly, Victoria thought, but did not say so, and then mounted behind her and they set off at a smart pace.

There was little conversation on the homeward ride. Gene blamed himself for his stupidity and thought of a lot of brilliant things he might have said—the next day. Nevertheless, the silence was potent.

The very consciousness of her physical nearness held Gene tongue-tied, and besides, there was so much for him to see.

First of all there was that lovely curling hair that coiled and uncoiled itself; there was a dainty shell-like ear and behind it a little half circle of white flesh—Gene thought there was but one skin in the world that could compare with it for whiteness—and below this a soft full throat; then as she balanced herself sidewise with marvelous grace, considering the difficulty of riding a man's saddle in that position, her profile was turned to him showing the outline of a pink cheek and red lips softly parted; her figure was a trifle large—in after years it might become gross—but just now it was the perfection of womanly beauty. As he looked at all this the savage instinct awoke in Gene. A thrill pulsed through his veins. The hunter's blood stirred and he was conscious of a passionate desire to seize that lovely breathing woman in his arms and kiss those red lips so perilously near.

He resisted the impulse, but the thought was in his mind, and somehow, it came back to him afterward.

As for Victoria, she was not greatly gifted as a conversationalist and on the present occasion she said even less than usual. She was, in point of fact, doing some serious thinking.

Although her years numbered but twenty-two, Victoria Moore was a thorough woman of the world. The Moores had formerly been people of considerable wealth, but during Victoria's childhood there had been a crash in the business world and nearly all their fortune had vanished.

Victoria's mother was a proud woman and to have dropped down from the position she held would have broken her heart. By sundry makeshifts, not all of them as honorable as

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

MARCH is here, and we are marching into the New Year at a great pace. Only the other day the New Year was born, just a bald-headed infant not a day old. Today the New Year is running around in long pants, and wearing chin whiskers, and sporting a plug hat. That shows that Time is fast and ever flying, and before long the baby year will be bent with age, and marked with wrinkles and dying in the snows of Winter. I want you to make good use of your Time, with a capital T, as it is the most precious thing you possess. Get up and do something and be somebody. Don't be a bump on a log, and for Heaven's sake, think once in a while. You all have brains, but only about one fifth of your brain capacity is ever used—the other four fifths might just as well be fried, put on toast, and served to the cat. Now that is so, and I know it, because I read your letters. The trouble is that no one but your Uncle Charlie dare tell you the truth, but I dare, and I am just going to do some straight talking this year to most of you. It is straight talking the world wants, but those who are paid to talk, and paid to write, are so mortally afraid of treading on somebody's toes, that they only deal in mushy platitudes that do no good, and puts people to sleep. I have got the biggest audience of any living man wielding a pen. I'm mighty glad to say that, but at the same time, that statement implies a tremendous responsibility, and if I don't make good use of the privilege bestowed upon me, and shake you up once in a while, God is going to shake me up later on for neglecting my duty. I want you to remember that all of you have brains, hearts, and souls. I want you to remember that you are expected to make the best possible use of these three things. You have a brain to think with, a heart to feel with, and a soul to save. Remember that life at the best is a very short affair (the average is about forty years for all of us) and then the curtain falls on life's drama and we go elsewhere. Most of us live as though we expected to buzz around on this earth for nine billion years, and the only God or ideal that we have is the dollar. That is bad enough, but the worst of it is this dollar-chasing turns the hand of everyone of us against his neighbor, and our neighbor against us. It turns that brain that should be full of sublime thoughts, and lofty ideals, into an adding machine and a cash register. It makes that heart that ought to be throbbing with love, a stony abode of hate and malice, and as for the soul—well, it dries that into husk.

Now all of you, do for Heaven's sake get a wiggle on you, and do something worth while during the little space allotted you on this planet. The fly is born in summer, he buzzes around and tickles bald heads, annoys everybody, spreads diseases, and dies of his own gluttony in the molasses barrel, or cream pitcher, and that is the end of him. There are a lot of humans that live just such lives as the fly. They buzz around, lying, drinking, blaspheming, they don't work, they eat up good victuals others provide, spread disease and ruin, and finally they die victims of their own drunken and dissolute habits. Let me ask you, who belong to this League—boys especially—how many of you are going to imitate the fly, and go to your graves with nothing but a life of wrong-doing, gluttony, debauchery as your contribution to the world's uplifting? Now wake up—shake up—all of you. Get a new set of ideas—read—think; yes, for God's sake use your brain capacity and THINK. Think how you can improve yourself, think how you can improve your condition in the world, think how you can influence your friends and neighbors, so they'll improve. Set a good example to your associates, be kind and helpful, and be thoughtful. We don't need to die to go to Heaven. We'll have Heaven on earth, as well as beyond the grave, as soon as you, everyone of you, use your brain capacity to its fullest, and THINK, your Heart capacity to its fullest, and get filled with noble thoughts and lofty ideals. The latter is the part of you that is immortal—the part of you that lives on after that precious carcass you pamper and pet, has been a luncheon for worms. You had better look after the part of you that lives forever, as forever is a whole heap longer than the few years you buzz around here dollar-chasing. Now take this little talk to heart, everyone of you, and do something, and don't be a selfish, hoggish, grouchy, grumpy old bump on a log. Now I've preached my first sermon, I hate preaching, but somebody's got to get after you with a big stick once in a while, and I'm going to do it, for it seems to me that if I don't nobody else will.

We have an enormous letter list containing hundreds of names of those desiring correspondents. All League members, in good standing, whose subscriptions are paid up, can obtain same by sending in a stamped addressed envelope.

Once more twenty cents must accompany all applications for membership in the League.

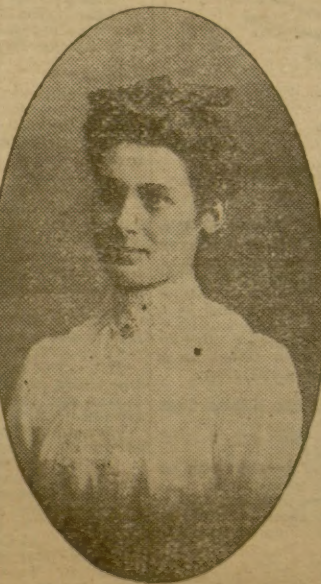
An exciting and interesting letter from old Mexico will now delight us.

TEPIC, TEPEC TY., MEXICO, Dec. 9, 1906.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
I will write you a letter from Mexico, it being the first I ever wrote to the cousins. I hope it will be interesting to you all.
This city has about 15,000 population, consisting of Mexicans and Spanish-speaking people. Recently the electric lights were installed here for streets and dwelling illumination; one step toward American methods, you see, in progress. There is a government telegraph system also here that is used to send any telegrams one wishes to any part of U. S. A.; a daily mail and R. R. survey. All outlet for travel now is by the way of stages over high mountain roads built in the long ago by the Spanish settlers of this part of Mexico. Some parts of these mountain roads are paved with cobble stones, for some miles to prevent delays of muddy spots during rainy seasons. These roads are wide enough for two teams to pass anywhere on the route to railroad stations. This city is the capital of this territory of Tepic. We are sixty miles inland from the Pacific ocean, and Port of San Blas on Mexican coast, west.

I am learning the Spanish language, to talk some with the natives I meet here. Cocoanuts, bananas, lemons, oranges, limes, peanuts, tomatoes, apples, etc., among fruits, and so-called food products are raised in abundance in this locality, and many other kinds with Spanish names that I am afraid many of the cousins will not understand. If they wish to know more about them I can give them all the information if they will write, inclosing stamp for same. This climate is mild, not hot nor cold; it is an endless Summer, delightful. All foliage of trees is evergreen; the leaves fall off from trees in November and new ones are out nearly as large again in January, oranges excepted, as they are always green, and at this season the trees are filled with yellow, ripening fruit. The orange tree is used for shade trees along walks and it is as common as the shade trees in many American towns, and as often seen. This climate, as I said before, is an endless, summer-like climate; the nights are delightfully cool, and require a light blanket for covering; the day, at noon is like most all places in the United States, warmer than at evening, but is not sweltering hot, and if shade is near one it is cool and refreshing to stay under it for two hours during the middle of these warm days.

It is the general custom here at noon of each day for all business houses to close their doors until three and half past, and take a "siesta," sleep, that means, and then open up at half past three again for business. The post-office and banks and all public offices close at this time, and doors are shut also. The post-office has one department open for selling stamps only at these hours. The streets are deserted and look like a Sunday afternoon in your towns. At half past three the bell in the cathedral rings, the bugle of the soldiers begins to send forth its loud blasts, the office doors fly open and business begins to hum again and the banks keep open up to half past four, the stores up to half past seven; and everyone has had his snooze and is ready for the orders you have waited to give him. On Sunday, all around the center plaza (park) the entire ground is covered, and along the sidewalks, also, with Mexican truck salesmen and women, with the products of their gardens and orchards way out in the country districts, and here one can buy a cent's worth up to one peso (one dollar in Mexican currency) of anything that is at this price there then. Onions are piled up three in a little pile on their palm leaf woven mats and offered at eight to twelve cents—dry, white or red kinds. Hen's eggs, four to five cents each; American apples, six cents each; tomatoes, three cents each, etc. Oranges are one up to two cents each, and limes five cents a dozen, bananas, six cents a dozen, with other varieties of Mexican fruits that will confuse you to hear their names pronounced.

May Uncle Charlie be permitted to live a thousand years and continue his good work is all the harm I can wish him, and with a salute to Billy the goat, I will wind up this letter. I am
Yours truly,
WILLIAM H. BRIGGS, Box 23, Tepic, Tepic Ty., Mexico, U. S.



COUSIN EFFIE TURNER (23),
Box 56, Connersville, R. F. D., 5,
Indiana.

me bite holes in the sidewalk. Frantically I rushed to the next drug store, and kicked on the door for half an hour. A man finally howled through the keyhole "See Esther!" "You daddling idiot," I yelled, "what in thunder do I want to see Esther for? I've swallowed a buzz saw, and I want you to pull its teeth out. I don't want to see Esther, I couldn't face a lady anyhow, with a pain like this." I got no reply. I ran all over the city, but not a soul could I find, except a dog, and he could not speak to me. Everyone in that durned city had gone to see Esther, and I was left alone with my green bananas. I rushed down to the depot as a train came through going to God's country—the United States, and fortunately the engineer was an American, and he knew what was the matter. He did not tell me to go and see Esther, but he just shoved me full of hot coals, and that saved my life. If I had

waited to see Esther I would have been as dead as Queen Anne's goat.

The nights are delightfully cool, and require a light blanket for covering do they? Willie, I'd like to see you covering the cool nights with a light blanket. You must need a big blanket for a job like that. Eggs at four cents, that is pretty stiff. The hen can't be very busy at that rate, or prices would be lower. Maybe the hens are so busy seeing Esther, that they don't have time to lay. Anyway, Willie, we thank you for your lovely letter, and please give my love to Esther, and tell her to wake up.

Here is a little note from a cousin who mines coal.

MINDEN MINES, Mo., Dec. 12, 1906.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I received my membership card and button O. K. and am well pleased with them. I am seventeen years old and have worked in the coal mines for three years, and read COMFORT every month, and like it very much. Minden Mines is not a very big town but has its share of saloons and wholesale liquor houses. I do not drink liquor or use tobacco in any form. I have no pets except a dog and a cat. Father keeps game chickens and fights them.

I read most all the time that I am not working. We work eight hours a day out here, starting at half past seven and quitting at four o'clock. I like to write and will answer all letters. I would like reading matter from the cousins, and will try to return all favors as quickly, as possible. I remain your loving nephew,
W. L. PAGE (No. 16,399).

Willie, they had no right to put you to work in the coal mines when you were only fourteen. I hope the state of Missouri will pass a law prohibiting the employment of children under sixteen, in coal mines. The way children are put to work in mines and factories in this country is enough to call down the vengeance of Almighty God on this republic. There are two millions of children under

the age of fourteen who are being chained to the wheels of remorseless industrialism. Their young lives are blighted and ruined, and their young souls crushed out of them to pile up the dollars for conscienceless employers. Think of this when you sing "Star Spangled Banner," and let off firecrackers on the Fourth of July to celebrate our Independence. Independence—rubbish—what sort of independence have two million child slaves? It is a national sin, a national disgrace, that this proud republic should permit this atrocious crime against poor defenceless children. We have the worst and most inhuman child labor laws of any nation calling itself civilized. Our national conceit is so great, we are blind to our sinful shortcomings. When we turn the lifeblood of our children into dollars we are a nation of criminals and hypocrites, not a nation of Christians. Thank God public sentiment is being aroused on this point and President Roosevelt is aiding the National Committee of Child Labor in its efforts to put through a National Child Labor Law that will protect the helpless little ones. We waged the bloodiest war of history to free the black slaves, and then went right to work and made slaves of our helpless white children, so that we might have a few more dollars coming into the house, and bigger dividends on investments. We want another Abraham Lincoln to free our child slaves, and God grant he may come soon. We prate about giving our children an education. Education—rubbish—not three in a hundred of those who go to school ever get through High School, and anything short of a High School graduation is only the mockery of an education. As I said before, we don't use our brain capacity—not a fifth or fiftieth part of it. We build magnificent schools, and that satisfies the national conscience, but the children who should be in these schools, are forced into mines, factories, field and sweat shop before they get an education. Our legislators know all these facts, but they won't do anything, because it would hurt cotton and coal dividends, and they would rather crush out the life of a million children than have a million dollars lost in dividends. The Israelites of old sacrificed bullocks and animals to God on their altars. We sacrifice our children on an altar of gold, in our blind worship of the great and pitiless God Almighty Dollar.

Now that I've had my say on a topic on which I feel deeply, and which I have sworn to do my level best to remedy, and which you can help to remedy by writing to your State senators and representatives, your congressmen and assemblymen, it is in the power of everyone of you to help alter this condition, so do your part, and do it at once.

Now, Willie, please tell us why your papa fights chicken. Why don't he fight somebody his own size. It is no credit to any man to fight a live chicken. I've waged many a battle with a dead one, but I'll be jiggered if I could be paid to fight a live chicken. What weapon does your Pop use when he goes into the ring for a scrap with the chickens. Willie, I am shocked to hear you say that you read most all the time that you're not working. Who is it spreads those false reports about you? It must be intensely annoying to pick up the paper, and there read all the time that you are not working. I suppose the report runs thus: "We regret to say that our distinguished fellow citizen, Willie Page, is not working today." When a man reads all the time that he is not working, it surely must discredit him in the eyes of the community. What's that, Toby? You say I am all off on the wrong pike, and that Willie means that he spends his leisure hours in reading? Thank you, Toby, for your correction, but I am not here to guess what people say, I'm here to take them at their word. I am also here to denounce a merciless system of industrialism that hustled poor Willie into a coal mine before he had been able to acquire the education that would enable him to express himself in better English, and wield a pen with more dexterity and skill. Willie is made of good stuff, though, for he neither smokes nor uses liquor, and in his spare hours he tries to acquire by reading the education of which his country robbed him. Good boy, Willie Page. Here is a Page that has indeed turned over a new leaf.

A nice Illinois boy will now do a stunt in the great C. L. O. C. circus.

METAMORA, ILL., Dec. 30, 1906.

MY DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I thought I'd try again knocking at your door as you were very busy the other time I knocked for admission. I am five feet ten inches tall, weigh one hundred and fifty-one pounds, twenty-two years of age, dark eyes and light, curly hair. I have four brothers and five sisters. We have a large orchard. We had over three hundred bushels of the big Elberta peaches this year, the first crop.

Our little town has nearly one thousand inhabitants, three fourths of the people are retired farmers. We have three churches, two elevators, four grocers, four dry goods stores, two hardware stores, one butcher shop, a bank, three saloons, printing office, harness shop, two doctors, two barbers, and a beautiful park in the middle of the town. We also have the Orphans' Home.

My father and older brother run the meat market, which is the only one. My other brothers do the farming and orchard work, and I am a school teacher, also two of my sisters teach, but we all stay at home, making an even dozen. Most of the time we have a hired man as two of my brothers are quite young, that makes thirteen at the table.

We have taken the COMFORT ever since I can remember. Metamora used to have the Court House, but Eureka took it about ten years ago. Lincoln practiced law in Metamora, and a great many other great men. I am going to send you a postal card with peaches on it; there are twenty bushels in the picture. I took them to Peoria, twenty miles away, got \$1.75 a bushel.

In December issue you hit it just about right about young couples living in a boarding house.

We have a large Collie dog weighing about twenty pounds. Your loving nephew,
LEO J. THRENA, (No. 9,399).

Leo, I received your picture postal of those peaches, and I want to tell you that that was the only dessert I had for my Christmas dinner. I ate the postal card with the picture of the peaches, and it was just dandy. If you have any more canned peach postal cards, send them at once, and if you have any of the \$35 you got from the sale of those peaches you can send that, too. If the peaches taste as well as their pictures, they must have been dandy peaches. If I had only had a picture of that turkey I might have had a complete Christmas dinner, but anyway, we found a map of Turkey in Billy the Goat's atlas, and we ate that. Gee! but it was dandy!

Here is a letter that is a decided novelty.

NORTH DUMPLING LIGHT HOUSE.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I wonder if you or any of the cousins ever lived in a light house? As I have never seen any letters from any of the cousins living in one, I thought I would write. I am living on a little island, in a light house, called North Dumppling light house. It is three and a half miles from the main land, and sometimes it is a week before we can get ashore. I have lived on this one dumping for nearly twelve years, and there is enough of it left for Uncle Charlie to live on it for twelve years longer. I would like to hear from all cousins living in a light house and I will answer all letters. If I see this in print will write again and tell you more about this place. Your loving niece,
MISS ANNIE FOWLER, (No. 11,990).

Annie, I am ever so glad to hear from you, and I'd give anything if you'd send us a picture of your light house. Oh, yes, I know all about light houses. I lived in a light house once. It was out in Kansas, and I never knew how light that house was until one night there was something doing in the wind line out on the prairie. I did not have time to skiddoo to the cyclone cellar before old "Si" hit that two-story frame a biff in the slats that sent it whizzing at a ninety-mile-an-hour gait through space. Here was a house doing the balloon act, and flying like a bird with sixteen wings, and it flew and flew until it couldn't fly any slower. After traveling several hundred thousand miles, it flopped down on terra firma to take a short rest. It did not rest long, however, as the wind got busy again, and there was I holding that house down, sitting on the roof, and clinging to it for dear life. It was the lightest house I ever saw until Mr. "Si" Clone quit business, and then you could not budge it with dynamite. No more light houses for me, though. I have a friend who has gone light housekeeping, but the other night when I called on him, there was not a light in the place. My friend explained to me that his wife and he had an oil stove, a couple of crackers, and a cent's worth of pickles, and that was what they called light housekeeping. Queer ideas some people have, don't they? Annie, I think it is absurd to have a light house on a storm-swept island. It is more than absurd, it is criminal foolishness. Give that old light house away and get a heavy house, or some of these cold days you'll be careening over the billows, bound for nowhere, and going there fast, and a watery grave will be the end of your promising career. I lived in another light house once. It had sixty-two windows on the parlor floor, twice as many on the ceiling, and Heaven knows how many on the sides. That was indeed a light house. Fancy, Annie says she has lived on one dumping for twelve years. That's tough diet, even Toby would kick at that. Annie, if your light house gets too light, put the dumping on the top of it, that will hold it steady for a while.

Our next letter is a thriller and no mistake.

NEWMAN, STANISLAUS CO., CAL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Here is a thriller from California who wants to break into your circle.

In Feb. 1899, my regiment landed and took possession of Oloilo, Panay Island a little island about three hundred miles South of Manila.

I was put on guard the first thing, and as I was a raw recruit, my first time on guard, I felt that I was just a little better and of more importance than the President of the United States. In the evening, I was notified that my post was to be changed, and that I was to be placed on out post duty. Then I did throw out my chest. I took my post at six in the evening and stayed there until eight; it was about half a mile from town, and on a road that led down to the beach. On one side of the road was a thick forest of palm trees overgrown with vines, and on the other side was an old abandoned convent, surrounded by a high coccia wall. The big wooden doors or gate had long since rotted and fallen down, and through this gate could be seen the court, all a mass of palm trees and matted vines. A more God forsaken spot I never saw.

When I had taken charge of this post, and I was left all alone, all my courage began to desert me. I managed to get along all O. K. until night, and then I was relieved and went back to camp, and to sleep. It seemed to me that I had hardly got under

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 2.)

The Great Chicago Mystery

or, The Man With Many Aliases

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Crit Truman and his assistant, Ralph Dayton are called from New York to Chicago, by the Chief of Police to assist in suppressing crime. The leader is variously described, and one asserts he has a harelip. For a moment the men are silent, then the well-trained minds recall the recapture of "The Man with Many Aliases," Jim Hollis, Jim Holmes, Chris Dougherty, and the blow which splits him from the nostril to his mouth, and which, when healed, might pass for a harelip. "How is our work?" asks Crit. "Are the officials satisfied with the return of the money?" They ought to prosecute Percy Mandeville; he has the making of a confirmed criminal. There are several cases in their line. There's a missing girl and a jewelry robbery on Fifth Ave., but they can be left for a few days. Truman makes up his mind to catch this man who twice escapes, and he tells Ralph to wire the Police, get Peter, and we'll outline a general plan.

Percy Mandeville calls to see Sylvia Lyster; she tells him the call must be final. He insists she encourages him. She calls a servant to show him out. Sylvia, befriending Kathie Mandeville, confides to her that her husband makes a proposal of marriage to her. Sylvia still loves her husband. Custer Quax is engaged to Sylvia; he will go to her at night. It's the last happy afternoon he has for many a long day. While Crit and Ralph are on the way to Chicago, the former has a telegram. "Percy Mandeville disappeared. Think he went to Chicago. Took Sylvia Lyster with him," signed by the President of the bank. It's the girl whose people wants Crit to look up. The Chief of Police tells Crit of a hold-up in a saloon, a month previous. Four guys, all masked, line the customers up—nothing is overlooked—even a pair of diamond cuff buttons is taken. As they emerge from City Hall they are joined by Peter, who is waiting. He tells Truman, Jim Hollis swears if he gets free he'll never let you take him alive. The chief tells Truman of a crook, Christie Ferris, who has three or four names, although only getting a taste for "dipping." Truman "swears" him and asks him, "Do you want to know who it was got you in here this last time?"

It's Jim Hollis. Christie will get even with him. Crit wants Christie to locate Jim Hollis. Ralph and Peter enter a saloon. They are attracted to a newcomer, who is the worst of liquor and well supplied with money. Ralph recognizes the man as Percy Mandeville. His companions are known as "Fake" Pete and "Snowflake" Mike. The trio seem worried. If the "old man" sees him this way he'll go out of business for a bit. The drunken man is not afraid of him or Jim Hollis either. Ralph and Peter strike a clue.

Custer Quax refuses to credit the rumor concerning Sylvia Lyster's disappearance with Percy Mandeville. The detectives summon Kathie Mandeville, who admits Sylvia receives a registered letter.

Ralph and Peter listen to the conversation. Mandeville sinks down lower in his chair dead to the world—his two companions grow impatient. The detectives notice they do not drink. Jim Hollis never permits his associates to drink while on a job. Christie Ferris comes hurriedly into the room, giving a gasp which has been before there is instant confusion. Crit Truman in the guise of "Hang-eye" John enters, and fakes his escape from Joliet.

Custer Quax receives a letter from Sylvia Lyster. She loves him still, but from the moment he receives this letter she will be as dead to him. The lover declares he will search the world until he finds her.

Crit Truman talks with the warden of Joliet penitentiary, and finding that "Hang-eye" John is serving sentence exacts a promise to keep outsiders from communicating with the warden for a few days. He conceals the disguise of "Hang-eye" John. Christie Ferris leads Truman into a trap. Without waiting to be caught he leaps out of danger. He assumes the disguise, and entering a saloon sees Christie Ferris, who drinks water. A crook who will keep from drinking brandy after putting a man, where he did me, is under Jim Hollis. Truman reasons. Ferris produces the hat Truman leaves. The barkeeper utters a terrible oath. Truman follows Ferris and hears him tell "Four-time" Jim that he "dropped" Crit Truman. He hears the low cry and earnest pleading of a girl. She comes out. Crit Truman offers assistance and tells her to go to the number on the card. The girl hurries away and Crit slips back into the hall. He hears Jim Hollis order Ferris to tell "Fake" Pete and "Snowflake" Mike to bring Mandeville there. Crit Truman hurries into the street. Ralph Dayton sees Crit Truman borne away in triumph by "Fake" Pete and "Snowflake" Mike, the last two supporting Mandeville.

CHAPTER XI.

A STRANGE SITUATION.

THIS case was to be a war of wits, that Crit knew from the beginning, but he believed, and truly, that he was the match for any criminal, however quick-witted he might be.

"In the first place, I'm in the right," he contended, "and in the second place, I'm willing to back myself against Jim Hollis, 'The Man with Many Aliases,' or any other crook."

So far his playing had taken every trick, but he well knew the extremely dangerous game he was playing.

"A man's life is the stake," he thought, even as he was enthusiastically escorted by the crooks he had met in his assumed character of "Hang-eye" John.

Crit thought to himself that if he were really that infamous criminal, he would not walk so openly along the Chicago streets, but then he appreciated how well he was protected by men who would go to any length to save him from recapture, or rather the man they deemed their friend.

The men were jubilant, and kept saying: "What will 'Four-time' say?"

Crit was wondering a little himself. If he could fool that same criminal, he knew it would be easy sailing, but could he do it?

As he passed, the great detective recognized his faithful boys in their disguises, and managed to communicate to Ralph his desire to have him go to the number to which he had sent the hapless girl whom he had found emerging from the room of the man he was hunting down with the scent of a bloodhound.

The woman residing at this number was a Mrs. Haddam, long prominent in settlement work in New York. When she had removed to Chicago, she gave Crit her address, and told him that if any time he needed her assistance, to feel free to call upon her. It was on account of this that Crit had taken the risk of sending the girl to her motherly care.

Crit also indicated to Peter to follow the little procession. These detectives have certain signals, a regular code, so they can communicate with each other without anyone being at all the wiser. Of course Ralph did not know why Crit wanted him to go to Fifty-fifth street boulevard to Mrs. Haddam, but he started there immediately. His work was to obey.

Peter, skillfully concealing the fact that he was following, kept up with the gang until it came within a block of the place in which "The Man with Many Aliases" had hidden himself.

"We'd better separate," "Fake" Pete suggested, and the rest agreed.

"Fake" went with Crit, and to the latter's delight, said half apologetically:

"We had to make a few changes, so I'd better go ahead," and "Fake" appeared in his every-day suit.

"Sure," Crit replied cheerfully. He wondered how he would have managed if he had been requested to take the lead.

He had thought the way a complicated one when he followed Ferris, but the way he and his guide went in and out, through tunnels, damp and sweetening with vile moisture, sagging to a danger point; through one passageway which was a huge pipe, suspended between two buildings, about four feet

apart. They ascended and descended countless numbers of stairs; opened door after door, which, although old, were lined with iron, and furnished with dead locks. At last, after an unusually long climb, "Fake" put a key in a lock, turned it, and flinging open the door, said dramatically:

"Welcome, John, to your own!" and Crit found himself standing in one of the most luxuriously furnished rooms he had ever been in. It was lighted from above by a huge skylight. If there had been any windows they were filled and covered, but there could be no fault found with either light or ventilation. The floor was covered with a priceless velvet carpet; the walls were hung with masterpieces, and the furniture was worth a fortune. Here and there gleamed a marble statue, and costly bits of china, showing that someone with taste presided over these apartments, and opening from this central room, which was as large as an ordinary-sized hall, were half-a-dozen rooms.

He had barely time to take this in, when he heard a voice he well knew say:

"Welcome, indeed!" and he saw before him the sinister, yet in a way handsome, face of Jim Hollis, who had sworn never to be taken alive.

It was the same old face, a little more worn; a trifle more reckless, and strangely marked by the wound which had cleft the upper lip, and yet the same criminal whom he was going to take back to just punishment, even if he lost his life in so doing.

Jim Hollis held out his hand, and Crit unhesitatingly placed his own within it. "Hang-eye" John had a peculiar grip. It had been given to Crit one time by a dying confederate of this same criminal, and he had practiced it. Possibly, he counted more on the effect of this grip than anything else. He also knew the answering grip, which those in the confidence of "Hang-eye" returned.

A great deal hung on that moment. If Jim Hollis

but Crit felt thankful that she did, and that if everything had gone as he planned, she was before this comfortably and safely housed with one who could protect her.

"Anyway," Jim continued, "we have more important matters to attend to now. I want 'Hang-eye' to help, for I have half a dozen jobs on."

"He'd better not be seen, had he?" "Snowflake" asked a little doubtfully.

"He can be masked. I want your steady hand, your clear head and your courage, John," Jim said, "and I want you to pull off some good things."

"You lead," Crit said with determination.

An expression of satisfaction came over the sinister face, although the crook pretended to demur:

"But your experience," he commenced, but Crit shook his head:

"You're the boy that got up the bunch, and you must keep on leading. I'll fall into line," and over this the gang shook hands very gravely.

Crit discovered that the gang consisted of "Snowflake" and "Fake" Ferris, and a young fellow with a face like a ferret, who was called "The Grafters."

And Crit knew that what he was sent in first to buy the drink and get the lay of the land before a hold-up was made. The boy, for he was not yet eighteen, was as sharp a crook as Crit had ever seen.

His face and eyes, like those of the others, showed unmistakable signs of the excessive use of morphine, but even that drug could not change the general appearance of sagacity. "The Grafters" never made a mistake. With one sweep of his keen eyes, he could size up a bunch, and decide whether it was worth while to try to stickup the saloon.

"He is as much to be feared as Jim Hollis," Crit decided.

It was horrible to see these two boys, Ferris and



"LADS, THIS IS CRIT TRUMAN!" HE CRIED, AND THE MEN TURNED MENACING FACES TOWARD THE DISGUISED DETECTIVE.

accepted him for what he pretended he was, there would come the answering grip. For the slightest part of a second, Crit could have heard his heart beat, for so much hung upon that one thing, then came the answering pressure, strong and hearty. For the time being Crit Truman had vanished, and "Hang-eye" John was in his place.

The excited men all clamored for a repetition of his wonderful story of "breaking jail" and Jim Hollis listened as delightedly as had the other crooks in the saloon.

"Glad you managed it," Jim said finally, "for there's an awful lot doin' and somehow I can't find anyone to help me. These guys are all right, but they can't work without a leader," and he gazed at the crowd, who had escorted the detective, all of whom were there.

"Aw now, 'Four-time' several began, but he asked fiercely:

"Ain't it so? What job did any of you clear with-out me? Except, though, Ferris here."

"What's he done?" asked several.

"Did Crit Truman," Jim Hollis said grimly.

"Snowflake" Mike looked a little serious.

"Did you see him drop?" he asked.

"Y-e-s," Ferris stammered.

"No lyn." Did you see him?"

"I found his hat on the step."

"How did you leave him?"

"In the room all right. He was dead easy. I just pulled the trap, and den I went back and found dis," holding up Crit's hat.

"I think it's all right," Jim Hollis said coldly. "If Crit Truman was dropped into that hole, he'd be dead long before this, and the world is free from one of the hardest and most cruel men it has ever known," and Jim Hollis followed this statement by a string of horrible oaths.

Suddenly "Fake" seemed to remember something, and asked:

"Where's the girl?"

Jim frowned:

"I sent her out a while ago."

"You're a fool!" "Fake" Pete said angrily.

"What?"

"Yes, a fool, to send a young girl out alone in this part of the city. Ten to one she gets pinched, and then she could bring in the bulls without any trouble."

Consternation was depicted on every face.

"She'll come back," Jim said shortly.

"How do you know it?"

"She has nowhere else to go," was the cruel reply,

"The Grafters" hanging upon the words of the hardened crooks, and he wondered if they had ever been young and innocent. In vice and crime they were older than the men with whom they were associated, and the great detective shuddered as he listened to the stories of their adventures.

"The Grafters" is superior to the whole bunch," Crit said to himself, and resolved to make a mighty effort to get him put where he would be given a chance to learn a trade and new ways of living.

Suddenly "Fake" cried:

"We've forgot the swell mug, his Nibbs that would treat the house."

Hollis looked annoyed:

"Where is he?" he asked savagely.

"In there," "Fake" said, pointing towards one of the rooms, and the leader gave the command:

"Bring him in!" which order was obeyed, and a moment later Percy Mandeville came slouching into the presence of the man he had come to Chicago to join.

For a few moments the New York man was severely reprimanded for getting on such a drunk, and then Hollis concluded with these words, which made Crit prick up his ears, figuratively speaking:

"Now get to the Turkish bath and soak that drink out of you. I am going to institute a new lay, and I want you to be the lad to run it," and having concluded, Hollis turned on his heel, and "Snowflake" took the young man off, evidently to help him get rid of his "load."

"That's one of the slickest crooks in this country, if he'd keep sober," Hollis said, addressing himself to Crit.

"Who is he?" Crit asked.

"His name is Percy Mandeville. For some time he was in a big bank, and he has helped himself to enough to beat Standard Oil. The fun is the old mugs don't know how bad off they are. They tripped him in one of his deals, but his old man fixed it up for him. These conservative banks will do anything to keep their names out of scandals. They are like a lot of people. Why, not half the stickups are reported. People would rather keep still than to have their names in print."

"You're right," Crit assented, for he knew the crook was speaking what was but the truth.

"I am making a lot of new plans. I have a list of people here in Chicago who I know do not want to get into the papers, and I think they are good for a lot of second story work. They will stand the loss of some hundreds of dollars rather than let it be known they had lost, see?"

Crit felt that a special providence had suggested his disguise.

"My plans are without end, and I think we can retire after a time, if we can be sure that Crit Truman is out of the way."

"Then you think there may be a doubt?"

"He's come out of so many tight places in such remarkable ways, that I will not feel sure of him until I see his body. I think I will have the pit dragged for his body. If we find it, all right and good, but if we don't, then I'll know that Crit has been too much for us again, that's all."

Crit could not help wishing that Jim Hollis displayed more confidence in his confederates.

However, he settled himself to listen to a long list of diabolical plans, each one of which seemed a little worse than the other, and at last he fairly gasped:

"Where did you get them?"

"In here," Jim Hollis said with a laugh, laying one long, slender finger on his right temple, "but let's go into the Turkish bath. I've had some extensive improvements made especially in there, for it's worth money in our pockets to have a place like this to use in straightening out a fellow."

Always watching, and yet never displaying any undue enthusiasm or keenness of manner Crit followed where he was led, and had to admit that the room which the crook had prepared was perfect of its kind.

Laughing, the two men watched Mandeville in the terrible heat, and engrossed as he was in the scene, Crit Truman was off his guard. His disguise was perfect in a normal atmosphere, but subjected to the heat and humidity, the pigments began to run, and just as Crit suddenly became aware of this terrible fact, "The Grafters" came in saying excitedly:

"No one went into that pit today."

"Then Crit Truman is on the loose," said Jim Hollis, turning towards the supposed "Hang-eye" John.

He stood with his eyes bungling, his mouth half open. Suddenly he gave a terrible cry and sprang forward. Mandeville not fully recovered, was standing in front of the supposed "Hang-eye" John.

"This is Crit Truman!" he cried, and the men who had adored at the shrine of their presumed criminal associate, turned menacing faces toward the disguised detective.

Too late Crit realized how foolish had been his step in entering this place full of heat and steam. He knew his frightful danger. Here he was cooped up with some of the most desperate men in the country, to whom the worst of crimes were as nothing. They knew him in his true character; feared him and had already tried to murder him. Another thing. They all prided themselves on their astuteness, and it was no little blow to their pride to realize how he had completely pulled the wool over their eyes, when he had made them believe he was "Hang-eye" John.

Still Crit never flinched, but smiled back at Jim Hollis as the latter said through clenched teeth:

"I told you I would never be taken alive, but I think you'll be the dead 'un in this case," and he foamed at the mouth in his rage.

"I don't know, Jim. So far I have managed to do pretty well in getting ahead of you. My hand has always been a bit better than yours, although you do try to stand pat."

"You talk this way when you are breathing your very last breath!" said Jim Hollis, "The Man with Many Aliases," cried looking like a fiend as he spoke.

"Am I?" Crit smiled, his courage not deserting him for a moment.

CHAPTER XII.

A SAD STORY AND A TELEGRAM.

In the meanwhile Ralph, obeying the instructions of his superior, boarded a Cottage Grove Avenue car, and in due time reached the home of Mrs. Haddam, where to his satisfaction, Ralph found a very grateful, although somewhat incoherent girl.

"Then it was Mr. Truman, himself, who directed me here?" the girl asked eagerly.

"I suppose so," Ralph returned, thinking her one of the sweetest girls he ever saw.

"And you are a great detective, too?"

"I am Ralph Dayton, detective," Ralph said reddening a little, he scarcely knew why.

"Then you live in New York?" this was a question.

"Yes."

"Did you ever hear of the Lysters?"

Ralph looked up quickly. He remembered the name very well, and knew that Mr. Lyster had applied to Crit Truman to have a search made for his missing daughter, Sylvia.

"Yes, I know Mr. Lyster," he returned, his eyes fixed upon the bright, girlish face.

"Then, I want to tell you something, Mr. Dayton, I am Sylvia Lyster."

Had a bullet struck Ralph he could not have been more stunned, for he had heard the girl's story of her rescue by Crit, although she did not tell how she came to be in a position requiring Crit's intervention.

"Miss Lyster, your father is searching for you, and is almost broken-hearted."

"I know it," the girl replied, her head drooping.

"He asked us to take the case of looking for you, but I told Mr. Truman that from the facts given me it did not seem to be worth while," Ralph continued.

"Why not?" the girl asked, her head drooping still lower.

"Because it seemed just an ordinary elopement affair, and we are so busy with matters of vital importance that we seldom if ever enter into anything of an ordinary kind," Ralph explained.

"Miss Lyster sat very quiet for a few moments, then she said in her well-bred voice:

"I am going to confide in you because I must in someone. This is no ordinary runaway affair of a silly, lovesick girl, Mr. Dayton, for I fear immense interests are back of my disappearance."

"Miss Lyster!" Ralph cried.

"Let me tell, and then you can judge," was the simple reply.

"I am not Mr. Lyster's daughter, except by adoption," she began, her voice shaking slightly as she pronounced the name of the man who loved her dearly as his own, as Ralph felt sure.

"He adopted me when I was only a baby, and I did not know any difference until less than a month ago I was shown papers, showing that I was the daughter of a criminal and a poor woman who died in the workhouse on Blackwell's Island where she was committed for vagrancy. I was placed in an orphan asylum, from which I was taken by dear Mr. Lyster and his sweet wife, there were sobs in the girl's voice although no tears in her eyes."

"I was told of this stain on my birth, just as I was so happy, for I believed that I had won the love of a good man."

Ralph remembered that Mr. Lyster had mentioned a man whom they had all believed to be a favored sutor, and who was prostrated with grief.

"I was told that my father was in trouble and needed me. I can not now go into all the details, but my wretched pride was worked upon, and I was so pestered and driven, that at last I came to Chicago."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

my blankets until someone poked me in the ribs, and a rough voice said: "Get up! Time to go on guard!" I got! We had a new sergeant of the guard, and an old soldier at that. When we arrived at my post, it looked more dismal than ever, and this old sergeant proceeded to give me a heart-to-heart talk. He said:

"Now, my boy, you must be strictly on the alert, for this is the most particular post of all, and remember, the lives of all these men depend upon your watchfulness," and said he, "besides the dangers of sneaking insurgents there are others such as big snakes, lions, and tigers, and other dangerous beasts." About that time yours truly was wishing himself back in the United States. As long as the other soldiers were near me, I felt brave enough, but as soon as they marched away, oh, mammy!

I began to look around for lions or snakes, but couldn't see any, but I could hear noises, and then I could feel my hair gradually raising up, and the chills began using my back bone for a step ladder. I managed to get along until I think about half past one, and then as I was passing this gate in the fence, I heard the worst shriek I ever heard in my life, and with that, something heavy came tearing out of the underbrush. I just managed to charge bayonets, and then a heavy body struck my leg, and ran up to my shoulder. I could feel its hair and hot breath against my cheek and neck, and its claws gradually sinking in my back and shoulder, and I expected every minute to feel its teeth sink into my throat, and what made matters worse, I could hear the soft pat, pat of another large animal, as it walked around me sniffing and growling. I don't know how long I stood that way, but it seemed to me hours, and I could not possibly bear the heavy animal on my shoulders any longer. Just then a search light from one of the warships in the bay, swept up the road, and directly on me, making everything as light as day. Heavens! what do you suppose was on my shoulder—a poor little baby monkey, about as big as my two fists, that had run to me for protection. But what do you suppose was the large animal walking around me. It was a poor, half-starved mongrel dog, chasing that monkey. I just gave one yell and fell to the ground, and as I did so my rifle exploded.

Now, a rifle shot on out post, is a cause for a general alarm or call to arms. That I knew very well, and a new fear began to come over me, and I began to think, what will the men do (how they will laugh), and the captain, maybe he will have me court-martialed and shot. About this time I could hear the relief guard come running, and I could hear the different guards challenge them. First, No. 1 and then No. 2, No. 3, and so on, until I could hear, the men running, and I knew that it was up to me to say or do something, but what I was going to say or do, I did not know. I could not think of anything, and I sure wasn't going to tell them I had been scared by a monkey. Very soon I heard the officer halt the guard near my post, and then he called my name. All I did was to give a loud groan. Then they all come running up to me. The officer said: "What is the matter?" and I let out a few more groans, and said that I felt very sick, that a few minutes before I had fired my rifle, I had felt very thirsty, and had gone into the court of the old convent, and taken a drink of water out of an old well that was there, as I had seen the well early in the evening.

"My God!" said the captain, "he has drank poisoned water! hurry and get him back to camp as quick as possible." So some of the men crossed their rifles and I was put upon them, and they proceeded to double time back to camp. I was empty and trotting over rough roads. My ride back to camp was ten times worse than that. I thought my back would surely break, and several times I was almost tempted to tell them what was really the matter, but fear of the consequences kept me silent, but worse was to come.

At last we got to camp, and the doctor was called. Here is where the real trouble began. When he heard me groaning (in earnest this time) as my back was nearly broken, he said, "Very bad case!" and as quickly as he could, he got a stomach pump and started to work on me. After he had finished, he made me drink a lot of stuff, I think it was soapuds, and then he went after me again with that pump. It was fierce again, I had to drink a lot of stuff, and again came that pump. I thought I was going to die, and I made up my mind that if he started to use that pump again, I would explain everything. But after he had finished the third time I heard him tell the steward that he would wait a little while, and see if I got any worse. Believe me, I got better mighty fast, and after a while the doctor left, and said that if I got worse to be sure and call him. They didn't have to call him.

In the morning he came around to see me and said: "My boy, how are you feeling this morning?" I said: "Oh, doctor, only, only I'm rather sore inside." "Glad to hear it," said the doctor. "That was a very bad case of yours. If you had been brought in ten minutes later you would have been a goner sure." I thanked him very much and said I would be careful of the water I drank in the future. "Oh! by the way," said the doctor, "where did you get that little monkey you had inside your shirt last night?" I said: "Oh! that was a poor little fellow that I found, and I put him inside my shirt to warm him." After prescribing some medicine and toast, and warm milk, for a diet, he left me.

I kept that little monkey for nearly two years, and many is the time I have felt like wringing his neck, for he got me into all kinds of trouble after that, but his first was the worst of all. A recruit stepped on him one day, and that was the end of Mickey and my troubles. But for all of his bother I was very sorry for the little fellow, for he had been lots of company for me when I was away out on some lonely post, for he went with me everywhere, and I always carried him inside of my shirt, and whenever he got hungry, or wanted to play, he would begin to kick, scratch and squall for all he was worth.

Now, Uncle Charlie, I hope I haven't written too long a letter, but it is like this, I am away out here on a ranch and it is very lonesome, and I have nothing to read and hardly ever see anyone to talk to except the men that work here, so it is a pleasure for me to write letters.

Some time I will tell you of a little adventure I had down in Panama, unless you do not care to hear it.

Hoping to hear from some of the cousins, I will say good night.

HARRY BENNETT.

Harry, I certainly have enjoyed your letter; and I am very fond of soldier boys, as somebody's got to do the fighting, and I had rather you did it than me. I wish people would quit fighting anyway. The best way to fix matters is for every country to join and become one of the United States of the world with Uncle Charlie as President, and a Red Cross with a

background of white for the flag. Billy the Goat says he would rather see a flag with a tin can on it, but his opinion don't go on such matters. Anyway, Harry, I have done some soldiering myself, and know something about that blue funk you got into in the Philippines, and though your story is vastly interesting and exciting, the trouble is you have not told the truth. You tell us that you put up a yarn about swallowing poisoned water, but the fact is the real truth of the matter is this. "You swallowed the monkey!" The monkey has a sister in the New York monkey-house, and she informed me that your mouth was open so wide from fright, that the monkey thinking it was a hole in the ground, ran into it to escape the dog. The doctor also tells me that he pumped the monkey out of your dough tank, so you'd better fess up. They put soapuds inside you, so the monkey could slide out easier, without stubbing his toe, or getting entangled in your internal regions. Another thing I would like to know, what you were doing out on some "lonely post," and why did they change your post, and also why did you have charge of this post. Your letter is full of posts, so I postponed this matter until last. Do you mean to tell me that the United States Government sent you all the way to the Philippines to swallow monkeys and to take care of a lot of posts. The idea of a soldier being out on some lonely post, when he ought to have been fighting the enemies of his country is preposterous. It seems to me you must have been under the Post Master General, instead of the Secretary of War. Billy the Goat says he thinks the Post Office took charge of the campaign, and they sent you out to stamp out the insurrection with postage stamps, and the stamps got licked and not the Philippines. Billy's explanation is ingenious, but wide of the mark. I wish you would keep us posted on this post business, as you're supposed to know all about

it, and I'm op' post' to mysteries, and I hate to see an army of soldiers fooling around with posts. I suppose, Harry, if you had been on that post much longer, you'd have swallowed the post as well as the monkey, and then they would have held a post mortem examination, and you'd have gone to a better world post haste.

When next you go into the army (if you ever do), you must sing that beautiful and patriotic song, "Just Before the Battle Mother," that has re-echoed on every gory field for the last half of a century. Here is the verse I sang at the battle of Squirrel, where everybody was killed, but nobody hurt.

Just behind the battle, mother,
I am eating kidney stew,
I have eaten all the meat, mother
And I've left the bones for you;
Do not fear, my darling mother
You will lose your only son,
For tho' I can't fight much, dear mother
Bet your sweet life I can run.
So do not think, my dearest mother
You won't see your boy again,
For tho' I'm numbered with the missing,
You'll never find me with the slain.

That's a great battle song, Harry, I've sung it in the rear of many a gory field, as I made tracks for home and mother, and left the foolish to stay behind and get killed. I don't believe in getting killed, Harry, I can do a darned sight more to help humanity by remaining alive. I never saw the country yet, that was worth dying for. I can picture a country that would be worth the sublimest of sacrifices, but it hasn't arrived yet. I wish men would make their countries worth dying for, before they start out to give their lives for them. Fancy a man having to die for a rotten, barbarous country like Russia, as millions have done. Even in this country of inexhaustible riches, we have half of our vast population that is never free from the earing care of want, and never quite sure whether they will finish up in a pauper's grave or not, and one in every ten of us goes there anyhow. I would never fight and die for a country that put half of its wealth into the hands of a dozen billionaires, and permitted eleven millions of its citizens to exist, and raise families on the princely sum of eight dollars per week, and send two millions of its children into white slavery in mines and factories. We've got the best country on earth, but we have got a lot to do before it is worth dying for. Men should live for their country, as well as for themselves, and live pure honorable lives, loving God, their neighbors, and doing their best to uplift humanity, and advance civilization. If men would do this, they would never need to die for their country, and there could be no international disputes, and bloodshed with other nations, because we should have enough love for all mankind to submit all troubles to arbitration. My ideas are a little ahead of the times, but humanity will catch up to them after a while, and until it does, and nations disarm, armies and soldiers will be necessary, and poor Harry will have to sit on a lonely post and swallow more monkeys, and have his tummy kalsomined with soapuds. Never mind, Harry, you are all right, and if you have got that lonely post mail it to me. How will you mail it? Why on a post card of course.

A chatty letter from a Montana lassie will now delight us.

FOREST GROVE, MONT., Dec. 31, 1908.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am very glad that I joined the C. L. O. C. I think COMFORT is one of the nicest papers printed either for the young or old.

I am a little bit of a girl, only five feet nine and one half inches tall. I weigh just one hundred and sixty pounds. Just a nice lapful. I have golden-brown hair and dark blue eyes and am light complexioned.

I would like very much to sit on Uncle's lap, of course you would not care although you might too, if you saw my feet first. I only wear a number

eight shoe. But the saying is, if anyone has big feet it shows that they have a good understanding. This is the nicest country that you ever saw. There is real pretty scenery here.

I was born in New Hampshire in Merrimac County in the town of Waterloo, near Maine. Isn't it a shame that I didn't come to see you? We came from there when I was three years old, and I have been back twice since.

You, Toby, Maria, and the Goat had better come and go to some of the dances that we have here. I will hitch up the mules and take you. Did you ever ride behind a mule, Uncle Charlie? I only have a mule to ride. I wish someone would loan me a horse, won't you?

I went to a dance last Thanksgiving and I had a lovely time.

I would like to correspond with some of the cousins. I remain your eighteen-year-old niece,
MARION HAZEL BEAN (No. 16,225).

Hazel, your letter is charming, and I am so glad that you are not sensitive about the size of your pedal extremities, and are willing to let us gaze at them in all their redundant beauty. I have a very fair pair of props myself though they they are not quite as big as yours—say about two miles shorter, and about a mile less broad across. Anyway I have to sleep with my feet out of the window, when I go to bed, and I have let out the soles of my cockroach crushers for advertising purposes, and there is no room in the house for them anyway. On the bottom of one foot I have painted, "Send seven 'subs.' to COMFORT and get Uncle Charlie's poems." The other foot I have let out to a pill company. They wanted to pay me fifty dollars a square foot for advertising space, but I told them they could not pay me by the square foot, as I had a long foot, so they pay me ten dollars an acre instead. Everybody that passes my hencoop has to see my feet, and the advertising brings me money, as the advertisers have to foot the bill. I should think Hazel dear that your feet are quite the biggest feature of your section. Talking of feet I was in a circus once, and they had a mule that would only go in harness hitched up to a wagon. He had to see and feel a pair of shafts rubbing against his hide, or he'd kick the eyebrows off the man in the moon. Scores of people tried to ride the mule, and were taken to the hospital or the mulespital—I'm not sure which, both I think. Anyway at last I got on that old mule's back, and when he felt my feet rubbing against his carcass, and sticking out in front of his nose about sixteen feet, he just chortled with delight, and we galloped around the ring to the echoing plaudits of the assembled multitudes. I got my fifty and divvied up with the mule, who had a large family of poor relations, and needed the money. The mule thought that my feet were shafts. I should like to go to a dance with you, Hazel, but I don't think our feet could both dance at once. We might get a couple of big toes on the floor at the same time, but if we did, the company would have to dance on the roof. Our best plan would be to dance out of doors, and then we'd have to be careful, or we'd be tangling our pushers in the surrounding scenery. Never mind, Hazel about those poor little toots being only number eights. You are only eighteen years young, so there's lots of time for them to grow. Don't be disheartened or admit defeat. Keep up your heart, and maybe in ten years time you will have an 88 foot instead of an eight. A foot should be in proportion to the rest of the body, and Hazel is built on superb lines, is a veritable Juno, a Goddess of the Golden West, and her tootsies are just the proper understanding for such a beautiful superstructure. Half the boys in America, I bet, would give their life to have the proud privilege of buying the casings for those toots—but your boots they would. Hazel, my life is yours, and if you want to put your tools in my shoes you're welcome, that is if you can get them in.

Our next letter will bring tears to many an eye.

3 GREENOAK ST., ASTORIA, L. I., City, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I write you now to inform you that at 6.30 P. M., Jan. 2nd, Herbert J. Hipple died. His number in the COMFORT League was 2,221.

I wish I could express in words, the pleasure that you and the League gave him. He so often spoke of you, and had been his own Uncle Charlie, he could not have thought more of you.

Through the generosity of a man who signed himself Mr. Good, Herbert received a book, "Uncle Charlie's Poems," and that brought him many hours of pleasure.

Herbert was born at Whitestone, Queens Co., L. I., Aug. 3rd, 1888. When he reached the age of five years, we (his parents) noticed that he was weak in the back. We took him to a specialist, who recommended plaster of Paris jackets, which we had put on him, about every six weeks for more than five years. But it was no use, softening of the spine set in, and no relief could be obtained. He gradually got worse, and nine years ago was the last time he stood alone.

Since then he has been helpless, gradually getting weaker, but always had a very active and well-developed brain. He was taken sick a few days before Christmas, and died of pneumonia trouble.

Will you please notify members of the League of Cousins of his death, so they will not write him any more; we do not like to open his mail. If any of the League members care to write to his brother, and only companion (except his parents) we will be very well pleased. His brother's name is Walter, his League number is 10,495. Walter is in the same condition Herbert was at his age, and there being no relief for him, we wish to make things as pleasant and comfortable as we can for him, while he is with us, and I think if he heard from a League member once in a while he would be pleased.

Please pardon me for being so lengthy in this my first letter to you. I wish you health and happiness. HARRY H. HIPPLE, (Herbert's father).

Poor Herbert, I knew him best of all of the shut-ins, as he lived nearer to me than any other of the army of suffering ones who belong to our League. I never read more beautiful letters than he wrote; letters brimming over with cheerfulness, resignation, and content. He did not chafe or complain of the cross of affliction that was his to bear, but just accepted it as a matter of course, and bore it bravely and cheerfully until God called him to lay it down, and enter into the Land of Eternal Sunshine, where there are no plaster jackets to be worn, or crosses to be carried. Herbert is now playing in the streets of the Holy City, thankful at last to be free of his bed of suffering and his aches and pains, and longing for his brother and parents to join him. Poor Herbert that was, Happy Herbert that is! It was hard to let him go, but who would have the heart to wish him to return? He knows now why his lot on earth was different from that of his companions who were blessed with health, and could run around and play while he could only lie still and suffer. It is all made clear to him now, and he knows that it was all for the best, and he is happy at last. To you who wrote him and cheered him on his bed of suffering let me ask, are you not, now that he is gone, thankful above all things that you tried to

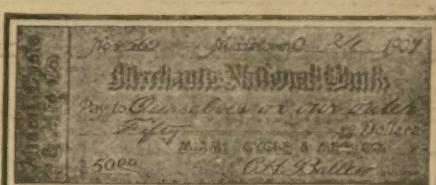
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)



A. H. PAGE,

Milo, R. F. D., 1, Maine.

Blind Boy and his faithful old dog "Dan."



Racyle Reasoning

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

water a little while and the potatoes will not taste. I will send in a fine cake recipe which I hope you will all like.

Mrs. W. M. HEAL, Box 56, Fowlerton, Ind.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a Kentuckian. I am five feet six inches in height, one hundred and twenty-five pounds in weight, brown hair, gray eyes, and am nineteen years of age. I live on a large farm with my parents and brother. We live six miles from Crab Orchard the nearest railroad station, and twelve miles from Stanford the next nearest. I too, must say *Comfort* is the dearest paper I've yet seen. I have been a subscriber for two years, and will never be without it again. I'm a member of Uncle Charlie's family also, and like his witty replies.

I'll give a few suggestions which I hope will prove helpful to some of the sisters.

If you want a fine white face or hands, then take a slice of lemon and rub the face and hands every night before going to bed, and the first thing you do in the morning is to wash it off with hot water, afterward with cold water to close the pores, do this for about two weeks.

For stains of any kind on clothes, pour boiling hot water through, holding the cloth over a dish. This must be done before trying to wash out the stain.

For sweet potato stains on hands, rub coal oil over them and they'll soon disappear.

Here is the direction for those that wish to make paper flowers. The Easter lily is composed of six petals, cut from fine grain white crepe paper, and to the back of each is glued a vein of white covered wire extending about an inch below the base of the petal. Stamens are formed of light green tissue rolled almost to a thread, and cut four and one half inches long. The pistil is made in the same manner, leaving a roll or head on the top, and should be cut five and one half inches long. Glue the edges of the petals about half way up from the base and form around the center (composed of the pistil and stamens), and close the bottom around a stem previously formed by winding a stiff wire with crepe paper until the required size; then finish by winding stem neatly with green paper. Cut leaves from dark green crepe, three inches long by three fourths inches wide.

Sisters, try and make some Easter Lilies, they look just natural. I have a vase full, and my friends think they're natural, only from the first sight you know. The next time I will give some other direction, as I can make most any kind of flower. I would like to hear from some of the sisters about my own age. I wish success to *Comfort* and all its readers, especially the shut-ins.

MISS CLARA BLISS, Ottenheim, Ky.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I live way out here in Nebraska six miles from Herman, a small town of two hundred population, about three miles west of the Missouri River.

I am a farmer's wife, and enjoy reading the *Comfort*'s Sisters' Corner very much.

How many sisters have tried putting fine loose dirt on the cabbage plants when they first begin to head, it stops the white butterfly from disposing her eggs on the plant before the head is started. I have always done this, and the worms never get my cabbages.

Mrs. Thomas Hogan. Did you receive the pieced quilt block pattern of the Log Cabin. I have never heard from you. Will some of the sisters please be kind enough and send me a few light pieces of calico for my postal card quilt, the pieces are the size of a postal card, and I will return the favor any way I can.

Can any one living near Walla Walla, Washington tell me if they know my sister-in-law, Mrs. Levi Willey, her maiden name was Fanny Atherton. Mrs. CARBIE ATHERTON, Box 21, Herman, R. F. D., 2, Neb.

MY DEARS:

This month we celebrate St. Patrick's day. I wonder if some of us would not like to know when and where the great saint was born, lived and died. The year of his birth is variously assigned to the years 377 and 372 (if which the latter of the dates is more probable), near the site of Kildpatrick, Scotland. His father was a deacon named Calpurnius. His mother Conchessa or Conchessa, Patrick's original name being Succat, Patricius being the Roman appellation by which he was known. In the year 431 he went to Rome and the Pope Celestine sent him to Ireland to preach. According to the accounts of his Irish biographers he founded three hundred and sixty-five churches, and baptized with his own hand twelve thousand people. He died at a place called Saul near Downpatrick; and his relics were preserved there down to the period of the Reformation. The date of his death is much disputed, the Bollandists placing it in 460, while Usher holds it at 493. He was a grand good man, his name and his memory is revered and venerated the world over. God bless old Ireland and all connected with it!

How that wind does blow, draw up close to the fire and let us have a little chat. I want to say to those living in the pine-woods region that write me, "What can I do to earn a little money at home?" You are walking right over an income, tramping it under foot every day. Do you know there are invalids, nervous, worn-out people, that would be glad of the opportunity to get some of those fragrant, spicy pine needles for cushions, to put under their tired, sleepless heads, imagining that they are in the odorous pine forests. Gather the fir balsam needles green, right from the tree, sell them by the bulk or make them up into cheap cushions; they are light, and can be sent by mail. Put in a few fragrant boughs with each order, do not be stingy, send good measure. They are soothing to the tired sick nerves. Anyone wishing to make further inquiries, regarding the pine needles, write me, inclosing stamped, directed envelope, and I will gladly answer.

Mrs. Eudora Sandiges, Va. Thanks for your kind words, they are duly appreciated; it gives me great pleasure to hear from you. Sisters, Mrs. Rucker would like pieces for patchwork; she is a semi-invalid, cheer her up.

Dear Fannie. Yours received, I wish you could have been with me at Christmas-time. One of my good boys sent me a sum of money to use for our suffering dear ones. I prepared and sent off one hundred packages. How I needed some of my girls to assist in the good work.

Andrew Millisage. I sent a package off for you, but it was returned. I directed it to Borland, North Carolina. There was no such town on my atlas, but thinking it might be a new place, I sent the package. If I had not put my address on, I never would have heard from it.

Dolla. Do write me again about the bonny boy, I can scarcely credit that he is yours. The needle-book is highly prized.

Lillie. I am so pleased that you are to get the book; every little helps, and this poor boy is worthy of all you can give him.

Mrs. Hardten. My love to Will, and thanks for the gifts. The painting is valued because you did the work. It is very nicely done. Let me say to all that are sending me cards, that I fully appreciate them.

Thomas Lockhart. Yours received; you write so cheerfully. God bless you.

Mrs. Griffiths. Thanks for the card, also for your kind words regarding Thomas Lockhart; he certainly is an angel of patience.

Mrs. Orthofer, Mrs. Bacon, Phoebe Jackson. Thanks. It is so pleasant to be remembered by those we love. I wish I could write to each one that sent me gifts, but there are so many of you that it is an impossibility.

Mrs. Merritt. The card and dolly received, thanks. If you could see the stacks of mail I have, you would wonder how one pair of hands and eyes could attend to it, aside from numerous other important duties. God bless you, dear! Write whenever you feel like it.

Herman Mealy. Thank you for your contribution to my shut-in fund.

Girls, I want to tell you all about some of the song books that the *Comfort* people are giving away with the paper. For three yearly subscriptions they give us the choice of two song books containing nearly all of the good oldtime songs;

also a chart of all the chords which all music lovers should have, it is so useful in playing accompaniments. Also for a club of three, they give five pieces of music; the latter can not be bought for less than fifty cents, any of them, and some are worth much more.

March is a good time for the housekeepers to begin weeding out the closets and bureau drawers, sorting over the accumulation of papers, magazines, pieces for patchwork, and old, worn-out garments; so many little things can be done before the regular routine work of housecleaning begins. As soon as the warm days come we want to be outdoors, and these stormy days are just the time for looking over chests, boxes, etc., and is it not fine to work up in the attic on a mildly warm spring day when it is raining? Anyone not blest with a good old-fashioned attic, misses one of the greatest pleasures of this life in its estimation.

"Any Old Place I Can Hang My Hat Is Home, Sweet Home to Me," that is the title of the song given us by our kind *Comfort* people in our January number. The words are both pathetic and humorous at the same time, and the music is good. Are you all appreciating our pretty title pages? I wonder how many will avail themselves of Mrs. Linden's mitten pattern? What a handsome point lace collar that is, and the "Kitty" lace! So many good things in our January number!

Miss Ida Wake. Find recipe for ribbon pudding in another column.

Mrs. Maud Couch. Are you sure your hens were not lonely? A dust bath of wood ashes in which is sprinkled powdered sulphur is fine to rid them of the pests, and a thorough drenching of the roosts and houses with kerosene oil once a week, is the only thing that will keep the mites and lice down. Do you ever wash your rose bushes in the water on washday? The very dirtiest suds is what they enjoy, then rinse thoroughly, set the pots right into the tub, and give them a good bath.

Miss Cunningham. Come on and see me and I will play and sing "Navajo" while you are piecing your "Navajo" quilt; you know the "Comfort" people gave us that song last year. It is too pretty for anything and so are your blocks.

Mrs. Crittenden. I remember taking breakfast at the Kimball House in Atlanta once upon a time.

Wonder if you were there too poor little Gladys is at rest, how thankful the dear mother must feel even though she misses the little one. She is beyond all suffering, all sorrow, and we would not call her back.

How many sermons are preached out of the pulpit? Do we not hear them every day in some way? A dear, dear, friend, one of God's noble men, came to my house recently, in his working clothes, just a plain, every-day man, the conversation drifted to God and his wonderful works. This dear man said, "Some people say they have no idea what heaven is like; did you ever go out on a June morning, when the sun was shining brightly in the country, the birds singing, the roses in bloom, the green grass and flowers all about you? Well that is a foretaste of Heaven!" That man looks on the bright side of everything, for there is a bright side though we may not always see it but it is here, and will show itself sooner or later, we must look for pleasant things and we will find them, if we look for trouble we can find it, and some people spend their entire lives looking for it, and they find an abundance. Let us all try to look on the brighter side, while going through our Gethsemane as our dear Saviour did before us; He is at the Father's right hand in heaven, after all His sufferings, why should not we be? A crown of glory with many, bright stars is awaiting all of you try to do something for Christ, Brice's poor and needy, invalid mother; they live in Brutus, Michigan; clothing and bedding can be sent and gladly received by these poor worthy ones.

Any one writing for a request or favor should always enclose a stamped, directed envelope, not a stamp alone, but the envelope as well; letters written for pasture, or pleasure is another matter, but when favors are requested the above conditions should be complied with.

"J. A. D." (Mrs. VAN DYKE), New Salem, Mass. DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have intended to visit you for a long time, and have finally started on my journey. Although the distance across the country is about three thousand miles. I am "no stranger in a strange country;" my former home being New York state. This is a beautiful country with mountains on three sides, and the ocean on the other. The scenery is magnificent. The mountains are covered with snow, but the fields are green, in the lowland. This is truly "the land of the evergreen." The grass and the trees are green all the year round.

Oregon is noted for its big trees, and they are big! A family here, made their home in the hollow trunk of a tree, when they first came to this country. Their home now is beautiful. The winters are very wet, and there is little else but rain during the winter months. As a result, Oregonians are called "Web-feet."

The recent high-water has done a lot of damage and caused much suffering in Oregon. People are homeless and destitute, land has been washed away, and fences and trees blown down. We are shut off from the world except for a little steamer that comes in when the tides and weather permits, and a stage-line over the mountains.

Fam a runtlet, five feet three inches tall and am twenty-six years of age. I echo the praise that others give *Comfort*.

MISS MARY RISER, Tillamook, Oregon.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: While I am writing this November morning it is raining and is very dreary. Last week on the day of the fifteenth it snowed and blew as bad as it did any time last winter. Although I live along a lonesome country road, an electric car running a few yards from our door, I am very happy and well contented, having but one sorrow, the loss of a sister very dear to me, aged but twenty-one years, and a bride of a few months, but whom the good Lord thought best to take away.

Our home is situated about half a mile between two towns, Bangor and East Bangor and about eight miles from the Delaware river. It is rather a hilly place with forests growing here and there, and there are also plenty of stones.

I will describe myself. I am a young housekeeper twenty-four years old, weigh one hundred and seventy pounds, have light brown hair, and blue eyes and not like most of them I am healthy, and am very thankful to say so. There are three of us in our family; my husband a jolly fellow, and son Earle, five years old, and myself. We do not live on a farm, but have a garden which I love to tend in summer, and I also have many flowers. I will now tell the sisters how many kinds I have for this winter as I think it makes one's house seem gloomy without flowers. I have fourteen different kinds of Geraniums, eight different Begonias, eight Coleus, two Ives, one green with white edge which I think is lovely, two Filiera or weeping Palms, one Boston Fern, three house roses, and a few other common ones. For those not having much to do can make themselves work if they have flowers.

Talking about weight I know a young lady nineteen years old weighing three hundred and nine pounds, can any of the states beat that?

I don't know how I could get along without *Comfort* these long days. I have taken this paper for one year and like it very much.

I will close with a few hints which I suppose will appear in another column.

Mrs. O. GROVER, Box 67, Bangor, R. F. D., 2, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR, BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

I am glad that I am one of the sisters, as I do so enjoy reading each and every letter; all the trials and troubles that some of them have to go through, their sunny and uncomplicated letters help others (who are not afflicted in any way whatever), to take up their daily burden without grumbling.

Do I grumble? I certainly do. The disease is chronic, I'm afraid, although it isn't so much grumbling that I do, but I have no patience, and I

need it, for I have three little children. The oldest is nearly six, the youngest is two, and the one between and between is four; so you see if you count all their years together, it makes a good round dozen. I sometimes have to stop and consider whether they are a dozen or not.

They are not so bad, only I am very irritable and nervous, but I shall have to try and get over it, don't you think so?

Mrs. NELSON ASHDOWN, Freeport, L. I., New York.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I just feel as if I can't stay away any longer. I am a loner; have been confined to my room most of the time for three years. I try to be cheerful, but I find it very hard at times, when I am suffering, as I am today.

Do you know that if you make a salve of the white of one egg, one large spoonful of lard, powdered alum size of a hickory nut, it will cure a bad burn or scald, without leaving a scar.

What would we all do without *Comfort*? It is indeed a comfort, as I enjoy every page in it. I have just completed a silk quilt, and have a lot of scraps left that I would gladly send our dear shut-ins, but I can't afford stamps. Oh, the pity of it. I have no little children to inherit the dread disease that is eating my life away, and I try to be careful for my dear husband's sake not to have anything about me to send to a doctor. I would say to all such sufferers to use old paper or cloths to exorcise on, and then burn them.

Well, I will come again some day, perhaps, when I will feel better.

Mrs. DON ALLEN, Elwood, R. F. D., 1, Mo.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have taken *Comfort* a long time and think it a fine paper. I am interested in the fancy-work department also think the hints on housework and recipes excellent.

I should like to hear from readers who have cameras, also those who like to make pillows. I will answer all who care to write, for I get very lonesome and letters are very welcome at any time. I live in the country six miles from our capital, Indianapolis, on a dairy farm.

I am twenty-three years old, and have two little girls.

I hope to hear from some of the sisters soon.

Mrs. MARIE KENNEDY, New Augusta, Ind.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have long been a silent reader of our good paper, and at last I take time by the topknot and write a few lines. We have had our first rain of the season this week and winter is really here; but still the ladies are wearing peek-a-boo waists with elbow sleeves, so you know it is not very cold. We are farming a ranch of eight hundred acres. I have four children and do all my own work. We are poor, but all have our health, and that is everything. We are renters, but have our own stock and implements.

Do you all have some flowers? I love them, but there are so many who don't care about them. But gardeners I must have, if it is only a geranium in an old tomato can; it is food for the soul. To me all flowers are beautiful. I love nature.

I wish to hear from sisters in Florida or foreign places who could send me nice seashells. I will return all favors in some way.

Mrs. WM. L. BROWN, Box 23, San Lucas, Monterey Co., Cal.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Comfort was one of my childhood companions, so seems like a comrade at all times. I live in the northern part of Polk County, and it is said to be the banner county of the state; it is the main strawberry and gardening spot, beside which we can raise oranges and other fruits.

I have been married seven years and have three children. We find many useful hints in the pages of *Comfort* and I come with a request.

I wish to start a *Comfort* flower garden and would like a few flower seeds from every state in the Union. I am sure in this large family you have many who have more seeds than they can use. I will gladly return favors in anyway I can, and thank you in advance.

Mrs. ROSELL RANLERTSON, Greenpond, Fla.

DEAR EDITOR:

In butchering time I know that all the farmer sisters are anxious to know how to keep meat for next summer and save the trouble of sacking all of it. If you will follow this recipe you can let it hang in the smokehouse all summer. When you take the meat out of the barrel to smoke, wash and dry, then take powdered borax and rub all over the meat, being careful to touch all places, especially where bones are cut off, then hang up and smoke.

To Cure English Bacon

This process is called the "dry cure," and is considered far preferable to the New England or Yankee style of putting prepared brine or pickle over the meat. First the hog should not be too large or too fat, weighing not over two hundred pounds; then after it is dressed and cooled, cut it up into proper pieces; allow to every hundred pounds a mixture of four quarts of common salt, one quart of a pound of saltpeter and four pounds of sugar. Rub this preparation thoroughly over and into each piece, then put them into a tight tub or suitable cask; there will be a brine form of itself, from the juices of the meat, enough at least to baste it with, which should be done two or three times a week; turning each piece every time.

In smoking this bacon, the sweetest flavor is derived from black birch chips; but if these are not to be had, the next best wood is hickory; the smoking with corn-cobs imparts a rank flavor to this bacon, which is very distasteful to English people visiting this country. It requires three weeks or a month to smoke this bacon properly.

Mrs. MINNIE DEAN, Spence, Md.

Cancer Cure

For the benefit of any readers suffering from cancer I would say that Mr. Isaac Mullinax, Texico, Ill., has been cured of one on his face by this simple remedy:

Take the yolk of one egg, one tablespoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of lye soap, mix all thoroughly together and apply to the affected part twice a day.

Mrs. ELIZA DAY, Akin, Ill.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Washington Loaf Cake

Three cups of sugar, two scant cups of butter, one cup of sour milk, five eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, three tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, half a nutmeg grated, two cups of raisins, one cup of currants, and four good cups of flour. Mix as usual, and stir in fruit, dredged with flour, last. This cake will take longer to bake than plain. It is delicious, and while it takes a great deal of butter, sugar, etc., the amount of cake it makes, makes it not too expensive, and it is worth trying. The fruit may be omitted.

Chocolate Pie (Requested)

The way I make chocolate pie is as follows: I make a filling just the same as for cornstarch pudding, adding a small piece of butter, about two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, and vanilla to flavor. The whites of two eggs I reserve for frosting. I bake the lower crust first; then put in the filling; cover with the frosting (made with not too much sugar), and return to oven to brown slightly.

Boiled Icing (Requested)

Put one cupful of granulated sugar on to boil with four or five tablespoonfuls of water. Let boil, without stirring, until it threads from the spoon. Then pour slowly onto one well-beaten white of an egg, and stir until it begins to get quite thick. If let get too thick it will be too hard to spread evenly and smoothly on the cake. Do all the sisters know that if the pan of icing is covered by a wet cloth, while the lower layers of the cake are being spread, that it will prevent it becoming as hard as it might otherwise get?

Mrs. T. J. KINSELLA, Orienta, Wis.

Raisin Pie

Chop one large cup of raisins and mix to them the grated rind and juice of one large lemon, the

yolks of two eggs well beaten and one cup of sugar. Have deep pie plate lined and rimmed up with rather thick paste, fill and bake; when done and a little cool, spread with the following: The whites of the two eggs beaten stiff with confectioner's sugar and one tablespoonful of cornstarch, and the juice of one whole lemon; heap up high, return to cool oven for a few minutes.

Parsley and Butter Sauce (Requested)

Take a piece of good, fresh butter the size of an egg, let it get hot; add to this one tablespoonful of flour, well sifted, and brown this nicely in the butter; add a tablespoonful of chopped onions, brown this in butter, also; now slowly put in a pint of water, stirring all the while, till it becomes a brown sauce; then add a teaspoonful of salt and three tablespoonfuls of cleanly washed and chopped parsley, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, stirring continually, till done.

Ginger Snaps

Take one teacupful of flour and sift it well, add and mix very well three heaping teacupfuls of baking powder, add to this three fourths cup of sugar, two teacupfuls of butter, one half cup of molasses and one heaping teacupful of ground ginger, mix well, roll out very, very thin and bake but a few minutes. They will soften by being kept.

Ginger Snaps (No. 2.)

One cup of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one half cup lard, one half cup butter melted together, one teacupful of cinnamon, one half teacupful of cloves, and one and one half tablespoonfuls of ground ginger, one teacupful of soda scalded with three fourths of a cup of boiling water, add as little flour as is necessary to roll out easily, roll out very thin, bake in a quick oven.

Mrs. JOSEPHINE LINDEN, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ribbon Pudding

Cream together one and one half cups of sugar with one half cup of butter, then beat in three eggs (whites and yolks beaten separately), add one half cup of milk and two cups of flour, two teacupfuls of baking powder (or one teacupful of soda and two teacupfuls of cream of tartar). Take one third of the mixture, add one teacupful of cinnamon, one half teacupful of cloves, one teacupful of cocoa, and a little nutmeg; add one half cup of chopped raisins. One half of the remaining mixture can be colored with strawberry coloring, or leave it as it is, white. Grease a deep pudding pan, put paper in the bottom, and put in the mixture a spoonful at a time, so that when it is cut the different colors will be seen in each slice; bake slowly. When done, turn onto a warm plate and serve hot with the following sauce or

Hard Sauce

One cup of sugar and quarter of a cup of butter beaten to a cream, flavor.

Soft Honey Cake

One cup butter, two cups honey, two eggs, one cup sour milk, two teacupfuls soda, one teacupful of ground ginger, one teacupful of ground cinnamon, four cups flour.

Hard Honey Cake

Take six pounds of flour, three pounds of honey, one and one half pounds of sugar, one and one half pounds of butter, six eggs, one half ounce saleratus, ground ginger to suit your taste. Have the flour in a pan, make cavity in center. Beat the honey and yolks of eggs together. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream and put into the cavity in the flour, then add the honey and yolks of eggs. Mix well with the hand, adding a little at a time, the half ounce of saleratus dissolved in a very little boiling water, until it is all in; add the ginger, and finally the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Mix to a smooth dough. Divide the dough into seven equal parts and roll out like gingerbread. Bake in ordinary square pans, mark off the top in half inch stripes. Bake in moderate oven; dissolve sugar to glaze over top of cakes. When cool put away in stone crocks, stand the cakes up so the flat sides will not touch each other. Don't use until three months old. The cakes improve with age. I have several other honey recipes. These, of course, call for strained honey. Anyone wishing recipes for honey fruit cake, nut cake, cookies, jumbles, etc., made with honey, let me know and I will supply them through these columns.

Buttermilk Biscuits

One quart of flour, one teacupful of soda, two teacupfuls of salt, one heaping tablespoonful of lard or butter.

Hoe Cake

One cup corn meal, one pinch salt, turn boiling water over the salt and meal, until a thin batter has been made, have a shallow pie tin well greased and very hot, pour in the mixture, set in oven, when nearly done take out and spread butter over the top and return to oven to brown.

Rolls

Take the raised bread dough and roll it out about half an inch thick, spread it all over with butter, and lard mixed, then roll it up, and cut off slices an inch thick, stand them in a greased pan, when light bake in quick oven. Ground cinnamon, and sugar can be sprinkled on with the lard and butter if desired.

Tea Rolls

One cup sweet milk, one compressed yeast cake (or cake of magic yeast), two tablespoonfuls of sugar, flour to make stiff pie tin well greased and night. In the morning add two thirds of a cup of butter, and whites of two eggs beaten stiff, form into rolls let rise again and bake. If wished for tea, set them right after breakfast instead of at night.

Apple Sauce Cake

Two and one half cups apple sauce, two cups sugar, one cup butter, one teacupful each cinnamon, cloves, allspice and nutmeg, four teacupfuls soda, four cups flour, one cup raisins.

Chocolate Filling for Cake

One square Baker's chocolate, one half cup sugar, one half cup milk, piece of butter size of a nut, cook about five minutes or until thick, spread on cake when cool, flavor with vanilla.

ANNE S. BALL, Boonton, New Jersey.

Lemon Crackers

Two and one half cups of sugar, one cup of melted lard, one pint of sweet milk, five cents' worth of baking ammonia, four teacupfuls essence of lemon. Flour to make a stiff dough.

AMELIA FOLTZ, Box 12, Pierce, R. F. D., 2, Ohio.

Yeast Cakes

Put one good yeast cake to soak in lukewarm water, scald a quart of fresh buttermilk, not letting it boil, sift about one and one half quarts of corn meal, and add a teacupful of salt, pour the milk over the meal, and stir until cool; when just milk warm put in the dissolved yeast cake, and stir thoroughly, and set in a warm place to rise, allow the mixture to become very light, then stir it down three times, after which add more meal with sufficient flour to make the mass stick together. Form into small cakes, I dry in the shade; when wanted for use crumble up and soak in warm water until dissolved; these will keep, and are sure to produce excellent bread.

A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

The Kite

Fat Felix Fogg once flew a kite. And though he pulled with all his might, it was so big and strong he rose. Till he was standing on his toes. Now Tommy Teaser chanced that way, And being full of roguish play, He grabbed poor Felix Fogg and roared, "Let me hold, or I'll cut the cord." "No need at all of doing harm," said Felix; Taking Tommy's arm. Soon he had tied the string thereon, Jumped backward quick and Tom was gone, Up in the air among the stars, To tease in Jupiter or Mars.

A Flyer

Cut out a piece of tin shaped like "a," and make two small holes in it at or near the center. This can be done with a steel punch or a common nail. Now, get a round stick of the same proportion but twice the size of a pencil, and drive into one end two shingle nails from which the heads have been cut. Bend the ends of the tin, and place it over the nails as shown in "b." Now, if you grasp the stick with both hands, and twirl it rapidly the flyer will ascend and execute pretty gyrations.

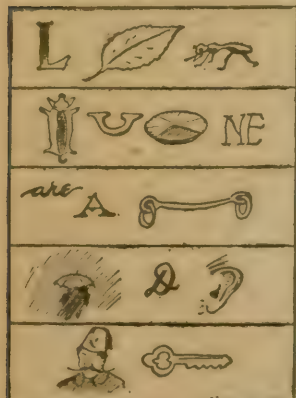
Vice

A handy and very quickly made vice can be rigged up out of two short boards, and a bolt. Through corresponding holes which need not be threaded, insert the bolt so that the threaded end appears on the outside. The nut is then placed on, and by tightening with a wrench, the object you wish to work on may be held very firmly. This vice is intended to meet an emergency where no other is obtainable, and it is every bit as serviceable as the more elaborate affairs which only one out of a hundred boys could make.

Number of Stars

The stars seen upon a clear night are about 2,000 in number, allowing a like number for the half of the world not seen gives us 4,000 visible stars in all. Even the one nearest to us is at a distance too great to be conceived by the human intellect. It has been said that a cannon ball traveling at its usual rate of speed from the creation of the world in a direct line to the North star would be still millions of miles away from it. The light of the star Sirius traveling at the rate of 192,000 miles a second takes three years to reach the earth. If the sun, which is comparatively near, were to go out it would be months before we would know it.

Picture Puzzles



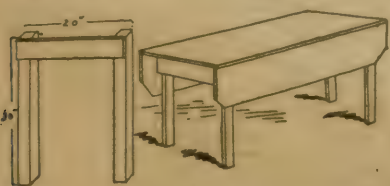
The five drawings represent five different objects. Study them a little while, and you can solve them. The solutions will appear in the Boys' Corner of next month's COMFORT.

Game

A lively game for boys which is probably too noisy to be played indoors is "Keep the bag up." An inflated bladder or paper bag is tossed up in the air, and the players of which there may be any number, tap it up every time it threatens to fall. Each player must hit it in turn, and must not take more than two steps in going after it. The comical actions of those trying frantically to reach it will result in much fun and laughter, but undue roughness will spoil the whole game. If played in the house the rule should require all to stand in one position, and move only the hands in trying to reach the bag.

Work Bench

A strong work bench is needed in every boy's workshop. Use four pieces of 2 by 4 scantling 30 inches long for legs, joining them with



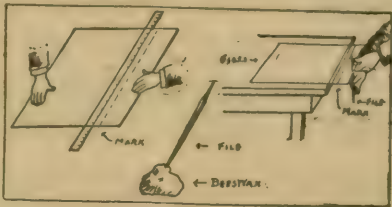
crosspieces as shown. Next put on the six-foot long side pieces letting them extend over 6 inches, and cutting off the lower corners as the drawing illustrates. For the top use heavy planks or two thicknesses of inch boards. In the latter case the first layer may be put on crosswise if short boards are more easily procured.

Telling Number by Thought

Here's a new way of doing an old trick. Ask a person to add 1 to the triple of the number thought of, and to multiply the sum by 3; then to add to this product the number thought of, and the result will be a sum which if diminished by three and divided by 10 will be the number he thought of first. Example. Think of 6, triple it which is 18, add 1, which makes it 19. Three times this is 57, and if 6 is added it becomes 63. Now take away 3, and divide by 10, and you have your answer 6. This is simpler than it seems at first reading.

Cutting Glass

Perhaps you have a few irregular-shaped pieces of glass large enough to be of some use. You can cut them any desired size with the aid of an old file if you harden it first by heating to



a bright red, and then plunging it into a chunk of beeswax several times. After making the mark with the sharp point strike the glass directly under it, and it will break evenly. If there is a large margin to be cut off you can manage it better by laying the glass flat upon the ruler, the marked part facing up, and being raised from the floor a quarter of an inch. When you have it thus arranged bear sharply down on the extreme edges.

Jerry, the Backwoods Boy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

her, and from the attentions which she hints at I judge that we must make up our minds to lose her. It would be a capital match, don't you think so?"

It was at this interesting point that Mabel was compelled, by the sudden discovery on the part of Jerry related in the previous chapter, to abandon her post. She would have given a good deal to hear what followed, and never quite forgave the boy for disturbing her. The indifference with which Mabel spoke, however, relieved her from any fears of rivalry in the design which she had already formed upon the lawyer's hand.

Mr. Parkhurst, for obvious reasons, was not pleased with his daughter's manner of treating the subject. It promised ill for the sacrifice that he wished to propose to her.

"Mabel," said he with some severity of manner, "I shall be obliged to you to speak with less levity. To bring Mabel into the conversation is entirely uncalled for, and the suggestion of a matrimonial connection between Mr. Clarke and a person occupying a menial position so far beneath his station in society is in the highest degree improper, and might justly be regarded as an insult by him, did he happen to be present to hear it."

"Father," said Mabel penitently, "you must pardon me for having spoken as you would not have me. I certainly have, if I have incurred your displeasure."

"Mabel, my daughter," said the father affectionately, "you have ever been a good and dutiful daughter hitherto. I may by and by make still another demand upon your duty. But I am speaking of my visitor of yesterday. Do you remember hearing of him when we lived in the city?"

"No, sir; although his face looked slightly familiar."

"He had seen you, however. But that is not to the purpose at present. Can you guess what was his errand?"

"No, sir. I suppose it could hardly be of a professional nature, as, since your—"

Mabel hesitated to say failure, knowing her father's sensitiveness upon this point.

"Since the great misfortune, you mean, which drove me out into this wilderness to lead a miserable existence, deprived of all the sources of my former happiness."

"Do you, indeed, take it so much to heart?" said the daughter, taking her father's hand and looking in his face with sympathy. "I wish you could feel as I do. It seems to me as if I never lived till now. I delight in the wild freedom of the woods and the unshackled life which I lead here. In the city one is so hemmed in by conventionalities that it is impossible to feel yourself quite independent. Father, I could live here always without one longing for the old life that I led in the city."

"I don't pretend," said Mr. Parkhurst peevishly, "to enter into your youthful enthusiasm, and I marvel much that a daughter of mine, the descendant of a lofty family with whom nobles have not infrequently intermarried, should be willing to confess such plebeian tastes. I cannot conceive what pleasure you can find in living in a miserable hut"—Mabel was about to utter an exclamation, but prudently refrained—

"a miserable hut built of logs, in the midst of a rude, uncultivated race of people who care nothing for good blood, and fancy their plebeian stock as good as ours. I say I cannot conceal my astonishment that one so carefully reared should imbibe and give expression to such tastes. For my own part it has proved to me more unendurable than I anticipated. I remember once to have read an interesting account of a shipwrecked sailor named, I think, 'Robinson Crusoe,' who was forced to live by himself on an uninhabited island. The book was written by one Defoe, and was sent to me in a package forwarded from London. I little thought when I read it that I was doomed in my own person to pass through a trial equally hard, and to bear a solitude almost as intolerable."

"But, father, we have good neighbors, while Robinson Crusoe, if I remember rightly, was not so fortunate. You surely can not compare your situation with his."

"Neighbors, Mabel? And what kind of neighbors? Do you think I can be on terms of intimacy with the rude, uncultivated settlers?"

"Surely you do not regard the Davenports in that light?"

"No, they are exceptions, I admit. But it would take many such to supply to me the place of all that I enjoyed in the city."

Mabel felt that nothing she could say was likely to divert her father from the melancholy view that he now saw fit to express. She accordingly, after a minute's pause, endeavored to change the current of conversation by suggesting a question.

"You were about to tell me on what business Mr. Clarke came, were you not, father?"

"Yes, Mabel," said her father, brightening up. "What will you say when I tell you that he has come to offer us the chance of resuming our old station in society; that he has it in his power to restore us a measure of wealth equal to that which I inherited and lost?"

"Father, you have excited my curiosity deeply. Has this indeed been as you say?"

"I do not wonder at your astonishment, Mabel. I was myself taken by surprise. But I can explain all in a very few words."

Mr. Parkhurst here entered into an explanation of facts already familiar to my reader, and

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which, therefore, do not require to be repeated. It is hardly necessary to say that Mabel listened with eager interest. The revelation gave her pleasure, but not for herself. The discontent her father had expressed with the mode of life to which he was at present reduced led her, as a matter of course, to rejoice that means were provided for his restoration to the scenes which could alone content him. For her own part she had no desire to go back to the city, and would have considered such a removal a great sacrifice. But her union with Henry Davenport would render this unnecessary, and although it would pain her to be entirely separated from her father, she had no doubt that an arrangement could be made by which she could pass a part of the year in the city. For the rest, her father would be contented in that sphere which he was prepared to value the more because of his temporary withdrawal from it.

It was, therefore, with a glow of pleasure that she said, "Father, I am indeed heartily glad for your sake that your losses are likely to be so amply made up to you, and I hereby acknowledge my penitence for having spoken somewhat disrespectfully of the lawyer who is the bearer of this welcome intelligence. I shall henceforth adopt the opinion that bad looks are no indication of a bad disposition. But, father, you will remember that I, too, have something to communicate."

"Yes, Mabel, I do remember that you solicited the interview. Pray speak without hesitation, and if it is any favor which is in my power to grant, count it already granted."

"It is indeed a matter that vitally concerns my happiness, father," said Mabel in a low voice.

"Is it indeed so important?" asked Mr. Parkhurst, who as yet did not suspect the nature of the request which his daughter was about to make. "Indeed, I cannot conjecture what it is. Tell me without reserve."

Mabel rose from her chair, and sank at her father's feet in a childlike attitude.

"Father," she murmured, "I am very happy. Henry Davenport has told me that he loved me."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Parkhurst in undisguised dismay. "Can this be true? And do you love him, Mabel?"

Startled by her father's manner, Mabel answered: "I love him as my life, father."

Rising hastily to his feet, Joseph Parkhurst paced the room with knitted brow and disordered steps. Mabel watched him with equal surprise and anxiety.

"Father," she at length said, timidly, "I hope that you know nothing unfavorable of Henry."

"I do not," said Mr. Parkhurst gloomily, pausing in his walk, "but, Mabel, this marriage, though it may bring happiness to you, can bring nothing but disaster and unhappiness to me."

"But, father, it needn't separate us," said Mabel eagerly, supposing that her father's objection was founded upon this. "Henry could arrange to live in the city a part of the time."

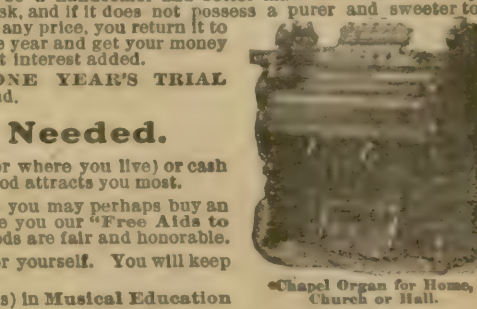
"Child, you do not understand the matter. Your marriage with this young man would keep me a lifelong prisoner in this odious wilderness."

"But why should it? Could you not support an establishment in the city, and now and then come out to visit your children. The property which you are about to recover—"

"That property I shall never recover if you marry Henry Davenport," said her father gloomily.



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"But what possible connection can there be between the two things?" questioned Mabel in perplexity. "Why should my marriage stand in the way of your recovering what is rightfully yours?"

"Sit down, Mabel—let us both sit—while I tell you. It is a circumstance which I regret nearly as much as you can. I have no personal objection to young Davenport. I would receive him gladly as a son-in-law, but there is one thing I have got to tell you. This lawyer demands a reward for his discovery of the letter which makes known to me the whereabouts of the treasure. That reward he has himself indicated. He has asked you as his wife."

"But what can he know of me?" asked Mabel in amazement.

"More than you think. You remember that he belongs to New York; that he has lived there many years."

"But I never met him, so far as I can remember."

"Perhaps not as an acquaintance. But the daughter of Joseph Parkhurst occupied a position which, as a matter of course, made her known to many with whom she was personally acquainted. As he told me, he was accustomed to see you going to and from school, and at that time he conceived an admiration for you which has suggested the character of the recompense he asks."

"But surely he cannot know enough of me to be seriously interested in me. When he learns that I love another he will dismiss this idle fancy, and offer his addresses in some other quarter where they will be more acceptable."

Mr. Parkhurst shook his head.

"I am afraid, Mabel, that whatever else he is, he is an obstinate man. So far as I can judge, his mind seems to be set upon marrying you, and he will not accept anything else."

"But, father, he is probably fond of money. Offer him a large amount of money for his services—whatever he asks. Give him whatever you might otherwise intend for me. I care not for money. To me it is of no value compared with the happiness which I shall enjoy as Henry's wife. Even if you are compelled to give him half of the whole sum, the remainder will yet support you handsomely. Only, my father, do not ask me to surrender all the happiness of my life to this man's keeping."

Mabel spoke with earnestness, her cheeks glowing with the excitement of her feelings, and her face lifted imploringly to her father's, which gathered gloom as she proceeded.

"I have already suggested this to the lawyer," he said, "but without effect."

"Perhaps you did not offer him enough."

"He distinctly told me that no offer, however large, would induce him to forego his self-named reward. Be assured, Mabel, that I desisted from no representations which would be likely to influence him. As he himself said, he might easily have concealed the matter from me, and appropriated the whole amount to his own purposes without fear of detection, since I should be wholly ignorant of the matter."

"And why did he not? I wish that he had."

"You seem to forget, Mabel," said her father reproachfully, "that my happiness as well as yours is involved in this matter."

"Forgive me then, my father; we are both unfortunate, we are both unhappy."

"But after all, Mabel, perhaps it will not be so hard on you as you imagine. He is a re-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

brighten his life, and bring some rays of sunshine into its hours of gloom and suffering. You who wrote him one letter, do you not wish—now his frail body is laid away in the earth, that you had written him oftener than you did? You who sent him old newspapers, and made him pay the extra postage, would you not give all you possess to undo that thoughtless deed? It is too late now, too late, he does not need your aid now. Many would if they could, bend over his little casket, and look at the still white face, smother it with flowers, who yet in life would not send him a postage stamp—happy Herbert, you don't have to depend on the whims of a fickle world for your sunshine and cheer now. God is attending to that. Ah, cousins, won't you, as you bend o'er the silent form of this your departed cousin, doubly resolve to bend all your energies to alleviating the sufferings of those who remain? Soon many more of the great army of suffering will have passed over the silent stream. Ere they go, won't you do for them, what you might have done for Herbert Hipple? Promise me you will, and if you will, he has not died in vain. I commend Herbert's brother Walter to your care; what you neglected to do for Herbert, do for him, and God will bless you in the doing. Anthony Good, the noble boy who is Vice President of Pa., is the Mr. Good mentioned in this letter. The money other boys spend in whiskey and cigarettes, Anthony devotes to works of mercy. There are about half a dozen such noble boys in the League, half a dozen among 20,000. Think of that!

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending fifteen cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engraved with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1442 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Work of Mercy for March

Here's a big shut-in list. I want you to write a letter to each one of those below, and put something in your letter besides music. Invalids can't eat talk, the most of you would like to feed them on that kind of diet, but you'll take mighty good care to fill your own stomachs with something more substantial. When invalids ask for reading, please send them story books, or books worth while. Old magazines, and old newspapers are not wanted, and will be refused. I've instructed all the shut-ins not to send stamps for packages that are held because of insufficient postage at the office where they were mailed by thoughtless Goops, who think a one-cent stamp will carry a ton of old rubbish. These packages are never worth sending for, so don't be fooled by them. Another thing, never return books sent you to read. Tom Lockhart informs me that numberless books, great heavy tomes that he couldn't handle, were sent him to read, with the request that he return them when read, and pay postage. It costs twenty-four cents to mail a three-pound book, so shut-ins stick to the books sent you, don't return them. Stick to everything that comes your way, God knows it is mighty little. Remember also that to one kind heart and one generous giver in this world, there are twenty hearts of stone, and fifty empty heads, and don't let the stony-hearted and thoughtless rob you of the little money God's good angels send you. Lawrence Bird, writing me on December 21st informs me he had received \$18.65. God bless those who sent it! Lawrence was very sick at the time he wrote. I'll let you know exactly what he got, as I believe it encourages you in this beautiful work of caring for God's sick and poor, to know results. Don't send money to me to forward. I have to write letters and pay postage, and I'm worked to death, and have not all the strength in the world. Now get busy. Some day, the only thing that may plead for you at the Bar of Heaven will be the fact that you once wrote a letter and sent a dime to one of our shut-ins. That one dime of love may win you paradise.

Miss Eva L. Stevens, Greenville, R. F. D. 1, Ala. Paralyzed from the hips down, young girl, charming writer, without means. Miss Annie Cunnison (14), Haddam, Kans. Paralyzed from the waist down, and has spinal curvature. Wants pieces for quilts, and good

bright reading. Old attic rubbish not wanted, and unpaid matter will be refused. Mrs. Victoria Hutchens, Rock Bridge, Ky., widow, semi-invalid, with two little boys to support. Eldest boy twelve. All need clothing and cheer. Mrs. Sarah Good (60), Brock, Neb. Paralyzed. Is allowed \$1 per week by the county for support, has nothing else, cheer her up. Willie Janet Sheppard (25), Wedowee, Ala. Poor crippled, colored girl, writes splendidly. Send 25 cents for her book, Golden Moments; it is capital. Miss Alsa Carroll (16), Anchor, Sunny Co., Va. Has water on the brain, never once raised her head from the pillow in her life. Can't read, but loves pictures and postals. Send her cheer besides. Fred Bizell (24), Newton Grove, Albany Co., N. Y. Crippled with rheumatism, helpless. Has family to support—remember him poor soul. Johnny Adkins (18), Racoon, W. Va. Invalid. Wants cheer, letters, and reading. No old papers. Miss Azubah Lee, Dunn, R. F. D. 2, N. C. Helpless, and very sick and needy. Send her cheer and sympathy. Chas. A. Eddy, Glen Falls, N. Y. Shut-in writes beautifully, refined, educated. Want cheery letters. Jenny Betz, Fannettsburg, Pa. Wants cheery letters. Miss Tummy Belle Cooper (21), Lexington, Ky. Spinal trouble, helpless for ten years. Bright, refined girl, writes finely. Send ten cents for her story book, "An Unasked Love."

Now remember, seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT will win you Uncle Charlie's Book of Poems, a fifty-cent book, that costs six cents to mail, and all for collecting the trifling sum of \$1.05 by doing half an hour's pleasant work. Won't you all try and win one of those books? Try, you can do it if you will.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

The Shadow of a Cross A Religious Quarrel and Separation

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

they might have been, she contrived to maintain a certain standing in society. In secret she half starved herself and Victoria that a brave front might be presented to the world. As the girl grew in grace and beauty, the mother counted on her making a brilliant match, and to this end the sacrifices she made to give her the necessary accomplishments to fit her for society were no light ones.

Gene might have been saved a world of misery if his companion's thoughts could have been communicated to him telepathically, but as it was he sat there entranced by her physical loveliness and never dreamed of all the future held in store for him.

When they arrived at the residential portion of the city Victoria drew rein at the curbstone, exclaiming:

"I don't fancy running the gauntlet of staring eyes any further so I think I will walk the rest of the way."

"If you will wait a moment," said Gene as he helped her to dismount, "I will walk the distance with you. Here, sonny, to a grinning urchin, 'don't you want to ride this horse over to Watson's livery stable?'"

Gene tossed him a coin, and with a whoop of delight the boy tore away down the street. "I am afraid," Gene said as he turned to Victoria, "the ride has tired you. It must have been difficult to ride that saddle."

Victoria broke into a ringing laugh. "Do you know," she said, "it never occurred to either of us that the saddles might have been changed."

He joined in her merriment. "Well, well, what a blockhead you must think me! But then," he added, with an admiring glance at her beautiful face, "you cannot really blame me. Any man would have lost his head under the circumstances."

The compliment was florid but it pleased her, and she acknowledged it by a sweet, slow, upward glance that thrilled him through and through. There was a subtle poison in that glance, and for a moment it held him fascinated while the blood mounted to his brow.

Victoria saw the flush and glowed in her power to bring it there, then the long-lashed lids drooped over her eyes, and she smiled as she walked onward.

The thoroughfare up which they passed was new, and the houses as much alike as pebbles on a beach, but at the end of the street a magnificent white marble mansion was seen; winding walks led through the grounds and behind groups of shrubbery the gleam of statues could be caught at intervals; waters fell with a musical tinkle into marble basins; and two couchant granite lions guarded the entrance way.

As Warfield and Victoria came opposite this an automobile was turning into the grounds. A chauffeur was driving, and on the back seat reclined rather than sat a woman who seemed as if more dead than alive, so pale, so sunken, so sad was the face—a face that might once have been beautiful.

"Who was that?" asked Victoria, as the automobile disappeared under the driveway.

"That is Mrs. Corcoran, wife of the president of the Harvester Trust. They have only lately returned. That great house is kept shut up for a good part of the year, for the wife is a confirmed invalid. I imagine her wealth does not bring her much enjoyment, poor lady," Gene finished commiseratingly.

"No, I should think it would not, and yet," with a longing look at the place seen dimly through the trees, "it is still something to be mistress of such a magnificent home. I have heard of this Michael Corcoran. He is not only the head of the trust, but also has great political influence, has he not?"

"Yes," said Warfield, "he is the boss!" "I should imagine," she stole a swift glance at him, "he would be a powerful enemy."

"Yes," with conviction, "he would." "And if his sympathies were once enlisted," with another glance at him, "an equally powerful friend."

He started, so clearly had her words chimed in with his own thoughts.

"Yes, he has the power to make—or ruin a man."

After that they passed on in silence until they reached a tall white house with green blinds before which Victoria halted.

"Here is where I linger, Mr. Warfield," she said smiling and holding out a slender hand.

She had taken off her gauntlets and as Gene took the small palm in his grasp he thought it the prettiest hand he had ever seen, so soft and white and tapering, and he held it a trifle longer than was necessary as he smiled back at her.

"Shall I see you at the reception tonight, Mr. Warfield?"

"Oh, yes," At that moment he was glad, very glad that he hadn't sent regrets.

Gene stood where she left him and he was, it must be confessed, picking a long red hair from the sleeve of his coat as he looked up and saw Judge Blodgett's merry eyes fixed upon him.

The judge had seen the two walking up the street together, and he now put his own construction—not the right one as the reader knows—on the significance of Gene's act.

"There is something funny about red hair," he said, his laughter wrinkles strongly in evidence, "or rather the possessor of it. He or she, as the case may be, is always either loved or hated. There is no half way business about it. But say, Gene, if you're going off on any more such excursions you really ought to carry a clothes brush! Those red ones are such a dead give away, you know!"

There was that ominous tightening about the lips which betokens the fact that the masculine temper is nettled, as Gene rejoined stiffly:

"Judge, I really can't say I relish your joking on any such subject, and I wish you a good afternoon."

The judge doubled up in the effort to restrain his mirth as he looked after the retreating figure.

"Whew!" he spluttered at last. "He is hard hit for a fact."

At his boarding house Warfield found awaiting him a special delivery letter, containing important information in connection with the Harvester Trust case, and this detained him so long that he was almost the last arrival at the Huston reception.

Coming from the cool dusk of the street into the glare of lights, confused mingling of black coats, pretty frocks and white shoulders, Gene felt a bit dazed until he caught sight of Victoria standing in the receiving line with Mrs. Huston and a tall lady with a sadly lined and timeworn face, who was introduced to him as Mrs. Moore.

Victoria smiled up at him, and presently he found himself walking beside her through the crowded rooms. In her trim-fitting riding habit of the afternoon he had considered her lovely, but now clothed in some pale green fabric that shimmered as she walked, and foamy lace about the snowy expanse of shoulders, he thought her dazzlingly fair.

"What a companion," Gene thought, "to share a man's triumph." He did not ask himself how she would have shared his defeat.

"Do you know, Mr. Warfield," she said as she led him into the deserted east room—it was scarcely large enough to be called a conservatory—where the flowers were kept, "I was beginning to think I was not to have the pleasure of seeing you at all."

"I should have been here earlier, but I was detained by a business matter."

"It is always business with you lawyers," she said roughly, "and it may be just possible I shall need your professional services in pleading my case with my uncle. He gave me that horse, and he has taken it upon himself to be very angry at me for what happened this afternoon. I wasn't to blame for the accident, was I?"

"Certainly not."

"And for what came after?"

Of this he was not so sure, but he answered softly:

"I think I will shoulder the responsibility for that. If you find your uncle unmanageable, send him to me."

"Maybe I will," with a sigh of mock relief, "but then I don't know whether I shall be any better off after all. Perhaps I may only escape Scylla to be wrecked on Charybdis. You lawyers do charge such abominable fees!"

Gene smiled as he glanced down at the little hand resting so lightly on his arm. There is sometimes a wonderful power in suggestion.

"I promise not to charge more than you can pay," he said with his lips close to her shell-like ear, "though I am afraid the fee may be a large one."

The words were spoken jestingly, yet there was an undercurrent of real feeling in them, and as she caught their full significance, a little sensation of scorn took possession of her. When a woman hunts, she likes to feel that the game is a bit wary, only then there is pleasure in hunting.

She gave him one wickedly sweet look from under her curling lashes:

"I didn't come here to listen to pretty speeches from you, Mr. Warfield, but to show you the wonderful new orchid my uncle has been buying lately. Uncle Jim's passion for collecting orchids is only limited by his pocketbook. Are you interested in orchids?"

"I am afraid I know very little about them," Gene confessed, then added, "that is, I only know the wildings of my New Hampshire woods."

"The wildings of your New Hampshire woods?" she echoed. "Do tell me about them, please. I have always wanted to get back to Nature and study her at first hand, but have always been too busy with society and one thing and another to gratify my desire. I can't let slip the opportunity of learning something from one who, I feel sure, has been a deep student of Nature. Please tell me about the flowers of your New Hampshire woods."

Thus adjured and flattered by her apparent interest, Warfield plunged into a long dissertation on the beauties of New England forests in general and New Hampshire woods in particular, and from this topic by almost insensible degrees he was led to speak of his boyhood home. Of his sweetheart Theta he said never a word, that was a name he could not discuss with any woman, but he told his listener about his mother, and of the goodness and almost saintliness of her life. At this Victoria grew bored and had to restrain a strong inclination to yawn behind her fan, but she kept the look of interest in her eyes and let him talk on, for being a woman she knew nothing flatters a man quite so much as being allowed to do all the talking he pleases. And Gene told her something, too, of his early struggle to acquire an education, and of his later dreams of power and conquest. At this Victoria woke out of her abstraction, for he had touched the responsive chord in her own makeup, and when he concluded she said decisively:

"Yes, Mr. Warfield, ambition does make

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life worth the living, it is the one thing that has lifted man above the level of the brute. I adore ambitious people, the people who accomplish things. I, myself, have always been covetous of power. I want to feel that I can sit as an equal with the highest of the land, and that none can say me nay. You agree with me, Mr. Warfield, do you not? You do not think the less of me for saying this?"

Her red lips were softly parted; her eyes were brilliant as she finished the thoughts that chimed in so well with his own, and as he looked at her Gene caught his breath with a little gasp.

"Like you the less," he murmured softly, "how could I? Be merciful in your power and don't look at me like that—I am only human—as for power—you couldn't have more than you have now."

Her low mocking laugh rang through the room.

"You have beguiled me with your flattering speeches, Mr. Warfield. Do you hear those carriages? The people are going away. We have been talking here a long time. I fear tongues will be wagging about us tomorrow."

"Let them wag," said Gene, as he bent nearer to her.

She laughed again and threw back her head, and he saw the curves of a perfect chin and neck. In that moment she looked like Circe weaving her spells. Her spell was upon him, and no worshiper of the sun-goddess was ever more besotted than he as he bent over her and suddenly, before she was aware of what he intended, he caught her to him with sudden passion and pressed his lips full upon her white throat. Then he went swiftly out of the room.

Victoria looked after him with a gleam of scornful triumph in her bright eyes.

"And I have heard that man called a great lawyer," she said aloud.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The heroine of this story chooses between the church of her childhood and the man she loves. Firm in the belief of her early teachings the lover pleads in vain. Read the next chapter, "Meeting with Corcoran and Warfield's Fall." Send 15 cents for a year's subscription, and read not only this strong serial, but others now running in COMFORT.

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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WHEN this reaches my readers the time for young chickens and ducks will be at hand, and as hundreds of such babies are lost through indiscreet feeding and inappropriate care, I want to get a little ahead of the season this time, so that you all will know what to do for the young arrivals. On the first few days depends the bird's future life.

A few years ago I thought, with other poultry people, that chicks must have a mash, or Johnny cake; but now I know how much better and healthier they are on dry grain; and the difference in labor is wonderful. Mash had to be scalded and thoroughly steamed, or they were not digestible. Then they could not be fed whilst hot, nor quite cold. The time women have lost each year waiting for kettles to boil, and dough to cool! Just in the spring, too, when women need every moment for housecleaning, and fixing up summer clothes. Then to think that all the sacrifice of time and patience was just so much waste.

Of course I still believe in two mash feeds a day, after the first week, because they allow the mixing of several wholesome things which it would be difficult to get the chicks to eat if fed them alone; but dry grain is the thing for the "little and often" lunches that the babies need every two hours or so.

I have given instructions before about a brooder for incubator chicks, but will repeat a few of the main points for the benefit of the forgetful ones, or those who have incubators for the first time.

Give the incubator a good coat of white-wash inside, before using it. Cover the drum which furnishes the heat under the hover with two or three thicknesses of flannel, to make it soft and motherly for the little bodies to cuddle up against. Cover the floor of the hover compartment with a piece of old carpet or felt, and the outside compartment with sweepings from hay-mow. Have the heat running steadily at 95 degrees for several hours before the chicks are to be put into it, and keep it at that heat the first seven or eight days. Then gradually let it fall to 75 degrees. Of course, I mean the heat under the hover. The rest of the brooder will be, and should be, several degrees lower.

Keep fresh water in vessels the chicks can get only their bills into, in the outer compartment. Never neglect seeing that the babies are safely nudged up to the heat at dusk, especially if there is frost during the week. There is always danger of a nervous little one straying into a cold corner, where it will get chilled into an attack of bowel trouble, if not killed outright.

During the bright, sunny hours in the middle of the day, don't be afraid to let the chicks have plenty of fresh air in the play-room; and at feeding-time, when they are all busy, give the hover compartment a thorough airing.

When Biddy is doing the brooding, remember she is pretty sure to need dusting with some good insect powder. The nest-box she sat in should have been cleaned, and a handful of camphor balls scattered under the hay of the nest. Moreover, all hens should be dusted before setting, twice during the 21 days, three days after the hatch is out, and each week so long as she broods the chicks.

Half the ill of baby birds spring from vermin. The custom of greasing little chicks is dangerous, for it opens the pores of the skin and makes them susceptible to cold. These remarks all apply to ducks, turkeys, and game birds, as well as to chickens.

Fresh air, warmth, and good food prevent dozens of troubles almost impossible to cure, once contracted; so look to the little things well, for they are what counts.

By now, everyone who reads this column ought to know that thirty hours must be allowed for the proper digestion and assimilation of the yolk, which is absorbed into the abdomen immediately before the chick breaks through the shell. Incubator chicks are best left in the machine for twelve or fifteen hours. When Biddy has done the hatching, do not move her to the brood coop for twenty-four hours, unless she is a flighty person, who keeps getting off the nest, in which case it is better to keep the chicks in a covered box by the kitchen stove until some more motherly hen can be persuaded to adopt them (always try to set two or three hens at the same time). Good hens, that have not been bothered with vermin, seldom give any trouble about the last twenty-four hours, if well fed.

Now, about the all-important question of feeding: For the first two or three days get ten pounds of rape and millet seed, pinhead oatmeal and cracked corn, charcoal, and fine, sharp grit. Mix all together. If you cannot get pinhead oatmeal, buy hulled oats and break them up fine. The grain must also be cracked quite fine; in fact, it is safer to put the mixture through a sieve which will allow nothing larger than millet to go through. Then there is no danger of chicks being choked. Feed the mixture by scattering amongst the sweepings, which will encourage the babies to scratch and take plenty of exercise.

Morning and evening make a mash by chopping a hard-boiled egg, shell and all, green onion tops or sprouts. Mix with stale bread crumbs, and feed on a flat pie plate or strip of wood. After the chicks are two weeks old, the oats and corn need not be quite so fine—more the size of hemp seed, which can be added to the mixture; so can cracked wheat or barley, and the mash can be made of ground corn and oats, with onions and scalded liver, chopped, thrice a week—about a small cupful to a quart of mash.

What I mean by scalded liver is liver dropped into a kettle of boiling water, and left to boil up once. Leave to cool in water. Then the liver will not be robbed of all the blood and strength. Quite raw, I think it is too strong for little chicks. When I can't get liver, or for

a change, I mix the grain with scalding milk, two or three times a week. Never make more at a time than will be fed within the next few hours, as it is likely to sour.

Pot-cheese is a favorite dish with all poultry, and very wholesome. If there is any tendency to bowel trouble, make rice water by boiling a cup of rice in two quarts of water, for half an hour, and when cold, use in place of the drinking water.

Keep brooders and brood coops clean and dry. The grass round coops should be kept cut close, so that the chicks can run about easily. See that every coop is closed at night, and do not let the chicks out until the dew is off the grass in the morning. Above all, don't give hens too many chicks to brood whilst the weather is cold, for most usually some will have to be so far away from the heat of her body that they will get chilled, contract bowel trouble, and die. Every chick a hen's wings can stretch over, is not the well-brooded chick. Cold nights, all want a place next to her breast.

Correspondence

A. B. H., tells of working through an outbreak of roup amongst her fowls; then asks the following questions: I have been using the permanganate of potassium in the drinking water of the flock. Will it do good as a preventive, or will it hurt the fowls? I am going to get some thoroughbred fowls and turkeys. What shall I do to prevent their catching the roup?

A.—The permanganate will not hurt the birds, but a teaspoonful of kerosene to every quart of water will be better as a preventive. You can do nothing more than disinfect the houses and yards, but it seems unfortunate that you have to risk bringing thoroughbred birds on to the premises while the mongrels are affected with such a contagious disease. Nothing is better than permanganate of potassium for swabbing out the throats of the birds which, you say, still show some trace of canker. Yes, the frost will do much to purify the yards, but it will be safer to keep the birds shut up for two or three days, scatter lime about freely, leave for twelve hours, and then plough under.

D. L. A., has sixty hens and seven roosters—Plymouth Rocks. Hens laying well through the winter, not over fifty per cent. of the eggs hatched. On breaking a fresh egg, finds a black spot near the germ. Asks what is the cause of the spot, and if I think it is the cause of the egg's not hatching? A.—I should imagine that you feed your hens with heavy, stimulating food, and that they are too fat, which frequently causes a small clot of blood in the egg. Another cause may be neglect to gather eggs regularly twice a day in cold weather. If you have only a few nests, one hen after another goes on to the same nest to lay, and the constant heat starts incubation. Then, when the nest is left after laying hours are over, the egg chills and causes the germ to die. Don't use any egg-producing powders or foods. Feed the hens to see if they are fat. If so, cut down grain; feed clover mash, wheat, cut bone, hulled oats, and give them free range if possible. Gather eggs twice or three times a day, if the weather is very cold.

J. W. S.—I thank you for your letter.

G. P. S.—What is the best month to fill the incubator for early chicks?

A.—If you have a poultry-house, and want to raise chicks to meet the early poultry market, January. But for early summer chickens, March will be quite soon enough.

J. C. Z.—How long are hens' eggs good for hatching? (2) Is it all right to make the father bird with his pullets? If not, why? (3) Do you think it best to have a floor in the poultry-house? Please tell me how to build a poultry-house.

A.—I like to see eggs as fresh as possible for hatching, but they can be kept several weeks if turned every day, and kept in a steady temperature, above freezing, but not over 65 degrees. (2) If the rooster and hens were from distinctly different families, it would not hurt to mate the father to his own pullets; but in-breeding is a dangerous proposition, and should never go beyond one generation. Unless he is a specially well-marked or shaped bird, whose good points you are specially anxious to perpetuate, it would be better to get a strange bird. (3) Unless the ground is damp, I think dirt floors are to be preferred in poultry-houses. After the house is built, fill in a foot above the level of the outside surface. A house twelve or fifteen feet wide, seven feet high in front, sloping to five feet in back, with 3 by 21-2 windows, every six feet. This house can be any length, divided inside by wire partitioning, every twelve feet. Run a platform, 21-2 feet wide, and one foot from the ground, along the back as a dropping-board, and have two parallel roosts above the board. Provide five nests for every fifteen birds. Cover the entire house, sides, front, back and roof, with good-quality roofing paper. Such a house is not at all fancy, but it is tidy looking and substantial.

Note. I have just been notified by the agents of the company who manufactured the little clover cutter, that the old stock is sold out, and the firm, having gone into the automobile business, will not manufacture any more. I suppose that they never really too cheap, for I have noticed that they never tried to push them as they do their other implements.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

sen's brand pineapple, I say Nunsen's, it has no eyes or cores, chop fine with scissors, and stir in, bake until it just congeals. To the nice in can, put two tablespoonfuls of flour into half a cup of cream, or two tablespoonful of butter will do, and stir until it thickens to a sauce. Serve either hot or cold, a pinch of salt added.

Mrs. A. Pitts, Bobbin, Texas.

Delicious Corn Chowder

One quart of raw sweet corn, or one can of corn, one fourth pound of fat salt pork, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, three heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, one pint of sliced raw potatoes, one large onion, one pint of tomatoes, one pint of new milk, salt and pepper. Cut corn from cobs, cover cobs with water, and boil twenty minutes. Take out cobs, peel and slice onion, fry half of it with the pork, mix pepper, flour, and salt together. Put corn, potatoes, tomatoes, and remaining onion in layers, sprinkle each layer with the flour mixture, strain the fat from the onion and pork into the kettle, add cob water. Cook until vegetables are done, then add butter and milk, serve hot with crackers. If canned vegetables are used add one quart of water.

ANNA L. JUDKINS.

Comforting Hints from the Sisters

A SURE COUGH CURE. Every night upon retiring take from three to five drops of camphor on a lump of teaspoonful of sugar, and let it melt gradually in the mouth.

GEORGINA PARKER, Acworth, Ga.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM KITCHEN FLOORS pour on cold water, and let it stand until it dries, repeat until the grease disappears.

VIRGINIA C. KIRBY.

WHEN WASHING WINDOWS put a few drops of kerosene in the water, and see how much easier they will dry.

TO REMOVE WHITE SPOTS ON FURNITURE apply alcohol, it will restore the color at once.

MISS L. E. WILD, Elmwood, Wis.

A SURE CURE FOR NEURALGIA AND TOOTHACHE is caused by taking cold as is nearly always the case. Make little bags out of cotton flannel or some other material, and fill them up with German Chamomile Flowers, (be sure to ask for German Chamomile Flowers), sew up the bag and heat it on a pie plate until hot all through. Hold to the affected spot as

warm as you can stand it, as soon as one bag gets cold take another, and so on. It is an excellent little remedy.

WHEN WASHING WOOLENS soak them in cold instead of lukewarm water, then wash and rinse in lukewarm water. Soak about two hours or more if much soiled. They will come out of the wash soft and not shrink much, provided, of course, good soap is used.

Mrs. J. KURT, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A CURE FOR STAMMERING. If the sister wishing a cure for stammering will lay her right hand on her chest and press hard whenever she speaks, and talk slowly, she can soon cure herself.

Mrs. MARTHA I. SALTS, McArthur, Ohio.

Miscellaneous Requests

I would like a pretty pattern for making a point lace collar and cuffs. I will return the favor. I would also like to hear from anyone who has the old book entitled "St. Klegg, a Soldier Boy."

Mrs. M. R. JOHNSTON, Box 33, Goodwell, Okla.

Will the sisters please send me seeds, bulbs, slips or cuttings. Has anyone the flower called "Old Maids?" I am anxious to obtain some.

MISS CLARA M. HENDRICKS, Kerrville, Texas.

Will some of the sisters please send me some patterns of Hardanger suitable for a bureau scarf, I would be much pleased.

MISS A. J. LARSON, St. Paul, E. F. D., 1, Neb.

I wish to celebrate my Golden Wedding on Sept. 9th, and would like to receive letters from the sisters giving me hints and ideas how I can entertain and what I shall have for refreshments.

Mrs. L. G. HAMILTON, Box 702, Hastings, Minn.

Will someone send me the words and music of "Gypsy Coon," and "Girl I Left Behind Me." I will return favor in any way.

ALLIE L. NICHOLS, Hammond, R. F. D., 1, N. Y.

Can anyone tell me of a good remedy for catarrh, I suffer with it continually.

Mrs. MARY McKEE, Brandywine Summit, E. F. D., 2, Pa.

Sisters, if your husbands or brothers smoke will you save and send me the bands from tobacco jars and cigars. I will try to return favors.

Mrs. A. F. JOHNSON, 615 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Will some reader please send me a few California Beer seeds? I will return the favor.

MR. E. L. McKINNEY, Pink, Ala.

Can anyone send me COMFORT for March, April, and May, 1908.

MARTHA MARCUM, Elliston, Ky.

Will some subscriber please send me COMFORT for Dec. 1905; also a few Job's Tears. I will return the postage and the favor in any way desired by sender.

LAURA SICKLES, 611 E. 4th St., Chillicothe, Ohio.

Will some residents of the San Luis Valley please write me, giving price of land and other particulars.

Mrs. M. F. BONSHEN, Jefferson, Col.

How can I get rid of red ants. Somebody please write me.

Mrs. EMMA L. PARISH, 2122 Wallace St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Will some of the sisters please send me cross-stitch designs.

Mrs. W. WILLIAMSON, 6045 Ada St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Addie L. Stevens, Forest, Idaho. Pieces of ribbon one yard long with sender's name worked in silk.

Bernice Hubbard, Box 61, Doering, Wis. Silk pieces with name and address of the sender.

Mrs. J. E. Muldoon, 2208 Austin St., Waco, Texas. Silk and ribbon scraps for patchwork. Favors returned.

Mrs. E. M. Wadsworth, Saltburg, R. F. D., 4, Pa. Silk, satin, or velvet pieces, four by six inches. Favors returned.

Mrs. Myra A. Bruce, Box A. So. Newport, Vt. Quilt blocks six inches square. Favors returned.

Mrs. Maria Ross, Waverly, R. F. D., 3, Ohio, a sister of eighty-one years, requests silk, wool or calico pieces for quilt making.

Mrs. Darks Bailey, Round Knob, Ill. Silk pieces and letters welcomed. Favors returned.

Mrs. Trenton Beard, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Pieces of any kind, flower or vegetable seeds, and reading matter.

May Rhoades, Milton, R. F. D., 98, Ulster Co., N. Y., requests pieces of outing flannel and letters.

Mrs. Willie Copenhagen, Box 45, Clarence, E. F. D., 4, Mo. Silk pieces of any kind. I will return favors.

Miss Ida Stark, Box 56, Freeland, E. F. D., 6, Mich. Cotton blocks, two by two inches, with name and address of sender. Favors returned.

Mrs. S. M. Alexander, Larned, Kans. Good reading matter and anything for small children, letters written to all inclosing stamps.

Myrtle Simmons, Saltburg, Mo. Reading matter and pieces of silk, satin, velvet, or calico.

Ray Walker, Millbrook, N. Y. Unbleached muslin squares, ten by ten inches, with name and address of sender worked in red.

Letters of Thanks

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have been suffering so much more the past four months, at times it seems almost impossible to bear it, but I know the dear Father is still with me.

COMFORT sisters have given me much to be thankful for. I cannot always answer your dear letters, but what a bright ray of sunshine they bring to me. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)



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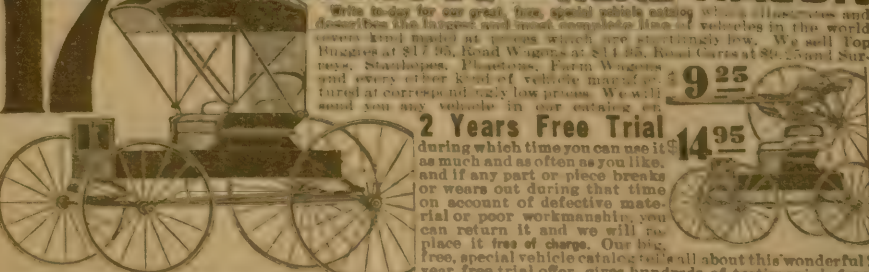
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ST. ELMO

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edna Earl witnesses a duel, and Harry Dent falls dead. The body is carried to the home of Aaron Hunt, Edna's grandfather. Edna goes to her grandfather's blacksmith shop, where he is showing a vicious horse. The owner, impatient at the delay, draws her grandfather. Aaron Hunt dies suddenly, and for weeks Edna has a vague remembrance of a scene in which she seems to be in a room, and she is awakened by a succession of shrill sounds and all is chaos. Edna, severely injured, is carried to the home of Mrs. Murray, who with elaborate care, restores her to health. Mrs. Murray's son, Murray, comes home. Edna overhears his words of disapproval, and in his voice, recognizes the man who cursed her grandfather. She falls asleep in the garden. St. Elmo discovers a dangerous dog near her, and threatens her to keep still. He senses the dog and commands the girl to bring him a stick. She pleads for the dog and snatching the stick from his hand refuses to give it back. St. Elmo is dumb with astonishment. He walks up and down the elegant rooms. On a slab is a miniature tomb, the richly carved door of which is opened only by a key, which never leaves St. Elmo's watch-chain.

Mrs. Murray secures Mr. Hammond as Edna's instructor and she begins the study of Latin and Greek. St. Elmo starts on a long journey. He intrudes the key to Edna's keeping on two conditions, first not to mention it to anyone, and that she will not open the tomb, unless he fails to return at the end of four years and she has good reason to consider him dead. She promises not to betray the trust. Gordon Leigh, a young man of wealth, studies with Edna, and together they begin Hebrew. Edna receives an invitation to a party given by Mrs. Inge, Gordon Leigh's sister. He gives Edna a curious ring with characters meaning, "Peace be with thee." Edna goes to the party and overhears sneers and criticisms concerning her station and the scheming to make a marriage between her and Gordon Leigh.

Edna goes to the library. She is conscious of some unseen presence. She walks up to the tomb, and takes the key from its hiding-place. Unless she has reason to believe he is dead she is not to open it. Again she is possessed by some powerful influence, and looking up sees Mr. Murray. He is ready to receive an account of her stewardship. He doubts her; if she has kept her promise there will be a report. He had thought that she had killed. She stands firm. Edna is seized with authorship and submits her work. Mrs. Murray announces the coming of her niece, Estelle Harding. St. Elmo objects. Edna receives her rejected manuscript from Douglas G. Manning.

Gordon Leigh offers his heart and home to Edna; she refuses him. St. Elmo queries in the presence of his mother who writes to Edna from New York. Mr. Manning reconsiders his opinion and writes Edna she may send the manuscript as far as written. Mrs. Murray insists that she see the letter. She doubts Edna's word, and she reluctantly shows Mr. Manning's signature. Clinton Allison is announced. In him she sees the slayer of Harry Dent and refuses recognition. St. Elmo demands an apology. Edna remains firm in her conviction. Mr. Hammond has visitors in his place, Agnes Powell, and her daughter, Gertrude. St. Elmo bitterly criticizes an article in Manning's magazine. She confesses to Mrs. Murray that she is the author of the essay St. Elmo ridicules and shows the magazine containing Mr. Manning's praise of her work. St. Elmo pines on the scene. The truth that she loves St. Elmo comes to Edna, and she decides to leave Le Bocage. Mrs. Murray pleads with her to stay. Gertrude Powell is fascinated with St. Elmo and wonders if it is wrong to love him. St. Elmo brings a celebrated doctor to Haldane and finds Edna here. She gives him a key. Edna visits her old home, and sees a monument erected by St. Elmo, to the memory of her grandfather. She goes to New York and becomes governess to Mrs. Andrews's children.

Douglas Manning calls on Miss Earl and offers assistance. Henceforth she will occupy a different position in the home. Felix objects. Edna goes to the opera with Mr. Manning. She meets Gordon Leigh, who tells her the rumor of St. Elmo's marriage to Estelle Harding. Mrs. Andrews invites Sir Roger Percival to dinner. Douglas Manning sits beside Edna, and all engage in animated conversation, and Mrs. Andrews requests that she repeat the passage from Rogers.

Standing by Murray Hammond's grave St. Elmo hears the aged father talking, and seeing St. Elmo Mr. Hammond pleads with him. His magnanimity unmasks St. Elmo; he asks for forgiveness and promises to visit Mr. Hammond. Sir Roger Percival accompanies Edna, Felix and Hattie to an art gallery. He invites Edna for a drive in the Park. She is the envy of every woman. A letter from Mrs. Murray announces the marriage of Gordon Leigh to Agnes Powell. St. Elmo asks Edna to go to Greenwood. He is solicitous for her health. He purchases a beautiful home and asks her to share it with him. Can she consent to become Douglas Manning's wife? She does not comprehend the request and he begs her to take a day or two, if need be, for consideration. She will never meet his superior and yet she cannot accept his dattering offer. He will not forsake her as long as they both shall live.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE TIDES OF THOUGHT FLOWED AND EBBED CEASELESSLY.

"LET thy abundant blessing rest upon it, O Almighty God! else in vain thy labor will be in vain. 'Paul planted, Apollos watered, but thou only can give the increase.' It is finished; look down in mercy, and sanctify it, and accept it."

The night was almost spent when Edna laid down her pen, and raised her clasped hands over the MS., which she had just completed.

For many weary months she had toiled to render it worthy of its noble theme, had spared neither time nor severe strains of thought; by day and by night she had searched and pondered; she had prayed fervently and ceaselessly, and worked arduously, unflinchingly to accomplish this darling hope of her heart, to embody successfully this ambitious dream, and at last the book was finished.

The manuscript was a mental tapestry, into which she had woven exquisite shades of thought, and curious and quaint devices and rich, glowing imagery that flecked the groundwork with purple and amber and gold.

But would the design be duly understood and appreciated by the great, busy, bustling world, for whose amusement and improvement she had labored so assiduously at the spinning-wheels of fancy—the loom of thought? Would her fellow-creatures accept it in the earnest, loving spirit in which it had been manufactured? Would they hang their heads in her brain along the walls of memory, and turn to it tenderly, reading reverently its ciphers and its illuminations; or would it be rent and ridiculed, and trampled under foot? This book was a shrine to which her prattling thoughts, her holiest aspirations, traveled like pilgrims, offering the best of which her nature was capable. Would those for whom she had patiently chiselled and built it guard and prize and keep it; or smite and overturn and defile it?

Looking down at the mass of MS. now ready for the printer, a sad, tender, yearning expression filled the author's eyes; and her little white hands passed caressingly over its closely-written pages, as a mother's soft fingers might lovingly stroke the face of a child about to be thrust out into a hurrying crowd of cold, indifferent strangers, who perhaps would rudely jeer at and browbeat her darling.

For several days past Edna had worked hard to complete the book, and now at last she could fold her tired hands, and rest her weary brain.

But outraged nature suddenly swore vengeance, and her overworked nerves rose in rebellion, refusing to be calm. She had so long anticipated this hour that its arrival was greeted by emotions beyond her control. As she contemplated the possible future of that pile of MS. her heart bounded madly, and then once more a fearful agony seized her, and darkness and a sense of suffocation came upon her. Rising, she strained her eyes and groped her way toward the window, but ere she reached it fell, and lost all consciousness.

The sound of the fall, the crash of a china vase, echoed startlingly through the silent house, and aroused some of its inmates. Mrs. Andrews hastened to the apartment occupied by the governess. The gas burned dazzlingly over the table where rested the roll of MS. and on the floor near the window lay Edna.

Ringling the bell furiously to summon her husband, and the servants, Mrs. Andrews knelt, raised the girl's head, and rubbing her cold hands, tried to rouse her.

Finding all her restoratives ineffectual, Mrs. Andrews sent her husband for the family physician, and with the assistance of the servants, laid the girl on her bed.

When the doctor arrived and questioned her, she could furnish no clue to the cause of the attack, save by pointing to the table, where pen and paper showed that the sufferer had been at work.

Edna opened her eyes at last, and looked around at the group of anxious faces, but in a moment the spasm of pain returned. Twice she muttered something, and putting her ear close to her mouth, the doctor heard her whispering to herself:

"Never mind; it is done at last! Now I can rest."

An hour elapsed before the paroxysms entirely subsided, and then, with her ivory-like hands clasped and thrown up over her head, the governess slept heavily, dreamlessly.

For two days she remained in her own apartment, and on the morning of the third came down to the schoolroom, with a slow, weary step, and a bloodless face, and a feeling of hopeless helplessness.

She dispatched her MS. to the publisher to whom she had resolved to offer it, and, leaning far back in her chair, took up Felix's Greek grammar.

She felt relieved, almost grateful when Mrs. Andrews sent for her to come to the library, where Dr. Howell was waiting to see her.

Seating himself beside her, the physician examined her countenance and pulse, and put his ear close to her heart.

"Miss Earl, have you had many such attacks as the one whose effects have not yet passed away?"

"This is the second time I have suffered so severely, though very frequently I find a disagreeable fluttering about my heart, which is not very painful."

"What mode of treatment have you been following?"

"None, sir. I have never consulted a physician."

"Hump! Is it possible?"

He pressed his ear once more to her heart, listening to the irregular and rapid pulsations.

"Miss Earl, are you an orphan?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any living relatives?"

"None that I ever heard of."

"Did any of your family die suddenly?"

"Yes, I have been told that my mother died while apparently as well as usual, and engaged in spinning; and my grandfather I found dead, sitting in his rocking-chair, smoking his pipe."

Dr. Howell sighed, and was silent.

He saw a strange, startled expression leap into the large shadowy eyes, and the mouth quivered, the wan face grew whiter, and the thin fingers grasped each other; but she said nothing, and they sat looking at one another.

The physician had come like Daniel to the banquet of life, and solved for the Belshazzar of youth the hideous riddle scrawled on the walls.

"Dr. Howell, can you do nothing for me?"

Her voice had sunk to a whisper, and she leaned eagerly forward to catch his answer.

"Miss Earl, do you know what is meant by hypertrophy of the heart?"

"Yes, yes, I know."

She shivered slightly.

"Whether you inherited your disease, I am not prepared to say, but certainly in your case there are some grounds for the belief."

Presently she said abstractedly:

"But grandpa lived to be an old man."

The doctor's eyes fell; and then she knew that he could give her no hope.

When at last he looked up again he was awed by the deathlike repose of her figure, the calm fortitude she evinced.

"Miss Earl, I never deceive my patients. It is useless to dose you with medicine, and drug you into semi-insensibility. You must have rest and quiet; rest for mind as well as body; there must be no more teaching or writing. You are overworked, and incessant mental labor has hastened the approach of a disease which, under other circumstances, might have encroached very slowly and imperceptibly. If latent (which is barely possible) it has contributed to a fearfully rapid development. Refrain from study, avoid all excitement, exercise moderately but regularly in the open air; and, above all things, do not tax your brain. If you carefully observe these directions, you may live to be as old as your grandfather. Heart diseases baffle prophecy, and I make no predictions."

He rose and took his hat from the table.

"Miss Earl, I have read your writings with great pleasure, and watched your brightening career with more interest than I ever felt in any other female author; and God knows it is exceedingly painful for me to tear away the veil from your eyes. From the first time you were pointed out to me in church, I saw that in your countenance which distressed and alarmed me; for its marble pallor whispered that your days were numbered. Frequently I have been tempted to come and expostulate with you, but I knew it would be useless. You have no reader who would more earnestly deplore the loss of your writings, but, for your own sake, I beg you to throw away your pen and rest."

She raised her head and a faint smile crept feebly across her face.

"Rest! rest! If my life is so short I do not afford to rest. There is so much to do so much that I have planned and hoped to accomplish. I am only beginning to learn now to handle my tools, my life-work is as yet barely begun. When my long rest overtakes me, I must not be found idle sitting

with folded hands. I would rather die working than live a drone." Those who love you have claims upon you.

"I am alone in this world. I have no family to love me, and my work is to me what I suppose dear relatives must be to other women. For six years I have been studying to fit myself for usefulness, have lived with and for books; and though I have a few noble and kind friends, do you suppose I ever forget that I am kinless? It is a mournful thing to know that you are utterly isolated among millions of human beings; that not a drop of your blood flows in any other veins. My God only has a claim upon me. Dr. Howell, I thank you for your candor. It is best that I should know the truth; and I am glad that, instead of treating me like a child, you have frankly told me all. More than once I have had a singular feeling, a shadowy presentment that I should not live to be an old woman, but I thought it the relic of childish superstition, and I did not imagine that—that I might be called away at any instant. I did not suspect that just as I had arranged my workshop, and sharpened all my tools, and measured off my work, that my morning sun would set suddenly in the glowing east, and the long, cold night fall upon me, wherein no man can work."

Her voice faltered, and the physician turned away, and looked out of the window.

"I am not afraid of death, nor am I so wrapped up in the mere happiness which this world gives; no, no; but I love my work. Ah! I want to live long enough to finish something grand and noble, something that will live when the hands that fashioned it will follow me across and beyond the dark, silent valley; something that can not be hushed and straightened and bandaged and screwed down under my coffin-lid—oh! something that will echo in eternity! That grandpa and I can hear 'sounding down the ages,' making music for the people, when I go to my final rest! And, please God, I shall!"

"Oh, doctor! I have a feeling here which assures me I shall be spared till I finish my darling scheme. The end is not yet. Doctor, do not tell people what you have told me. I do not want to be watched and pitied, like a doomed victim who walks about the scaffold with a rope already around his neck. Let the secret rest between you and me."

"God grant that I may be in error concerning your disease; and that three score years and ten may be allotted you to embody the airy dreams you love so well. I repeat, if you wish to prolong your days, give yourself more rest. I can do you little good; still, if at any time you fancy that I can aid or relieve you, do not hesitate to send for me. I shall come to see you as a friend, who reads and loves all that has yet fallen from your pen. God help and bless you, child!"

Taking the probable measure of her remaining days, Edna fearlessly fronted the future, and pondered the possibility of crowding into two years the work which she had designed for twenty.

To tell the girl to "rest," was a mockery; the tides of thought ebbed and flowed as ceaselessly as those of ocean, and work had become a necessity of her existence.

One book was finished, but before she had completed it the form and features of another struggled in her busy brain, and she longed to put them on paper.

The design of the second book appeared to her partial eyes almost perfect, and the first seemed insignificant in comparison. The attained, the achieved tarnished in her grasp. All behind was dust; all beyond clothed with a dazzling glory that lured her on.

Once the fondest hopes of her heart had been to finish the book now in the publisher's hands; but ere it could be printed, other characters, other aims, other scenes usurped her attention. If she could only live long enough to incarnate the new ideal!

Moreover, she knew that memory would spring up and renew its almost intolerable torture the moment that she gave herself to aimless reveries; and she felt that her sole hope of peace of mind, her only rest, was in earnest and unceasing labor. Subtle associations, merciless as the chains of Bonniard, bound her to a past which she was earnestly striving to forget; and she continually paced as far off as her shackles would permit, sternly refusing to sit down meekly at the foot of the stake. She worked late at night until her body was exhausted, because she dreaded to lie awake, tossing helplessly on her pillow; haunted by precious recollections of days gone by forever.

Her name was known in the world of letters, her reputation was already enviable; extravagant expectations were entertained concerning her future; and to maintain her hold on public esteem, to climb higher, had become necessary for her happiness.

Through Mr. Manning's influence and friendship she was daily making the acquaintance of leading men in literature, and their letters and conversation stimulated her to renewed exertion.

Now in her path rose God's Reaper, swinging his shining sickle, threatening to cut off and lay low her budding laurel wreath.

While she stood silent and motionless in the quiet library, the woman's soul was wrestling with God for permission to toll a little while longer on earth, to do some good for her race, and to assist in saving a darkened soul almost as dear to her as her own.

She never knew how long that struggle for life lasted; but when the prayer ended, and she lifted her face, the shadows and the sorrowful dread had passed away, and the old calm, the old sweet, patient smile reigned over pale, worn features.

Early in July, Felix's feeble health forced his mother to abandon her projected tour to the White Mountains; and in accordance with Dr. Howell's advice, Mr. Andrews removed his family to a seaside summer-place, which he had owned for some years, but rarely occupied, as his wife preferred Newport, Saratoga, and Nahant.

The house at the "Willows" was large and airy, the ceilings were high, windows wide, and a broad piazza, stretching across the front, was shaded by two aged and enormous willows that stood on either side of the steps, and gave a name to the place.

The fresh matting on the floors, the light cane sofa and chairs, the white muslin curtains and newly painted green blinds imparted an appearance of delicious coolness and repose to the rooms; and while not one bright-hued painting was visible, the walls were hung with soft, gray, misty engravings of Landseer's pictures, framed in carved ebony and rosewood and oak.

The glided splendor of the Fifth Avenue house was left behind; here simplicity and quiet comfort held sway. Even the china were no glitters, but was enamelled with green wreaths of vine-leaves; and the vases held only plummy ferns, fresh and dewy.

Low salt meadow-lands extended east and

west, waving fields of corn stretched northward, and the slight knoll on which the building stood sloped smoothly down to the ever-moaning, foam-fretted bosom of the blue Atlantic.

To the governess and her pupils the change from New York heat and bustle to seaside rest, was welcome and delightful; and during the long July days, when the strong ocean breeze tossed aside the willow boughs, and swept through the rustling blinds, and lifted the hair on Edna's hot temples, she felt as if she had indeed taken a new lease on life.

For several weeks her book had been announced as in press, and her publishers printed most flattering circulars, which heightened expectation, and paved the way for its favorable reception. Save the first chapter, rejected by Mr. Manning long before, no one had seen the MS.

Finally, the book was bound; editors' copies winged their way throughout the country; the curious eagerly supplied themselves with the latest publication; and Edna's destiny as an author hung in the balance.

It was with strange emotions that she handed the copy sent to her, for it seemed indeed a part of herself. She knew that her own heart was throbbing in its pages, and wondered whether the great world pulses would beat in unison.

Now, as Edna nestled her fingers among the pages of her book, a tear fell and moistened them, and the unvoiced language of her soul was "Grandpa! do you keep close enough to me to read my book? Oh! do you like it? are you satisfied? Are you proud of your poor little Pearl?"

Newspapers pronounced her book a failure. Some sneered in a gentlemanly manner, employing polite phraseology; others coarsely caricatured it. Many were flushed by its incomprehensible erudition; a few growled at its shallowness. To-day there was a hint at plagiarism; to-morrow an outright, wholesale theft was asserted. Reviews poured in upon her thick and fast; all found grievous faults, but no two reviewers settled on the same error. What one seemed disposed to consider almost laudable the other denounced violently. One eminently shrewd, lynx-eyed editor discovered that two of her characters were stolen from a book which Edna had never seen; and another, equally ingenious and penetrating, found her entire plot in a work of which she had never heard; while a third, shocked at her pedantry indignantly assured her readers that they had been imposed upon, that the learning was all "picked up from encyclopaedias," whereas the young author could not help laughing heartily, and wondered why, if her learning had been so easily gleaned, her irate and insulted critics did not follow her example.

The book was for many days snubbed, buffeted, browbeaten; and the carefully-woven tapestry was torn into shreds and trampled upon; and it seemed that the patiently sculptured shrine was overturned and despised and desecrated.

Edna was astonished. She knew that her work was not perfect, but she was equally sure that it was not contemptible. She was surprised rather than mortified, and was convinced, from the universal howling, that she had wounded more people than she dreamed was vulnerable.

She felt that the impetuosity and savageness of the attacks must necessitate a recoil; and though it was difficult to be patient under such circumstances, she waited quietly, undismayed by the clamor.

Meantime the book sold rapidly, the publishers could scarcely supply the demand; and at last Mr. Manning's Magazine appeared.

He handled the book with the stern impartiality which gave such value to his criticisms—treating it as if it had been written by an utter stranger.

He analyzed thoroughly; and while pointing out some serious errors which had escaped all eyes but his, he bestowed upon a few passages praise which no other American writer had ever received from him, and predicted that they would live when those who attempted to ridicule them were utterly forgotten in their graves.

The young author was told that she had not succeeded in her grand aim, because the subject was too vast for the limits of a novel, and her acquaintance with the mythologies of the world was not sufficiently extensive or intimate. But she was encouraged to select other themes more in accordance with the spirit of the age in which she lived; and the assurance was given to her, that her writings were destined to exert a powerful influence on her race. Some faults of style were gravely reprimanded, some beauties most cordially eulogized and held up for the admiration of the world.

Edna had as little literary conceit as personal vanity; she saw and acknowledged the errors pointed out by Mr. Manning, and resolved to avoid them in future. She felt that some objections urged against her book were valid, but knew that she was honest and earnest in her work, and could not justly be accused of trifling.

Gratefully and joyfully she accepted Mr. Manning's verdict, and turned her undivided attention upon her new manuscript.

While the critics snarled, the mass of readers warmly approved; and many who did not fully appreciate all her arguments and illustrations, were at least clear-eyed enough to perceive that it was their misfortune, not her fault.

Gradually the book took firm hold on the affections of the people; and a few editors came boldly to the rescue, and ably championed it.

During these days of trial, Edna could not avoid observing one humiliating fact, that saddened without embittering her nature. She found that instead of sympathizing with her, she received no mercy from authors, who, as a class, out-Heroded Herod in their denunciations, and left her little room to doubt that:

"Envy's a sharper spur than pay,

And unprovoked 'twill court the fray;

No author ever spared a brother;

Wits are gamecocks to one another."

CHAPTER XXX.

COMMITTED THEM TO HIM WHO CALMED THE GALILEAN GALE.

It was one of those rare and royal afternoons late in August, when summer, conscious that her reign is well-nigh ended, gathers all her gorgeous drapery, and proud robes the world in regal pomp and short-lived splendor. Pearly cloud islets, with silver strands, clustered in the calm blue of the upper air. Restless gulls flashed their spotless wings, as they circled and dipped in the shining waves. A strong, steady, southern breeze curled and crested the beautiful, bounding billows, over which a fishing-smack danced like a glided bubble; and as the aged willows bowed their heads, it whispered messages from citron, palm, and orange groves, gleaming far, far away under the white fire of the Southern Crown.

Strange tidings these "winged winds" waft over sea and land; and today, listening to low tones that traveled to her from Le Bocage, Edna looked out over the ever-changing, wrinkled face of the ocean, and fell into a reverie.

Silence reigned in the sitting-room; Hattie fitted a new tarlatan dress on her doll, and Felix was dreaming of Prestonpans.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

3263 Transparent, Hidden Name, Silk Fringe Envelope and Calling CARDS. No Trash, No Waste, No Cost. All for 2 CENTS stamp. Buckeye Card Co., Laceyville, Ohio.

916 NEW Sample Style ENVELOPE, Silk Fringe, 12x18, 12x24, 12x30, 12x36, 12x42, 12x48, 12x54, 12x60, 12x66, 12x72, 12x78, 12x84, 12x90, 12x96, 12x102, 12x108, 12x114, 12x120, 12x126, 12x132, 12x138, 12x144, 12x150, 12x156, 12x162, 12x168, 12x174, 12x180, 12x186, 12x192, 12x198, 12x204, 12x210, 12x216, 12x222, 12x228, 12x234, 12x240, 12x246, 12x252, 12x258, 12x264, 12x270, 12x276, 12x282, 12x288, 12x294, 12x300, 12x306, 12x312, 12x318, 12x324, 12x330, 12x336, 12x342, 12x348, 12x354, 12x360, 12x366, 12x372, 12x378, 12x384, 12x390, 12x396, 12x402, 12x408, 12x414, 12x420, 12x426, 12x432, 12x438, 12x444, 12x450, 12x456, 12x462, 12x468, 12x474, 12x480, 12x486, 12x492, 12x498, 12x504, 12x510, 12x516, 12x522, 12x528, 12x534, 12x540, 12x546, 12x552, 12x558, 12x564, 12x570, 12x576, 12x582, 12x588, 12x594, 12x600, 12x606, 12x612, 12x618, 12x624, 12x630, 12x636, 12x642, 12x648, 12x654, 12x660, 12x666, 12x672, 12x678, 12x684, 12x690, 12x696, 12x702, 12x708, 12x714, 12x720, 12x726, 12x732, 12x738, 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Comfort's Current Review of Events

Showing What Odd Things Some Women Are Doing in the North, South, East and West

Mrs. Jane Hinks of Shenandoah, Pa., swallowed a pen-rod in a serious peck.

Two women were caught operating a 60-gallon still in Sevier County, Tenn.

With a scream and her fists Mrs. Dougherty of Cincinnati routed three armed burglars.

Running from a policeman, Edna Small of Savannah, Ga., slipped and broke her neck.

His fifth wife, secured by an "ad," has left Joseph Wagers of Edwardsville, Mo. She says he slighted her.

Becoming insane at a revival, Mrs. John Zedtz of Alliance, O., jumped on a stove and was fatally burned.

Thrown from her carriage, Mrs. A. C. Bauer of Cincinnati broke her arm, but held her baby up unhurt.

Blanche Peters, seventeen, pronounced cured, resists efforts to expel her from St. Mary's Hospital, Detroit.

His wife's sister followed J. Christenson of Clackamas, Oregon, to a saloon and horsewhipped him severely.

"He has no vices; but our tastes are different," says the wife of Mark P. Squire of Cleveland. She asks divorce.

Mrs. Belle Ott of Cripple Creek ignored a court order to stay home and attend to her domestic duties, so goes to jail.

Having nursed Elmer Nicely back to health in a Pittsburgh hospital, Miss Mary Johnson has agreed to become Mrs. Nicely.

Finding her husband uncongenial, Mrs. Alberta Robinson asked the Des Moines police for an escort to her former Texas home.

Snubbed by her classmates, Cathryn Mayr of Chicago, ran away from home and returned after a week, in a pitiable plight.

When she saw a mad dog loose among the cattle, Mrs. H. G. Felton of Mason, Mich., chased it into the wellhouse, where it was shot.

Mrs. George Elkins of Petersburg, Ind., seeks divorce; also \$10,000 damages from the man her husband bought whiskey from.

Because her husband said the steak was rare, Mrs. Barbara Elliott, aged nineteen, of Cleveland, O., drank carbolic acid and whiskey.

Mrs. Caroline Albrecht of Wausau, Wis., fled through the deep snow with her ten children. She had illusions someone would steal them.

Miss Emma Lynch bought the Hotel Gotfried of Sandusky, O., for cash, and immediately turned out every patron, clerk, porter and waiter.

Having conceived a violent hatred for her seventeen-year-old son, Maggie Thompson of Columbus, Ohio, slept out on the ground near her home.

Because her mother would not let her go to Florida with her mistress, seventeen-year-old Marie Tinay of Philadelphia committed suicide.

Mrs. Nancy Hub Endsley, who is dead at eighty at Marion, Ind., could tell the date of birth, marriage or death of any of her acquaintances in sixty years.

After a night of dancing, Mrs. John Copley of Montgomery, Ala., was robbed of her watch and a diamond ring, and gagged her, and robbed her of \$25.

Mrs. Mercedes Donovan was killed on the street in Memphis, Tenn., by a footpad who knocked her down to rob her. The blow broke the woman's neck.

Mrs. John Fory of Butler, Pa., raided a poker game where her husband was playing and secured evidence which resulted in the arrest of two players.

When Miss Helen Anger of New York found the French maid who had been in the bath and had stolen a diamond ring, she tackled her. They left handclapped.

When Judge McFarlane was marrying Nina Brown and Victor Jones, at Topock, the judge, having lost his keys, left the room until gravity would restore them.

A man in Binghamton, N. Y., died the other day as the result of an accidental scratch from a hat pin in a girl's hat next to him in a street car. Blood poisoning developed.

"Slot machines going all the time, send me to hospital," said Mrs. Mary Apple, appearing in her nightgown at a St. Louis police station, clutching her husband's hand.

When he got her suitcases, Peter Holoway, arrested for assault, Mrs. James B. Boko denounced her husband, Stephen Boko, of Chicago, as the man who had stolen her suitcases.

Mrs. Charles van Pelt of Pittsburgh, Pa., is suing her husband for divorce. She procured the evidence by using a gas pump, and detecting him a long way off on a highway with a stolen car.

Mrs. F. T. Todd of New York has invented an air pump which has great interest. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, it is said, has bought down away with a small portion of Mr. Carnegie's money.

When Dog Catcher Jentry of Denver, seized her pet and threatened to shoot her pugnacious husband, Mrs. Mary Burns thrust a gun under his nose. Peace was arranged by Burns paying the license.

When eighty-three-year-old M. F. Adams of Traverse City, Mich., upset a lamp, his daughter, Mrs. E. C. Brower, dragged him from the burning room with his clothes aflame. He will probably die.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Morton of New York poisoned themselves with strychnine at the Temple Hotel and died together. They were in financial difficulties although they had both inherited fortunes which they spent.

Giving a false name, a Minnesota soph co-ed stepped up to sign the jealously-guarded freshmen's constitution. She tossed the sacred document to a confederate, who passed it to a third, and the theft was complete.

Capt. Charles Oldrieve, walked all the way by water from Cincinnati to New Orleans, 1,600 miles on wooden shoes. His wife in a rowboat accompanied him. They were forty days in making the trip, and the Captain won a bet of \$5,000.

After the courts decided that the million she claimed had been legally transferred to his partner by her dead father, Mrs. Joe Brownaw, judge of Pittsburgh became the dowryless bride of Frank Otto Walther. "I've enough for two," he says.

When the present Mrs. Fairbanks married her husband, Vice-President Fairbanks, he was a reporter in Cleveland at \$20 a week. She did her own housework and cooking for the first ten years of their married life. She believes in poor people getting married.

Miss A. E. Snyder, twenty-three years old, of Williamsport, Pa., misunderstood a telephone message, and shot herself when she was asked to see the parties in a divorce suit, in which her name had been wrongfully used. The conference would have established her innocence.

John A. Ford, a theater manager, was saved from ten days in Moyamensing jail for intoxication, by the chorus girls of a company coming to his rescue and singing to him. The judge was so impressed by the sacrificing spirit of the young women, all pretty and young, that he let the prisoner go.

Charles Seymour, married and a janitor in Hartford, Conn., was fined \$25 for hugging a number of girls, and \$70 for kissing one in particular, Miss Cambridge who had been calling on his wife in the evening, and he had taken her home. These are the legal penalties in Hartford for hugging and kissing any lady who objects to such saluting.

Harriet Johnson of Philadelphia dropped dead while waiting.

Chorus girls in tights invaded a Des Moines rink and were invited to leave.

Miss Emma Barnes of Lansford, Pa., gave a "hugger" a terrible beating.

Mrs. M. F. Jackson of Berkeley, Cal., left \$1,200 worth of jewels on a street car.

Miss Mayme Toddish of Menominee, Mich., is suing the Rev. Donald McDonald for libel.

The Women's Independent Voters' Association of Detroit is conducting an active campaign.

Mrs. S. K. Todd of Bloomington, Ill., stuck a hot curling iron into her eye, and loses the sight of the eye.

Fear of going insane, like her grandfather and brother, drove Mrs. Carrie Lee Dunbar of Marion, O., mad.

Forbidden to go on the stage, Jennie Prayen of Denver "went" for her mother. The police separated them.

A baby with six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot has been born to Mrs. Ben Hill of Dalton, Ga.

During an organ recital in Pittsburgh a mouse appeared in the aisle. The audience of fashionable women fled.

Mrs. Annie Shively, an ordained minister of Ohio, performed the ceremony at the wedding of her son recently.

Miss Margaret R. Frink has been named instructor in mathematics at the Colorado Agricultural College.

When her baby fell into a thirty-foot well, Mrs. D. T. Cross of Port Angeles, Wash., slid down the pump pipe after it.

Two "wives" claim the body of Elijah Leblanc of New Albany, Ind., killed on the track. One sues the railroad for \$10,000.

On the appointment of a monitor who had worked with the rival company, fourteen Atlanta, Ga. telephone girls struck.

Miss Sadie Mills has canceled her concert engagements to prosecute a Salt Lake City man for the ring she pledged to him.

"I knew James Strauss was already married; but I married him to take care of him," Miss Millie Eisleben told the Detroit police.

Miss Margaret Bentley of Wessington Springs, S. D., battled bravely with a blizzard, gained a deserted shanty, broke in and was safe.

Two women caught at a piece of lace at a grab sale in Hutchinson, Kans., and it got around the throat of a girl who was nearly strangled.

Mrs. Mary Doppe of Hoboken, N. J., rather than face divorce proceedings brought against her by her husband, drank carbolic acid and died.

Senator Beardsley of Elkhart, Ind., has drawn on himself the wrath of every woman's society in town by his bill to modify the blind tiger law.

The widow of Henry C. Dodge has offered a \$32,000 property for \$8,000 to build a Court House at Elkhart, Ind., a pet project of her dead husband.

One of New York's richest women has tea cups and saucers which cost \$1,300 a dozen. She "washes the dishes" herself when they have been used at a tea.

"There's a man in my room," shrieked an Oklahoma young woman on her honeymoon, rushing through the hotel corridor. The man was her husband.

Robbed of her auto, Mrs. Jesse Hopkins of Chicago chased a rumbustious and captured the thief. She shot her husband lately and was acquitted for self defense.

The fifteen-year-old wife of Roy Gaddis of Kansas City pressed up her clothes and left him. She had her husband's travel in a box car from Los Angeles.

Mrs. Joseph Bartels, aged seventy-five years, of Chicago, fought her way into the burning house and ripped \$5,000 out of the bedtick. She was badly scorched.

"Give me a little time," said Mrs. Wairino, when Vincenzo Dileo of Pittsburgh, Pa., threatened to shoot her if she would not elope. She had Vincenzo arrested.

The women of Monrovia, Ind., feeling the need of a meeting place, have organized and are working to raise money to build a Town Hall. Monrovia has a population of about 500.

Mrs. Jessie Beavers, a negro woman of Atlanta laughed every time her husband slapped her, so he testified. He said he had to beat her to prevent her from dying of melancholia.

"That dog has bitten my arm half off," said Mrs. Jane Hagler, rushing into the Des Moines health office. She turned up her sleeve, but no wound was there. She wants the dog shot.

As a phase of the trouble which is rending society, Mrs. Dashiell Stevenson, organizer of Aston Lodge, U. D. C., Covington Ky., wants the name changed. It was her brother's.

Mrs. Schlatter, wife of the so-called "Healer" Schlatter, says that she knows of a man who was dead in Terre Haute, Ind., who was brought to life by her husband, and two days later was at work as usual.

In a recent railroad accident on the New York Central railroad, out of nineteen people killed, fifteen were women. The accident happened on Saturday evening and they were returning from matinees in the city.

Three arrests having failed Mrs. Alpert of Denver "corrected" her husband with a scantling as he left the saloon. He had her summoned, but was unable to appear against her, owing to her tying him securely to the bedpost.

"What do you want?" asked Mrs. Catherine Wagemann of Columbus, Ohio, starting from sleep. "Your money," said the burglar. She calmly told him to take what he could find. He left empty handed. She had \$7 safe under her pillow.

Mrs. Ray Runkles of Morral, O., says she was forced by relatives to lay an assault charge against her husband, who was shot trying to break jail. She will sue the village for damages for making him ride to Columbus with a bullet in his shoulder.

The mother of the Queen of Spain, who is a Protestant Englishwoman, is to have a chapel at Madrid for her special benefit. The courtiers who objected were curtly told by King Alfonso that if they didn't like his mother-in-law's church they needn't go to it.

Mrs. Burt Seely of West Haven, Mich., killed herself because a man had slandered her. Her husband who was suspected of killing her slanderer, suicided at the same time. Mrs. Mevin Haughton, whose mind was unsettled by the slanderer's murder, drank acid and died shortly after the others.

Mrs. Lena Smith of Philadelphia, aged sixty-nine punished a bull dog which turned on her and literally chewed her to pieces. One arm had been almost bitten off when her husband came and drove the dog away. She died of her wounds, and the dog was killed, although the husband objected as the dog was his pet.

Miss Alice A. Holmes, the blind poetess of Jersey City, N. J., celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday with a party of friends. She has been blind for eighty years, and has written four books of poems. She has not written of late. Miss Holmes was for seven years in the same institution for the blind with Miss Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn writer, and they are close friends.

An Iowa girl has got a divorce with the aid of her mother-in-law.

Five women neighbors fought in St. Louis because one tried to nail up a gate.

The fourth pair of twins has been born to Mrs. Henry Tucker of Midway, Ky.

Ethel Pond of Jonesville, Wis., swallowed her class pin while playing basket ball.

Miss Clara Harper has begun her second suit to recover the land Newcastle, Ind., is built on.

Jacob Jarbens, Butte, Neb., asked a warrant for witchcraft against beautiful Miss Lundias.

Mrs. John Montague of Clinton, Ia., has had her husband and the city attorney arrested for blackmail.

Orpha Estel Bateman, eight years old, of Fayette, Ind., is the youngest telephone operator in the world.

"I'm too pretty to be married," observed Mrs. Jennie Porter of St. Louis, freed from her third husband.

Miss Elizabeth Maugherman of Toledo, Ohio, is ill for the first time in her life of one hundred and one years.

Mattie Starr of Des Moines smoked so many cigarettes that it was judged well to send her to an inebriate asylum.

Because her maiden name was Holman, Mrs. Alexander Babcock of Kalamazoo has called her baby Evelyn Nesbit.

Pittsburg boasts of many women chemists, doctors, biologists, metallurgists, electrical engineers, artists and lawyers.

"I'll try my own case," said Mrs. Summers of Pittsburg, dismissing her attorney in open court. When she lost, she wept.

After her drunken husband beat her, Mrs. Charles Gentholtz, of Warren, O., denounced him and three others as thieves.

When Mrs. Ida Green of St. Louis was told it was not usual for the mayor to find funds for wives seeking divorce, she fainted.

Persecuted by anonymous letters, Mrs. Payler of Canton, Ohio, hit the detective with a coal shovel when he tried to make love to her.

Bessie Trembley, sixteen, of Cleveland, hid under her father's bed and rifled his pockets. She was arrested in the theater, gayly clad.

An eight-year-old girl at Grand Rapids threw a pail of water on her young brother when his clothing caught fire and saved his life.

Mrs. Mollie Sanders, a bride of eleven days, brought a suit for divorce against her husband. She alleges desertion and wants alimony.

While Mrs. Peter Lund was giving her baby a bath the house caught fire. She quietly bundled the little fellow up and took him safely out.

When she asked money for face powder, Bertha McDougall of Minneapolis, says her husband tossed a beer check with a laugh of contempt.

While the apartment house was ablaze, Mrs. E. L. Hopson of Baltimore sat calmly with her dog on a third-story window ledge till a ladder was run up.

When Charles Ratken, James Isakin and John Sholda started "rough house" in a Chicago hotel, the chambermaid, Annie Fay, threw them downstairs.

"Come along," said the mother of George McLean of Evanston, Ill. The lad just made a face. She was about to spank him, when her real son appeared.

Annie Tiemann of Cincinnati, O., put a pair of scissors under her pillow to banish nightmare. Her husband demurred and the resulting fight led to her arrest.

Misses Marie Myers, Flora Bender and Nellie Ryan of Los Angeles jumped on a burglar they found in their room and beat him so badly he was glad to escape.

After being married forty-eight hours, the eighteen-year-old bride of Walter Scott of Plainwell, Mich., says he is mentally incompetent, and asks annulment.

A creaking noise heard at the jail by the daughters of Under-Sheriff Davidson and Sheriff Davidson of Port Huron, Mich., foiled a dash for freedom by three bad men.

Miss Flora Steipel, cashier for a big store in Philadelphia, has been arrested for embezzling \$25,000. She got the whole amount in ten months by falsifying the books.

A St. Louis woman gave the Methodist Board of Missions ten thousand dimes which she had saved up during the past twelve years. They go to maintain a woman missionary in China.

Co-eds of Hulings Hall, Allegheny, Pa., College, have been campused. While the seniors were having a banquet the freshmen took all the beds into the gymnasium, and there was a riot.

Her three years' constant and loving care of her young baby brother won for Rose de Vries of Chicago the love and admiration of John E. Russell, who in turn won her for his bride.

Mrs. Joseph Lunkenheimer, wife of a wealthy Cincinnati man, has fled with her six-year-old son. She was divorced in November and was to see the child on alternate Sundays, which was not often enough.

A tattooed lady in a New York museum so appealed to the emotional nature of an elevator boy in that city, that he stole several hundred dollars worth of jewelry from the hotel guests in order to give her handsome presents.

Miss Florence Watson of Trenton, N. J., has gone to the Philippines to marry Lieut. Butler, U. S. A. They have not seen each other for eight years, and he has done all their courting by mail. They were at one time students in the same school.

When she heard footsteps in the hall, Miss Grace Lasser of New York left her boarders at the table and stepped out. The boarders heard things moving. When they reached the scene, Miss Lasser had her man, an old convict, fairly downed.

Mrs. William Abel of New York captured three burglars in the basement of an apartment house robbing trunks stored there. She caught one, over six feet tall as he was trying to escape, and then shut the door of the room, and screamed for help.

When Mrs. Roosevelt first met Theodore Roosevelt, now President of the United States, she had prepared herself to be a governess and was going to take a position. They fell in love with each other and Mrs. Roosevelt remained in this country to become First Lady.

Miss Mary Marcoe, of a distinguished Virginia family, died recently in Washington after forty-eight years of service in the office of Secretary of State. She was one of the few women who were ever allowed to prepare documents of State. She was at her desk up to within a week of her death.

Three hundred-pound Mrs. Harriet Torongo of Trenton, Mich., the only "man" in the world who can "lick John L. Sullivan," entered the home of the village marshal and seized the watch of her former boarder, Andrew Connor, suspecting him in a snuck. The marshal ignores her invitation to take it from her if he dares.

E. F. Ayres, author and magazine writer, has obtained a divorce from his wife, Elizabeth, in the South Dakota courts, because she ate so much ice cream that she gained forty pounds in eight months after their marriage. She also threatened him with a breadknife, pulled handfuls of his hair out and made him sit up all night to amuse her, as she had slept during the day while he was at his work. He lost his job by reason of this.

Three women are in the race for city treasurer of Kansas City, Kans.

Mrs. Everts of Menominee, Wis., was frozen to death in her farmhouse.

Her baby born in jail has won freedom for Mrs. Mary Thurman of Graniteville, Mo.

At the cry of "fire," thirty-five Chicago girls fled from a gymnasium in their gym suits.

Miss Jennie Anghman of Uniontown, Pa., has extracted 80 teeth from her pupils in a year.

After sixty years in the cloister, Sister Mary Martha of Dubuque has made her first trip by rail.

When Clara Boos of Milwaukee learned her brother was convicted of burglary, she dropped dead.

"Just to see how it tasted," Mrs. Mamie Hannon of St. Louis drank carbolic acid, and is in a serious plight.

Miss Celeste Lane of Anderson, Ind., has organized a girls' club without a name and without officers.

Mrs. Frank Ringwood of St. Louis burned a wad of paper her baby played with. It amounted to \$230 in bills.

Mrs. Kate Ashard and Mrs. Margaret Spath, sisters, were fined \$5 each for parading St. Louis in men's clothes.

Losing her way, Miss Lizzie Walls of Wilmington, Del., walked into Chester creek. Two young men rescued her.

"He's worthless, but I love him," sobbed Mrs. Louisa Richards, as she lashed her drunken husband without mercy.

Mrs. Margaret Farley of New York, accidentally fell on a potato knife, and cut herself so badly that she died two days later.

Hearing her former landlady accused her of stealing rings, Mrs. Freda Blake of Indianapolis promptly gave herself up.

Mrs. Robert W. Topel of Massillon, Ohio, bride of two months, gave her husband more morphine than prescribed, and he is dead.

Twice divorced, Mrs. Dilts Wandel Snyder Smith of Columbus, Ohio, stipulated with No. 3 that he should have no claim on her property.

"Love is worth more than money," says Miss Fay Stanley of Denver, withdrawing her suit against John K. Turner for \$3,000 cash advanced.

Told she would die soon, Mrs. Lyde K. Taylor of New York decided to see the world. She has just returned after five years of globe trotting.

Dorothy Rockwell, a thirteen-year-old girl, is afflicted with purpura hemorrhagica at Springfield, O. Her arms and body have turned purple.

Her refusal to give away the children of her first marriage caused a coldness, Mrs. Nidor of Atlanta says, of which her divorce suit is an outcome.

Seven women in a Chicago jail tore up bad clothing, and bound, gagged and beat the matron. The latter broke loose and had their escape prevented.

It is reported that when the sister of Charles M. Schwab marries Mr. Barry of Johnstown, Pa., her millionaire brother will make her a wedding gift of \$2,000,000.

Because Miss Susie Barhart, sixteen, of State Line, Md., "went back on" Joseph Statler, twenty-one, he insisted on returning the marriage license to the clerk.

The hand of Miss Grace Paulson of Cheyenne, Wyo., was the prize for which James Barnaby and John Martinsky fought a furious fist fight. Martinsky won.

Mrs. William Buck of Lima, O., testifying in her husband's alienation suit, says William West offered her a dollar a minute for thirty minutes' worship at his shrine.

Miss Viola Helms of St. Louis, who jumped from a third-story hospital window while delirious, tried to poison herself several times, and once before jumped from a window.

Mrs. Lottie Wallau of New York has been arrested for putting poison in oranges for Mrs. Ida Bling, her mother. The physician in attendance said Mrs. Bling died of cancer.

When Miss D'orsay's awaying hat plumes once more brushed her face in a New York subway car, the student bit a mouthful of them. The girl boxed his ears and there was a scene.

A St. Louis girl was arrested at a dance, charged with the larceny of a necklace worth \$150. She had borrowed it, she said, from the woman for whom she worked in order to "look nice."

Mrs. Anna Eld of Union Hill, N. J., was arrested on a charge of refusing to support her husband. He is a cripple, and they do not live together. She was released on a promise to look after his wants.

When ten-year-old James Touhy of Chicago was haled to court, his mother appeared as counsel. She undertook to flog him to keep him from jail, and used a policeman's belt in a room adjoining the court.

Miss Helen Dixon, a stenographer of Bloomington, Ill., was arrested and jailed for taking \$1,000 from the funds of the Gleaner Society. She claimed to have sent the money to her brother, but could not give his address.

Two Chicago girls drew a crowd when they appeared with faces half covered with court plaster and carrying scent in a watering pot. When a policeman accosted them he was mobbed. The girls had joined the Sigma Tau Society.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay of Roslyn, Long Island, who had given \$65,000 to build a church has had a row with the rector and he has resigned. He objected because the plans had been made by the late Stanford White who was killed by Harry Thaw.

The wife of the new Shah of Persia has the unique position, in that country, of being the only one he has. There are usually anywhere from a dozen to fifty. She has a Parisian dressmaker, and dresses in gowns of the latest fashion. Persia is progressing.

After long continued efforts the women of Paris may become cab drivers if they pass the requisite examination. The chief objection has been that no woman had been found who could back a horse on a straight line. Two have recently qualified and are now driving cabs like men.

Misses Gertrude MacDowell and Jane Condit are two young women of the Methodist Church, Verona, N. J., who have a kindergarten where mothers may leave their children while they listen to the sermon. The mothers express themselves as greatly pleased with the arrangement, as does the pastor.

Miss Helen Cannon, daughter of the Speaker—"Uncle Joe"—is a handsome woman who dresses in excellent taste and is a shining light in Washington society, but "she can cook as good a meal of victuals" as her father says that he pities the woman who doesn't know how to cook.

Alice Courtwright, aged twenty-two, daughter of a clergyman, and the thirteenth of seventeen children, has been sentenced to two months in the Chicago Home for Girls to break her from excessive talking. Her brothers and sisters had her shut up as they charge that she is ruining their social position by her everlasting talking. She claims that she is being persecuted and will employ a lawyer in her defense. She has a wonderful command of language and simply pours it out in a flood, often quite regardless of truth. She paralyzed court and stenographers on trial and was a strong witness against herself.

If I Were Only You.

Words by Harry H. Williams.

Music by Egbert Van Alstyne.

Waltz tempo.

1. One eve-ning in Sep-tem-ber weath-er, . . . While the stars were
2. It's on-ly an-oth-er old sto-ry, . . . Just a time-worn

bright, . . . Two lov-ers were spoon-ing to- geth- er, . . . By the pale moon- light; . . . He said to her "Dear, will you
tale, . . . And I am quite sure he's not sor-ry . . . There are rings for sale; . . . She's wear-ing one now on her

mar-ry, . . . name the day I pray, . . . Come tell me, now why do you tar-ry?" . . . Then she an-swered "What shall I say?" . . .
fin-ger, . . . they will soon be wed, . . . And the man who rings chimes will not lin-ger, . . . Be-cause she a-greed when he said: . . .

CHORUS.

If I were on-ly you, sweet-heart, And you were on-ly me, . . . If I were on-ly in your place, How hap-py I would be; . . . I'd

hold your lit-tle hand in mine, look in your eyes of blue, . . . And soft-ly say "Just name the day," If I were on-ly you. . . .

D.C.

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The publishers of the above music are Messrs. Whitney, Warner Co., Detroit, Mich. They have just issued a fine 50-page music catalogue containing extracts, same as we print here above, of some of the most popular late Marches, Waltzes, Songs, and Dances; they will send this catalogue free to all who mention COMFORT and write them at once for it. You can get an idea of all of the most popular music by turning over the chorus to songs and snatches of other tunes you will find printed therein. Write them today and please say you saw this announcement in COMFORT.

FREE CATALOGUE

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

The breeze swept over the cluster of Tuscan jasmine and the tall, snowy phlox nodding in the green vase on the table. After a while Felix took his chin from the window-sill, and his eyes from the sparkling, tossing water, and his gaze sought the beloved countenance of his governess.

Her dress was of white mull, with lace gathered around the neck and wristbands; a delicate fringed fern leaf was caught by the cameo that pinned the lace collar, and around the heavy coil of hair at the back of her head, Hattie had twined a spray of scarlet tecomara.

Save the faint red on her thin, flexible lips, her face was as stainless as that of the Hebrew Mary, in a carved ivory "Descent from the Cross," which hung over the mantelpiece.

As the boy watched her he thought the beautiful eyes were larger and deeper, and burned more brilliantly than ever before; and the violet shadows beneath them seemed to widen day by day, telling of hard study and continued vigils.

"Oh! yonder comes mamma and—Uncle Grey! No; that is not my Uncle Grey. Who can it be? It is—Sir Roger!"

Hattie ran out to meet her mother, who had been to New York; and Felix frowned, took up his crutches, and put on his hat.

Edna turned and went to her own room, and in a few moments Hattie brought her a package of letters, and a message from Mrs. Andrews, desiring her to come back to the sitting-room.

Glancing over the directions the governess saw that all the letters were from strangers, except one from Mrs. Murray, which she eagerly opened. The contents were melancholy and unexpected. Mr. Hammond had been very ill for weeks, was not now in immediate danger, but was confined to his room; and the physicians thought that he

would never be well again. He had requested Mrs. Murray to write, and beg Edna to come to him, and remain in his house. Mrs. Powell was in Europe with Gertrude and Gordon, and the old man was alone in his home. Mrs. Murray and her son having taken care of him thus far. At the bottom of the page Mr. Hammond had scrawled almost illegibly: "My dear child, I need you. Come to me at once."

Mrs. Murray had added a postscript to tell her that if she would telegraph them upon what day she could arrange to start, Mr. Murray would come to New York for her.

Edna put the letter out of sight, and girded herself for a desperate battle with her father's heart, which bounded wildly at the tempting joys spread almost within reach. The yearning to go back to the dear old parsonage, to the revered teacher, to cheer and brighten his declining days, and, above all, to see Mr. Murray's face, to hear his voice once more, oh! the temptation was strong indeed, and the cost of resistance bitter beyond precedent. Having heard incidentally of the reconciliation that had taken place, she knew why Mr. Hammond so earnestly desired her presence in a house where Mr. Murray now spent much of his time; she knew all the arguments, all the pleadings to which she must listen, and she dared not trust her heart.

"Enter not into temptation!" was the warning which she uttered again and again to her own soul; though she feared the pastor would be pained, she felt that he would not consider her ungrateful—knew that his warm tender heart would understand hers.

Though she had always studiously endeavored to expel Mr. Murray from her thoughts, there came hours when his image conquered; when the longing, the intense wish to see him was overwhelming; when she felt that she would give ten years of her life for one long look into his face, or for a picture of

him.

Now, when she had only to say, "Come!" and he would be with her, she sternly denied her starving heart, and instead of bread gave it stones and serpents.

She took her pen to answer the letter, but a pang which she had learned to understand told her that she was not now strong enough; and, swallowing some medicine which Dr. Howell had prescribed, she snatched up a crimson scarf and went down to the beach.

The serenity of her countenance had broken up in a fearful tempest, and her face writhed as she hurried along to overtake Felix. Just now she dreaded to be alone, and yet the only companionship she could endure was that of the feeble cripple, whom she had learned to love, as woman can love only when all her early idols are in the dust.

"Wait for me, Felix!"

The boy stopped, turned, and limped back to meet her, for there was a strange, pleading intonation in her mournfully sweet voice.

"What is the matter, Miss Earl? You look troubled."

"I only want to walk with you, for I feel lonely this evening."

"Miss Earl, have you seen Sir Roger Percival?"

"No, no; why should I see him? Felix, my darling, my little brother! do not call me Miss Earl any longer. Call me Edna. Ah, child! I am utterly alone; I must have somebody to love me. My heart turns to you."

She passed her arm around the boy's shoulders and leaned against him, while he rested on his crutches and looked up at her with fond pride.

"Edna! I have wanted to call you so since the day I first saw you. You know very well that I love you better than everything else in the world. If there is any good in me, I shall have to thank you for it; if ever I am useful, it will be your work. I am wicked still; but I never look at you without trying to be a better boy. You do not need me—you who are so great and gifted; whose writings everybody reads and admires; whose name is already famous. Oh! you

cannot need any one, and, least of all, a poor little helpless cripple! who can only worship you, and love the sound of your voice better than all the music that ever was played! If I thought that you, Miss Earl—whose book all the world is talking about—

if I thought you really cared for me—oh, Edna! I believe my heart would be too big for my poor little body!"

"Felix, we need not do either. Do you suppose I would have followed you out here, if I did not prefer your society to that of others?"

"Something has happened since you sat looking out of the window on your own face. Your face has changed—what is it, Edna? Can't you trust me?"

"Yes, I received a letter which troubled me. It announces the death of a dear and noble friend, who writes begging me to come to him, and nurse and comfort him as long as he lives. You need not start and shiver now—I am not going. I shall not leave you, but I must go to see to it that he has a good and happy time. Now you can understand why I did not wish to be alone."

She leaned her cheek down on the boy's head, and both stood silent, looking over the wide heaving waste of waters.

A glowing orange sky overarched an orange ocean. As the rising waves broke along the beach, the stiffening breeze bent the spray till it streamed like silvery plumes; and the low musical murmur swelled to a monotonous moan, that seemed to come over the darkening waters like wails of the lost from some far, far "isle of the sea."

Awed by the mysterious solemnity which ever broods over the ocean, Felix slowly repeated that dirge of Tennyson's, "Break, break, break!" and when he commenced the last verse, Edna's voice, low and quivering, joined his.

The wind rose and fluttered Edna's scarlet scarf like a pirate's pennon, and the low moan became a deep, sullen, ominous mutter. "There will be a gale before daylight; it is brewing down yonder at the southwest."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Letters of Thanks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I want to thank you each and all for so kindly remembering me with souvenir postals which I requested. I received over two hundred postals and several kind letters. I was so pleased. May the Lord bless all the Comfort readers: With love and best wishes,

MISS RADIE A. RINEHART, Whitehouse Sta., R. F. D., 1, N. J.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Please allow me a few moments space in the Sisters' Corner to thank all who so kindly sent me sunshine in the form of letters, souvenir postals, books, etc. I cannot find words adequate to express my appreciation of these precious mementos, the sight of them will ever be associated with sweetest thoughts of far-away friends. I would love to write a few words separately, at least to those who have rendered me their sympathy, and sought to comfort and cheer me—however, I trust that all who do not receive a personal reply will consider my weakness and kindly excuse my shut-in sister,

MRS. SINAI M. SMITH, Slicker, Tyler Co., W. Va.

Requests from Shut-ins

DEAR SISTERS:

I am a shut-in as I had my foot broken last spring, and am walking on crutches. I will be glad to hear from all of the sisters, and will try and answer all letters.

Mrs. C. A. ROSEBROOK, 1007 Fredric Ave., Spokane, Wash.

I have been an invalid for three years, I would like pieces of silk or velvet, for quilts; also pieces of ribbon any bright color.

Mrs. S. H. DOWLING, Jacksonville, Me.

Will all who can please remember Mrs. Ollie McCarter, Severville, R. F. D., 15, Tenn., with books, quilt squares, six by six inches, or any little token of remembrance will be highly appreciated. She is almost helpless from rheumatism of ten years standing.

We also ask you to remember the following patient sufferers, although space compels us to condense their letters; each deserve sympathy, cheerful letters, and as much help as you can give: Mrs. Lena Olive, Holly Springs, R. F. D., 1, N. C., has been shut-in for two years; letters gladly received.

Miss Daisy E. Kingry, Box 46, Rocky Mount, R. F. D., 4, Va., a deaf and dumb girl, would appreciate silk pieces for patchwork.

Mrs. C. B. Spears, Hammondspont, R. F. D., 2, N. Y., who has met with a serious accident to one of her feet, which will prevent her from walking for a year or so, requests any kind of pieces for patchwork.

Emile Roberts, Brigham, Utah, a little invalid boy, would be pleased with story books, cards, or calico pieces.

Ben C. Knight, Enfield, N. C., is a poor deformed cripple who would appreciate letters, reading matter, or anything which would help brighten his lonely days.

Mrs. Esther A. Austin, Box 72, Colton, R. F. D., 1, N. Y., an elderly cripple, would appreciate letters, and little tokens of friendship.

Miss Jessie R. Catlin, Box F, Palmer, Mass., a great sufferer from Epileptic fits, request cheery letters, and little tokens of remembrance.

Miss Edelia Clowes, Thief River Falls, Minn., is a sixteen-year-old cripple from rheumatism, please remember with letters, reading matter, etc.

Edith M. Dart, Oakdale, R. F. D., 1, Conn., a shut-in of many years, needs cheer, letters, pictures, or reading requested.

Mrs. Martha Young, Box 10, Mount Airy, R. F. D., 1, Ga., an invalid, who has not been out of her room for sixteen years, wishes to be remembered with letters, and books.

Mrs. Leroy E. Cole, Box 200, Newport, Vt., a cripple who has not walked for twenty-four years, begs to be admitted to this corner, and would appreciate reading matter, bits of yarn pieces, etc.

Mrs. Callie Jett, Murrayville, R. F. D., 2, Ga., an invalid, requests a letter party, April 4, 1907.

Margaret L. Hammond, 40 College St., Hillsdale, Mich., a woman of seventy years who has been confined to wheel chair for thirty-two years, requests letters, and reading matter.

Will the sisters please give my invalid husband a letter party, April 15, 1907. Address J. F. Harper, Brush Creek, R. F. D., 1, Tenn.

Mrs. Susie McCarver, Beaver City, Neb., a sufferer with salt rheum in her hands, would like to be remembered in any way.

Miss Ellie Rowen, Swanton, R. F. D., 2, Ohio, who has been blind for twenty years, asks to be remembered with little gifts.

Mrs. W. G. Moffett, Box 32, Leesburg, R. F. D., 1, Va., requests pretty pictures, or stereoscopic views, papers, or anything to help pass the lonely hours.

Correspondents Wanted

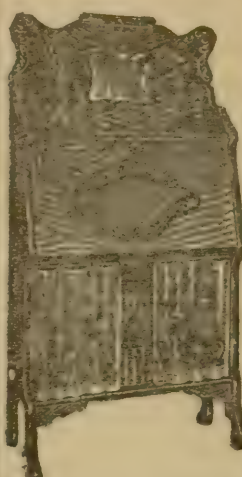
Gertrude Casserly, Canton, W. Va. Miss Margaret Preece, 2850 Guadalupe St., Austin, Texas, especially from residents of New York, California, and Florida. Mrs. Lena Jacobs, Box 132, Olive Hill, Ky. Miss Ida Stark, Box 56, Freeland, R. F. D., 6, Mich., young people. Miss Hazel McCutcheon, St. Ignace, Mich. Mrs. J. C. Davidson, Evona, Ky., especially those by the name of King. John Kneisler, Onray, Col., young people. John E. Gasson, Versailles, R. F. D., 3, Ohio. Mr. Orley M. Richardson, Rugby, R. F. D., 7, Grayson Co., Va. Mrs. Ralph G. Finner, Herkimer, R. F. D., 1, N. Y., young married people. William Davis, Deep River, Wash. Mrs. Ina B. Hill, Carsonville, R. F. D., 1, Mich., letter party on May 12th, 1907. Mrs. Felix Parsons, Johns, Ala. Edward Wallace, Stanberry, Mo., young people. Mrs. Lillie Hendricks, Cle Elum, R. F. D., 1, Wash. Mrs. Rosa Garrison, Antigo, R. F. D., 5, Wis., especially those bearing the name of Ward or Willis. Pedro F. Salazar, Chamita, New Mexico. Mrs. Ella Suavely, Pennington Gap, Va. Mrs. Emily Upton, Box 16, Elmo, R. F. D., 3, Texas, photographs requested. Fred Sprague, 172 West 98 St., New York City. Miss Mary R. Parsons, Worton, R. F. D., 3, Kent Co., Md., young people. Mrs. Margaret Parrent, Fairfield, R. F. D., 2, Va. Roy M. Cordell, Steele, Mo., young people. Georgia Parker, Acworth, Cobb, Ga. Lavantha Hubble, Melburn, Ohio. Mary E. Hathaway, Carmichael, Pa. Miss Flossie Williams and Miss Mattie Geery, Victor, Mont. Mrs. Kate L. Carty, Medford, N. J. Miss Mary A. Snyder, Blairs Mills, Pa., young people. Oscar Greene, Box 37, Torpedo, R. F. D., 1, Pa. Henry Larson, Box 52, Whitehall, Mich., young people. Annie G. Boyd, 514 Grant St., Evansville, Ind., young people. Roy H. Kline, Warrensburg, Mo., young people. Grant St., Evansville, Ind., girls of twelve and fourteen years. J. H. Sechrist, Box 61, Glenrock, Pa. Miss Dora Goldsberry, Marion, Ohio, photographs requested. Miss Sallie Sprinkle, Benhur, Va. F. D. Freeman, Riggins, Idaho. Mrs. F. A. Busby, Paskenta, Cal. Mr. C. B. Dixon, Jr., Huntville, R. F. D., 2, Texas. Miss Nora E. Peters, Box 12, Denver, R. F. D., 1, Ill. George Frederick, Pittsfield, Ill., from Ill. and adjoining states. Olive Hand, Ellsworth, Kans., young people, especially those with the same surname. Mrs. Ivory P. Combs, Houlton, Oreg. Mrs. Eva S. Wilkins, Little Genesee, N. Y. Miss Cedonia H. Bates, Body Camp, Va. Miss Nellie F. O'Connell, 281 Hastings St., Chicago, Ill.

Comfort Postal Request

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free This exchanging of Post Cards has become a great fad all over the world and we are now helping our readers get thousands of postals without cost.

Get up a club of subscribers to this paper and have your name put in this list free; you will then receive many ex-

We Need Secretaries!



How a Woman in Every Neighborhood may Furnish her Home Beautifully, FREE OF COST.

NEW Furniture for your home from top to bottom! It would cost a lot of money ing. to get all that furniture—and especially the kind you'd like to have—hundreds of household furnishings—Chairs, Tables, Desks,

Pretty big pay for a few hours of pleasant work that you could do without any preparation. But that's just what we're offering you. We need a Secretary in your neighborhood—among your most intimate women friends. We don't ask you to do any work whatever among strangers.

Both the handsome pieces of furniture here shown, are samples of what you can get for acting as Secretary of a Walker Club—or you can select from 1,400 other articles fully described in our catalogue.



Rugs, Chinaware, Silverware, Stoves, Skirts, Shirt Waists, Tailor-made Suits, Shoes and Women's Lingerie—all of the finest quality and best workmanship, as presents. We can afford to do this because we sell direct to the consumer.

You can see what a lot of expense we cut out, that you have had to bear—wholesalers' profits, traveling men's expenses, retailers' profits, etc. We give you the saving. Our customers get twice as much from us as from storekeepers for the same money. We have millions of customers. Our factories cover fifteen acres of ground. We can afford to take the minimum of profit. Investigate us! We've been in business 70 years. We'd be glad to have you know all about us. Now don't let some other woman get ahead of you. Drop us a postal card asking for our Secretaryship plan and our Big, Free, Illustrated Catalogue before you put this magazine away. Do It Now.

W. & H. WALKER, Club Department C-14, PITTSBURG, PA.

changes in souvenir postals of all kinds, and will be in a position to return the favor to all who see your name in the list and send you cards. Some parties have received hundreds and hundreds of cards from just having their name inserted here. The Publishers simply ask the slight service from you of getting up these small clubs. We know any one can get a few more subscribers now we are giving such a good big paper for 15 cents a year, and we have a very large assortment of elegant Souvenir Post Cards. We will send an assortment of six cards for clubs of three, or twelve for a club of five. As we have thousands of cards, we are ready to help you get a large collection without any outlay on your part whatever. In sending in your club, say whether you want them from any particular city or just assorted up. You can start your collection this way and then exchange with others as you see their name in the list.

HEREAFTER, we cannot insert requests for cards in this column unless you take advantage of this offer. Send us a club of twenty-five subscribers and we will send you our Banner assortment of one hundred American, Foreign and Comic Postals. Below we give a list of some of our regular cards: New York City Views including Flatiron Building, Waldorf Astoria Hotel, Grant's Tomb, Central Park Views, Brooklyn Bridge, Broadway, New York Harbor, Post Office, Statue of Liberty, and hundreds of others comprising Coney Island Views, etc., making a great assortment of every kind of scenes in and around this great metropolitan city. We give a list of some of the other different cities in this country and Canada. Post Cards of which we have in great numbers: Albany, N. Y.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Cleveland, Ohio; Denver, Colo.; Montreal, Canada; Boston, Mass.; New Orleans, La.; Troy, N. Y.; Pittsburg, Pa.; Detroit, Mich.; Kansas City, Mo.; Springfield, Mass.; St. Louis, Mo.; Washington, D. C.; Chicago; Milwaukee, Wis.; Omaha, Neb.; Baltimore, Md.; St. Paul, Minn.; Augusta, Maine.

The following persons wish to receive Souvenir Postals and agree to return all favors. Positively requests will not be inserted here, unless a club of at least three subscribers is sent with the name. The publisher will then send you an assortment of Postals free, per offer above.

Miss Blanche Nake, 1736 Federal St., Baltimore, Maryland. Fred Lohman, 608 Cedar St., Owosso, Mich. Nellie Riopille, Box 336, Swanton, Vt. Miss Isabelle Somers, 70 North Pine St., Newark, Ohio. Frank Anderson, 954 Elm St., Beloit, Wis. Alice T. Kelsey, 523 Elm St., New Haven, Conn. Miss Maggie Bookwalter, Box 143, Lowellville, Ohio. G. L. McCarter, Middleton, Tenn. Miss Minnie L. Spencer, Box 91, Guilford, Conn. M. J. Sherlock, 2435 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal. Lewis A. Spencer, Box 91, Guilford, Conn. Mrs. E. B. Johnston, Box 8, Ravenna, Kans. Miss Kate Cordon, Roseburg, Oregon.

Good Old Songs We All Love.

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

The Grave of Napoleon

On a lone barren ledge, where the wild roaring billow Assails the stern rock, and the loud tempests rave, The hero lies still, while the dew-drooping willow, Like fond weeping mourners, lean over the grave. The lightning may flash, and the loud thunders rattle; He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain. He sleeps his last sleep—he has fought his last battle! No sound can awake him to glory again! No sound can awake him to glory again.

Oh! shade of the mighty, where now are the legions That rushed but to conquer, when thou led'st them on? Alas! they have perished in far hill regions, And all save the fame of their triumph is gone! The trumpet may drown the loud cannon's rattle! They heed not, they hear not they're free from all pain! They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle! No sound can awake them to glory again! No sound can awake them to glory again!

Yet spirit immortal, the tomb cannot blind thee, For, like thine own eagle that soared to the sun, Thou springest from bondage and leavest behind thee A name before thee, no mortal had won! Though nations may combat, and war's thunder rattle No more on the steed, wilt thou sweep o'er the plain. Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle! No sound can awake thee to glory again! No sound can awake thee to glory again!

My Mother Was a Lady

Two drummers sat at dinner In a grand hotel one day. While dining they were chatting In a jolly sort of way. But when a pretty waitress Brought them a tray of food, They spoke to her familiarly In manner rather rude. At first she did not notice them, Or make the least reply, But one remark was passed That brought the teardrops to her eye; And facing her tormentors With cheeks now burning red, She looked a perfect picture As appealingly she said:

CHORUS.

"My mother was a lady Like yours you will allow, And you may have a sister, Who needs protection now. I've come to this great city To find a brother dear, And you wouldn't dare insult me, sir, If Jack were only here."

It's true one touch of nature Makes the whole world akin; And every word she uttered Seemed to touch their hearts within. They sat there stunned and silent Until one cried in shame: "Forgive me, Miss, I meant no harm; Pray, tell me, what's your name?" She told him and he cried again: "I know your brother, too; We've been friends for many years, And he often speaks of you. He'll be so glad to see you, And if you'll only wed, I'll take you to him as my wife, For I love you since you said."

CHORUS.

Old Dog Tray

The morn of life is past, And evening comes at last; It brings me a dream of a once happy day, Of merry forms I've seen, Upon a village green, Sporting with my old dog Tray.

CHORUS.

Old dog Tray's ever faithful, Grief cannot drive him away, He's gentle, he is kind; I'll never, never find A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I called my own, Have vanished one by one, The loved ones, the dear ones have all passed away, Their happy smiles have flown, Their gentle voices gone, I've nothing left but old dog Tray.

CHORUS.

When thoughts recall the past, His eyes are on me cast, I know that he feels what my breaking heart would say, Although he cannot speak, I'd vainly, vainly seek, A better friend than old dog Tray.

CHORUS.

When thoughts recall the past, His eyes are on me cast, I know that he feels what my breaking heart would say, Although he cannot speak, I'd vainly, vainly seek, A better friend than old dog Tray.

CHORUS.

Large Fountain Pen 14k gold, for 69 cents. Best value ever known. Postage paid. FRANK J. LANGE, Lisbon Falls, Maine.

DO YOU LIKE HONEY? Delicious Honey Candy made with Nebraska pure honey. 40 cts. postpaid. Sample box 10 cts. Honey Candy Co., Albion, Nebraska.

50 CARDS with name on for 10c No Two Alike Postpaid. DAME CO., 604 C, Washington St., Boston, Mass.

CANCER Treated at home; No pain, knife, plaster or ointment. Send for Free Treatise. Add. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

RODS The latest improved; sold under guarantee. Used for locating mines, lost treasures, etc. Cir. 3c. Add. L. A. Lowry, P. O. Box 1301-05, Denver, Colo.

Agent's Outfit Free.—Delight, Biscuits, Cake and Doughnut Cutter, Apple Corer, and Strainer. 5 articles in one. Send on sight. Large Catalog free. RICHARDSON MFG. CO., Dept. C, BATH, N.Y.

TRAPPERS! One trapper caught \$90.00 worth of fur in a few days. How and Where? Send the HUNTER-TRAPPER, an illustrated monthly of about 300 pages devoted to hunting, trapping and raw furs. Sample copy 10 cents, yearly subscription \$1.00. A. B. HARDING PUB. CO., Box 529, Columbus, O.

16 COMIC POST CARDS FREE Funniest colored cards ever printed. All new, no one alike, and every one a winner. Full set of 16 cards sent FREE if you send only TEN cents for membership in our Post Card Exchange, which has thousands of members. You'll get hundreds of pretty and comic post cards FREE from all over the world. DRAKE CARD CO., Dept. 221, 235 Van Buren St., CHICAGO.

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME. \$1200 year and upwards can be made taking our Veterinary Course at home during spare time; taught in simplest English; Diplomas granted; positions obtained for successful students; cost within reach of all; satisfaction guaranteed; particulars free. ONTARIO VETERINARY CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Dept. 10, London, Canada.

FREE Send name and Address for 12 pieces of jewelry to sell at 10 cents each. Return on the \$1.20 when sold and we will send you these Two Solid Gold laid Rings. Address WILSON JEWELRY CO., 4 E St., Providence, R.I.

Free Book

ABOUT CURING Deafness AND Eye Diseases AT HOME



I WANT to place one of my books in every home, absolutely free of charge.

This book tells of a new method by which people who are willing to devote fifteen minutes time each day, can cure themselves of mild forms of Deafness, Head Noises, chronic Catarrh, chronic Sore Eyes, Wild Hairs, Granulated Lids, Scums, Eye strain, Weak eyes, or failing sight, at home by a mild method without visiting a doctor. 100,000 people have used this method. My book tells of their experience and of many remarkable cures of Deafness and Eye diseases.

I want no money for this book—just want everyone to read it and know of my new system. Write me today. Address DR. W. O. COFFEY, 843 Century Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.

We will send you a piece of MUSIC AND TEACH YOU TO PLAY IT on the Piano or Organ by our Kindergarten picture method of MUSIC LESSONS taught by mail. You learn to read and play any piece of music AT SIGHT. Address UNION MUSIC SCHOOL, No. 5 TOLEDO, O.

Gold Watch FREE AND RING

An American movement Watch, Gold Gold Plated Case, fully warranted timekeeper, appears equal to Solid gold Watch Guaranteed 25 Years. Also a Solid Gold Plated Ring set with a sparkling Clear Gem, are given Free to Boys & Girls or anyone selling 20 Silver Aluminum Trinkets at 10c each, a paper Gold-Eye Brochure Free with each Trinket. They are easy to sell. Write for them. When sold send us the \$1.00 and we will positively send you the Watch and Ring. Ladies' or Gent's Chain also. Address HOMESUPPLY CO. Dept. 180 CHICAGO.

I Pay \$25 for the rare half dollars of 1853 \$40 for the Stellas of 1870, \$300 for 1890, \$30 for the gold dollars of 1875 and \$50 for the three dollars 1875. \$35 for dimes 1891 n. m. S. \$1 to \$250 each for the Territorial coins 1849 to 1861.

CERTAIN COINS

and from \$1 to \$300 for thousands of other rare coins, stamps and paper money. Send a stamp for an illustrated circular it may lead to wealth and independence. Address the most reliable coin dealer. 18 years at the present location. W. VON BERGEN, Seclay Sq., C. Boston, Mass.

Perforated Shirt-Waist Pattern.



Perforated Shirt-waist and Collar design. We call your particular attention to this very dainty Shirt-waist and Collar design, perforated upon fine Linen Bond Parchment Paper, furnished with complete directions that any lady can stamp her own shirt-waist, worth in any art store at least 75 cents. We can furnish each in the following designs, if the one illustrated does not please you: Violet, daisy, forget-me-not, wild rose or chrysanthemum. Special Offer. We will send you one of these Shirt-waist patterns if you will send us but and yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. include 5c. additional, making 20c. in all. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Giant Plaster Co., Box C., Augusta, Maine

Mrs. Cora B. Miller Makes a Fortune

Started a Few Years Ago with No Capital, and Now Employs Nearly One Hundred Clerks and Stenographers.

Until a few years ago Mrs. Cora B. Miller lived in a manner similar to that of thousands of other very poor women of the average small town and village. She now resides in her own palatial brown-stone residence, and is considered one of the most successful business women in the United States.



Mrs. Miller's New Residence Earned in Less Than One Year.

Several years ago Mrs. Miller learned of a mild and simple preparation that cured herself and several friends of female weakness and piles. She was besieged by so many women needing treatment that she decided to furnish it to those who might call for it. She started with only a few dollars' capital, and the remedy, possessing true and wonderful merit, producing many cures when doctors and other remedies failed, the demand grew so rapidly she was several times compelled to seek larger quarters. She now occupies one of the city's largest office buildings, which she owns, and almost one hundred clerks and stenographers are required to assist in this great business.

Million Women Use It.

More than a million women have used Mrs. Miller's remedy, and no matter where you live, she can refer you to ladies in your own locality who can and will tell you a sufferer that this marvelous remedy really cures women. Despite the fact that Mrs. Miller's business is very extensive, she is always willing to give aid and advice to every suffering woman who writes to her. She is a generous, good woman and has decided to give away to women who have never used her medicine \$10,000.00 worth absolutely FREE.

Every woman suffering with pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing-down feelings, nervousness, creeping sensations up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, or piles from any cause, should sit right down and send her name and address to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 4609, Kokomo, Ind., and receive by mail (free of charge) in plain wrapper a 50-cent box of her marvelous medicine, also her valuable book, which every woman should have.

Remember, this offer will not last long, for thousands and thousands of women who are suffering will take advantage of this generous means of getting cured. So if you are ailing, do not suffer another day, but send your name and address to Mrs. Miller for the book and medicine before the \$10,000.00 worth is all gone.

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AND VIOLIN
4¢ PER LESSON
25 LESSONS & A MUSIC BOOK FOR \$1.00
SEND 4¢ FOR FIRST LESSON
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FREE GOLD WATCH AND RING
An American movement watch with Solid Gold Plated Case, fully warranted to keep correct time, equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Filled Watch warranted 25 yrs. Also a Solid Gold Filled Diamond Ring, set with the very best of diamonds, are given absolutely free to Boys & Girls or any one for selling 50 pieces of our hand-painted jewelry at 10¢ each. Send your name and address and we will send you the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us \$1.00, and we will send you both the watch and the ring, also a chain. HOND JEWELRY CO., DEPT. 3, CHICAGO, ILL.

50 MUSIC LESSONS FREE
Write Today for our big free catalog of Music Goods, which illustrates and describes the largest assortment in the world of Organs, Pianos, Violins, Guitars, Banjos and musical goods of all kinds, and tells all about our wonderful offer to give free 50 weekly music lessons on the Organ, Piano, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin or Banjo. We sell Organs at \$18.95 up; Pianos at \$18.95 up; Guitars at \$1.85 up; Banjos at \$1.85 up; Mandolins at \$1.85 up; Accordions at \$1.45 up; Music Boxes at 48¢ up; and every kind of musical instrument manufactured at correspondingly low prices. We allow ship Organs and Pianos on approval without any money in advance, allow one year free trial and guarantee them 25 years. Six days free trial allowed on all other musical instruments. We are householders everywhere for music furnishings, such as Stringed, Reeds, Bridges, Pez, Tuners, Cases, Bags, Music Stools, Music Books, Bows, Vocal and Instrumental Instruments, Music Books, and all kinds of musical goods. If you are thinking of buying a musical instrument of any kind, and want to save one third to one-half your local dealer's price, then send us a postal or letter, saying "Send me your free special music goods catalog," and we will send you a copy of our free music goods catalog today. Write for the music catalog today. JOHN M. SMYTH CO., 150-151 West Madison Street CHICAGO

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when couple with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrapbook. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta Maine.

Lonesome Girl, Jamestown, N. D.—If the "valuable present" is from one who is not privileged to give such to a lady, you should return it at once, with a pleasant note of explanation why you cannot accept it. (2) The plain gold ring is the wedding ring. An engagement ring is usually a diamond.

Tootsie, Euka, Mo.—It is quite proper to receive letters from a gentleman friend, if no one, who has a right, offers any objection. Still, girls of sixteen should not be writing to men, or receiving letters from them. Better be in school learning how to write and spell and speak correctly, so many girls of sixteen do not. (2) Boys and girls usually call each other by their first names. It is quite correct, though, if you want to add the Mr. to his name.

J. C. Buxton, Ia.—It is very simple to travel in a sleeping car and you can be just as much at home in one as by your own fireside, only you won't find it so convenient going to bed and getting up, especially if you have an upper berth. Get a lower if you possibly can for so long a trip. Ladies are always given the preference. Wear anything dark and comfortable. Traveling is not a dress affair. Take a suit case and a little hand bag with your toilet articles, though you may put them in your suitcase if you wish. It is not quite so handy. The porter will show you your section—get your sleeper ticket several days in advance, so you can have choice—and there you sit down and take it easy, going to your meals when called—two a day are better than three—and to bed at night when your berth is made down. This will be rather a serious undertaking and, but get in behind the curtains and get out of your clothes the best way you can. Some timid women sleep in most of their clothes, except the outside garments and their shoes. The porter will tell you where the wash room, or lavatory, is, and be sure to make your toilet as quickly as you can so the other women may have a chance. The porter will tell you anything else you want to know. Give him a quarter at the journey's end. Be careful about the acquaintances you make, having them among the women largely. Watch what other people, who have traveled, do, and you will not make any mistakes that count for much. Let the conductor take your tickets. He will see that you get them again. Tell him nicely that you have never traveled alone before and ask him to look out a little for you. Conductors are usually very polite and considerate.

Topsy Turvy, Georgetown, Ky.—You may ask anyone to exchange post cards with you. (2) There is no harm in writing friendly letters to a young man. But don't write love letters to him, unless you mean what you say. Even then, it is better said than written. (3) The brother may ask another man to take his sister home, and it is frequently done, when he wants to go home with another girl. Young men are nearly always glad to help each other out.

F. G. G., Bishop, Tenn.—It is quite proper for you to accept a cloak as a present from your cousin.

K. M. S., Columbus, S. C.—You can get a pair of rubber gloves from any good drug store in your town, or can find out where. They cost from half a dollar up, and are not worth the money as a rule. (2) The dark circles under your eyes, as they have been there since childhood, are due to natural causes, and they cannot well be removed. You might improve the condition by a gentle massage. Rub with the finger outward and downward for a few minutes, two or three times a day. It will require some time to show results. Do not rub hard enough to reddens the skin.

Maxine, Jackson, Mich.—The table at a fashionable hotel is not greatly different from the table anywhere else where propriety prevails. Yes, the lady orders from the bill of fare only what she wants. Why should she order anything else? At a table d'hotel she would have to take what was brought to her, but tables d'hotel do not prevail at fashionable hotels.

Anxious Boy, Purves, Texas.—She may like you, but she doesn't love you. Girls in love don't act that way. She is not of the serious kind, and if you won't her you would soon tire of her. If you really want to know what she thinks of you, tell her you love her and want her to be your wife. Then you'll find out, good and hard—but some folks won't learn any other way. (2) As to the one you have hardened your heart against, you should now harden your head against, and show your sense by letting bygones be bygones. Real gentlemen don't ever try to "get even" with a woman. They brace up and take their medicine. You ought to know that in Texas.

Anxious, Brass City, Conn.—It is not necessary to "serve refreshments" when friends call in the evening, but it adds very materially to the pleasure of the occasion to have a small bite to eat, and a drop to drink. Even fruit is better than nothing, if you don't believe in beer and pretzels. (2) The lady may use her pleasure in shaking hands upon introduction. Some do and some do not. The formal kind do not. Others do not when the introduction is merely in passing, or there are several introductions around.

Oliver, Carmi, Ill.—If he has to leave the church during the service he should wait outside, or in the rear of the church, and not return to the pew.

B. R., Herick, Va.—Nobody can tell you whether you can get along with the children or not. If you and their father love each other very devotedly and he helps you all he can, you may find them fairly easy to handle, especially if they have dispositions such as you say their father has. The step-mother's lot is not an easy one, and you may find it too hard. Again, you may find it as easy as it ever is. Try and see. If the children like you now, you can keep them liking you, if you will.

Rosa, Chester, Miss.—You may ask your sweetheart to take you somewhere, but it is safer to wait for him to ask you, especially if it is to a pay place. You can easily hint to him when you want to go, and if he takes the hint, all right. But don't force him.

C. R., Pittston, Pa.—We do not guarantee to make the eyelashes grow, but the following is recommended as a good tonic: Sulphate of quinine, five grains; sweet almond oil, one ounce. Apply with a fine sable pencil, or very small brush, twice a day.

Violet, Latour, Mo.—The young man, who will get drunk while acting as an escort to ladies, is unfit to associate with respectable people. (2) We believe it is allowed for a man, married or not, to put his arm around a girl cousin, but a little of it should go a long way. Better not get the habit. (3) Ask the man's wife what she thinks about the ring.

Blue Eyes, Carrollton, Mo.—Unless the couple be engaged there should be no kissing. Men will

always insist that it is perfectly proper, but the well-bred girl knows it is not and she will not permit it. The fact that so many unengaged persons kiss each other is no indication that it is correct. A great many people get drunk, but that doesn't make it right.

Black Eyes, Lost River, Ind.—Obey your parents. Martha Sweetheart, Winamac, Ind.—The man certainly could not be very much in love with you if he went away to the far West without so much as coming to say good by, when he could easily have done so. Our advice to you is to let him stay out West and forget him. He doesn't deserve the remembrance of a girl who has a heart.

Fairy, Forest, O.—Congratulate the graduating Medicos just as you would any other students, of course. Why not? Don't you think they should be congratulated? They won't kill as many as they cure. An invitation to attend the Commencement does not call for a present. Do as you please about that, and please don't do it, except in some special case.

Subscriber, Humboldt, Tenn.—It is quite proper for you to take your escort's arm, even if he neglects to ask you to. Still, unless you are pretty good friends you would hardly take it in walking from the front door to the gate unless the distance were half a mile or so. (2) The lady leads the way into and in her own house.

Anxious, Whitewright, Texas.—See answer above to "Blue Eyes."

Sweetest, Ripley, Oklahoma.—Don't ask him to take you to a party, but ask him to call. Tell him you heard he was a coward. He will vow he is not. Then tell him you heard he was afraid to ask a girl to marry him, and any man is a coward who is like that. He will ask you the girl is, and then you let him guess. Be careful and don't give yourself away.

Sunshine, Paris, Texas.—Blue eyes and black hair can wear any colors, if they are not too pronounced. (2) We have no idea why he wanted you to write in his notebook. Ask him. He knows.

Oklahoma Girl, Douglas, Okla.—You are all right, little girl, only you should take your parents into your confidence. Your mother, better than we, can answer all the simple questions you ask us. Don't be afraid to tell your mother. Your soldier lover comes back from the wars everything will be bright and gay, and you will hear the wedding bells.

Navajo, Tina City, Mo.—You have probably spoiled the silk by trying to remove the stains. Better send it to a professional cleaner. You'll only make it worse by working with it now. (2) June 13, 1888, Tuesday; June 23, 1888, Sunday.

Cure for Liquor and Tobacco.

The Kansas Anti-Liquor Society is mailing free a recipe for the cure of the liquor habit. It can be given secretly in food. Also one for the tobacco habit that can be given secretly. The only request they make is that you do not sell recipes, but give copies to friends. Add. with stamp, Kansas Anti-Liquor Soc'y, 78 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

A specialist in nervous diseases says that women should sleep nine hours at night and one hour in the day time.

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. L. D. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind.

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In order to more thoroughly introduce The Housewife we will send it all the rest of this year, including Six Splendid Roses as described below for only Thirty-Five Cents.

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Hundreds of New Ideas, Useful Hints and Helps in every number and Beautifully Illustrated. The Housewife aims constantly to be Timely and Practical. The Roses given are as follows: New Climbing Rose, Crimson Rambler.—One of the striking characteristics of this Rose is its remarkable color which is of the brightest crimson, which remains undimmed to the end. It is exceedingly hardy. The Coppery-Yellow Rose, Francisana Kruger.—In its shading of deep coppery-yellow it stands unique and distinct from all others. The Charming Rose, The Bride.—This is undoubtedly the finest white Rose ever offered to the public. The Famous Rose, Helen Gould.—The strongest growing, freest blooming and hardiest Hybrid Tea Rose now known. It is one of the largest and fullest of red Roses; long, plump buds, forming flowers of grand size and great beauty. The Profuse Rose, Star of Lyon.—This magnificent Tea Rose is a rich golden-yellow; a strong, healthy and vigorous grower; immense bloomer, bearing flowers and buds early and late. The Beautiful and Hardy Rose, Bridegroom.—Popular pink Rose. It is a delightful shade of bright pink, very fine flowering and early grown. These six varieties make a splendid and satisfactory collection. The Roses are carefully packed and sent by mail postpaid. They will grow and thrive anywhere. Full directions for care and culture sent with every collection.

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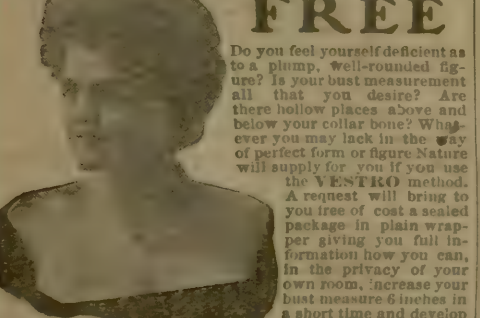
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TANGED FIRMER CHISEL

102

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35

RACKET

87

23 LEVEL

ST. ELMO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

The wind had veered since we came out.
There! did you notice what a savage snort
there was in that last gust?"

Felix pointed to the distant water line,
where now and then a bluish flash of light-
ning showed the teeth of the storm raging
far away.

"Yes, you must go in, Felix. I ought not
to have kept you out so long."

Reluctantly she turned from the beach, and
they had proceeded but a few yards in the
direction of the house when they met Mrs.
Andrews and her guest.

"Felix, my son! Too late, too late for you!
Come in with me. Miss Earl, as you are so
fond of the beach, I hope you will show Sir
Roger all its beauties. I commit him to
your care."

She went toward the house with her boy,
and as Sir Roger took Edna's hand and bent
forward, looking eagerly into her face, she
saw a pained and startled expression cross
his own.

"Miss Earl, did you receive a letter from
me written immediately after the perusal of
your book?"

"Yes, Sir Roger, and your cordial con-
gratulations and flattering opinion were, I assure
you, exceedingly gratifying, especially as
you were among the first who found any-
thing in it to praise."

"You have no idea with what intense in-
terest I have watched its reception at the
hands of the press, and I think the shallow,
flippant criticisms were almost as nauseous
to me as they must have been to you. Your
book has had a fierce struggle with these
self-consecrated, red-handed, high-priests of
the literary Yama; but its success is now
established, and I bring you news of its
advent in England, where it has been repub-
lished."

She had crossed her arms on the low stone
wall that enclosed the lawn, and bending
forward, the moon shone full on her face,
and her eyes and her thoughts went out to
sea. Her companion stood watching her
countenance, and some strange expression
there recalled to his mind that vivid descrip-
tion:

"And then she raised her head, and upward
cast
Wild looks from homeless eyes, whose liquid
light
Gleamed out between deep folds of blue-
black hair.

As gleam twin lakes between the purple
peaks
Of deep Parnassus, at the mournful moon."

After a short silence, Sir Roger said:
"Miss Earl, I can find no triumph written
on your features, and I doubt whether you
realize how very proud your friends are of
your success."

STUB ENDS

OF INFORMATION

In India cakes of tea pass as money.

There are 35,685 doctors of medicine in Japan.
A fly buzzes its wings at the rate of 352 times a
second.

The Chinese are just beginning to use wall paper
in their houses.
Before the days of coin, the Greeks used copper
nails as money.

Julius Caesar was the first man to engrave his own
picture on a coin.

The Manila street cars carried 20,000 children
free, on the Fourth of July.
It is estimated that Iowa will produce 400 million
bushels of corn this year.

The Lake Superior district turns out about 250,-
000,000 pounds of fine copper annually.
Italian emigrants in the United States send back
home eight million dollars a year.

The Transvaal (Africa), gold regions turned out
two million dollars a week during August.
Corn, beans, codfish and tobacco were legal tender
in our old Colonial days.

More than 600,000 children were enrolled in the
public schools of New York City in September.
In 1905, 10,285 vessels with a total tonnage of
14,343,362 tons sailed to and from Shanghai, China.

Of the 189 ocean steamers arriving at Hong Kong,
China, in June '06 the past year, only seven were
American.

Pike's Peak is 14,147 feet high, and the cog rail-
way to the top cost a million dollars for nine miles
of road.

A thousand inhabitants of Manila are having
telephones put into their houses. Filipino maidens
are the hello girls.

Almost every civilized nation in the world has
associations for teaching Esperanto, the language
for universal use.

An Ohio man has discovered that to let a dog
sleep on the part of the human body affected by
rheumatism will cure it.

In 1905 the potato crop in Maine averaged 175
bushels to the acre, as against an average all over
the country of 87 bushels.

There are 391 concerns in the United States manu-
facturing yearly \$12,693,225 worth of trunks for the
baggage smashers to destroy.

George Washington had 10,000 acres of land under
cultivation at Mt. Vernon. He employed 250 hands
and had 24 plows going all the year.

The first Pullman sleeper was called the Pioneer
and cost \$18,000. This was in 1863. The ordinary
sleeping car of that time cost about \$4,000.

At a recent test in Austria three trees were cut
down, made into pulp, then into paper, and were
part of a newspaper issue within 145 minutes.

The average acre value of the United States corn
crop for the past twenty-five years has been only
\$.32. It is not the land's fault, but the farmer's.

One Japan firm recently bought twelve million
dollars' worth of copper in the United States. It
will be sold to China to be used in her new coinage.

In July, 1905, we exported automobiles to the
value of \$225,532; in July, 1906, exports had in-
creased to \$485,672. The average value of a car was
\$1,082.

The first royalty to visit the United States was
William IV., son of George III., who came here in
1782 as a midshipman in a British line of battle-
ship.

Six thousand boiler explosions within the past
twenty-five years have killed 7,500 persons, injured
9,000, and destroyed a hundred million dollars' worth of property.

It is said that if the state of Missouri were walled
off from the world she has within her bounds all
the necessities of life, and many of its luxuries for
all her inhabitants.

For the past three years we have bought from
Cuba \$181,131,900 worth of sugar, about three
fourths of our total imports. During the same
period our imports of Cuba tobacco were \$34,129,-
000 out of a total import of \$57,434,900.

Hugh Holmes, the oldest resident of Belleville,
N. J., celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday by
singling his house, unassisted. Charles Taylor, of
Middlebury, Vt., aged one hundred, drove his pac-
ing horse an exhibition half mile at the county fair
in 1908.

"As yet, sir, it is not assured. My next
book will determine my status in literature;
and I have too much to accomplish—I have
achieved too little, to pause and look back.
I am not so indifferent as you seem to im-
agine. Praise gratifies, and censure pains
me; but I value both as mere gauges of my
work, indexing the amount of good I may or
may not hope to effect. I wish to be popu-
lar—that is natural, and, surely, pardonable;
but I desire it not as an end, but as a means
to an end—usefulness to my fellow-crea-
tures."

"And whether crowned or crownless, when I
fall,
It matters not, so as God's work is done."

I love my race, I honor my race; I believe
that human nature, sublimated by Christian-
ity, is capable of attaining nobler heights
than pagan philosophers and infidel seers
ever dreamed of. And because my heart
yearns toward my fellow-creatures, I want to
clasp one hand in the warm throbbing palm
of sinful humanity, and with the other hold
up the lamp that God gave me to carry
through this world, and so struggle onward,
heavenward, with this generation of men and
women.

She seemed talking rather to herself, or
to the surging sea where her eyes rested,
than to Sir Roger; and as he noticed the
passionless pallor of her face, he sighed, and
put his hands on hers.

"Come, walk with me on the beach, and let
me tell you why I came back to New York,
instead of sailing from Canada, as I once
intended."

A half hour elapsed, and Mrs. Andrews,
who was sitting alone on the piazza, saw the
governess coming slowly up the walk. As
she ascended the steps, the lady of the house
exclaimed:

"Where is Sir Roger?"
"He has gone."

"Well, my dear! Pardon me for anticipat-
ing you, but as I happen to know all about
the affair, accept my congratulations. You
are the luckiest woman in America."

Mrs. Andrews put her arm around Edna's
waist, but something in the countenance
astonished and disappointed her.

"Mrs. Andrews, Sir Roger sails tomorrow
for England. He desired me to beg that you
would excuse him for not coming in to bid
you good by."

"Sails tomorrow? When does he return to
America?"
"Probably never."

"Edna Earl, you are an idiot! You may
have any amount of genius, but certainly not
one grain of common sense! I have no
patience with you! I had set my heart on
seeing you his wife."

"But, unfortunately for me, I could not set
my heart on him. I am very sorry. I wish
we had never met, for indeed I like Sir
Roger. But it is useless to discuss what is
past and irremediable. Where are the chil-
dren?"

"Asleep, I suppose. After all, show me 'a
gifted woman, a genius,' and I will show you
a fool."

Mrs. Andrews bit her lip, and walked off;
and Edna went upstairs to Felix's room.
The boy was sitting by the open window,
watching gray clouds trailing across the
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

To Every Suffering Woman

Trial box by mail, Remedy for Leucorrhoea,
Ulcer, Inflammation, Laceration, Dropsy, Fall-
ing, Cancer Womb, Tumors, Painful, Profuse
menstruation. Mrs. Sarah J. Furman, Chicago, Ill.

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on the case; also a handsome chain and charm. If you
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and charm for doing a little work. This watch is the
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stem set, beveled edges, very thin. Two sizes: One
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cents each. The pictures are handsome productions and
are picked from a large assortment of beautiful subject-
and any lady will be glad to buy one at her door. You
may also share in the \$100.00 in Cash Prizes, which we are
going to give away. Wouldn't it make you happy to get a
large sum of money as an extra present? We will also send
our premium list showing how you can get, without cost,
Bells, Air Guns, Kites, Cameras, etc., premiums dear to the
heart of every Boy and Girl. Send us your name at once with
ten pictures, return the \$10.00 you have collected, and your
premium goes forward same day. If you want any of our
other premiums instead of the watch, you may have your
choice as per premium list.

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CHAPTER XXXI

WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO PRONOUNCE HIM UNWORTHY OF TRUST?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

moon, checking the face of the mighty deep, now with shadow, now with sheen. So absorbed was he in his communing with the mysterious spirit of the sea, that he did not notice the entrance of the governess until he felt her hand on his shoulder.

"Ah! have you come at last?" Edna, I was wishing for you a little while ago, for as I sat looking over the waves, a pretty thought came into my mind, and I want to tell you about it. Last week, if you remember, we were reading about Antony and Cleopatra; and just now, while I was watching a large star yonder making a shining track across the sea, a ragged, hungry-looking cloud crept up, and nibbled at the edge of the star, and swallowed it! And I called the cloud Cleopatra swallowing her pearl!"

Edna looked wonderingly into the boy's bright eyes, and drew his head to her shoulder.

"My dear Felix, are you sure you never heard that same thought read or quoted? It is beautiful, but this is not the first time I have heard it. Think, my dear little boy; try to remember where you saw it written."

"Indeed, Edna, I never saw it anywhere. I am sure I never heard it either; for it seemed quite new when it bounced into my mind just now. Who else ever thought of it?"

"Mr. Stanyan Biggs, an English poet, whose writings are comparatively unknown in this country. His works I have never seen, but I read a review of them in an English book, which contained many extracts; and that pretty metaphor which you used just now, was among them."

"Is that review in our library?"

"No, I am sure it is not; but you may have seen the lines quoted somewhere else."

"Edna, I am very certain I never heard it before. Do you recollect how it is written in the Englishman's poem? If you can repeat it, I shall know instantly, because my memory is very good."

"I think I can give you one stanza, for I read it when I was in great sorrow, and it made an impression upon me."

"The clouds, like grim black faces, come and go;

One tall tree stretches up against the sky; It lets the rain through, like a trembling hand Pressing thin fingers on a watery eye.

The moon came, but shrank back, like a young girl Who has burst in upon funeral sadness; One star came—Cleopatra-like, the Night Swallowed this one pearl in a fit of madness!"

"Well, Felix, you are a truthful boy, and I can trust you!"

"I never heard the poetry before, and I tell you, Edna, the idea is just as much mine as it is Mr. Biggs'!"

"I believe you. Such coincidences are rare, and people are very loath to admit the possibility; but that they do occasionally occur, I have no doubt. Perhaps some day when you write a noble poem, and become a shining light in literature, you may tell this circumstance to the world; and bid it beware how it idly throws the charge of plagiarism against the set teeth of earnest, honest workers."

"Edna, I look at my twisted feet sometimes, and I feel thankful that it is my body, not my mind, that is deformed. If I am ever able to tell the world anything, it will be how much I owe you; for I trace all holy thoughts and pretty ideas to you and your music and your writings."

They sat there awhile in silence, watching heavy masses of cloud darken sea and sky; and then Felix lifted his face from Edna's shoulder, and asked timidly:

"Did you send Sir Roger away?"

"He goes to Europe, I believe."

"Poor Sir Roger! I am sorry for him. I told mamma you never thought of him; that I loved nothing but books and flowers and music."

"How do you know that?"

"I have watched you, and when he was with you I never saw that great shining light in your eyes, or that strange moving of your lower lip, that always shows me when you are really glad; as you were that Sunday when the music was so grand; or that rainy morning when we saw the pictures of the 'Two Marys at the Sepulchre.' I almost hated poor Sir Roger, because I was afraid he might take you to England, and then, what would have become of me? Oh! the world seems so different, so beautiful, so peaceful, as long as I have you with me. Everybody praises you, and is proud of you, but nobody loves you, as I do!"

He took her hand, and kissed it tenderly, and forehead, and said at last sleepily:

"Felix, do you feel at all sleepy?"

"Not at all. Tell me something more about the animalcula that cause that phosphorescence yonder—making the top of each wave look like a fringe of fire."

"I do not feel well enough tonight to talk about animalcula. I am afraid I shall have one of those terrible attacks I had last winter. Felix, please don't go to bed for a while at least; and if you hear me call, come to me quickly; and must write a letter before I sleep. Sit here, will you, till I come back?"

For the first time in her life she shrank from the thought of suffering alone, and felt the need of a human presence.

"Edna, let me call mamma. I saw this afternoon that you were not well."

"No, it may pass off; and I want nobody about me."

Only a narrow passage divided her room from his; and leaving the door open, she sat down before her desk to answer Mr. Hammond's appeal.

Felix waited patiently for the voice of his governess. But no sound came from the opposite room; and at last, alarmed by the ominous silence, he took up his crutches and crossed the passage.

The muslin curtains, blown from their ribbon fastenings, streamed like signals of distress on the breath of the tempest, and the lamplight flickered and leaped to the top of its glass chimney.

On the desk lay two letters addressed respectively to Mr. Hammond and Mrs. Murray, and beside them were scattered half a dozen notes from unknown correspondents, asking for the autograph and photograph of the young author.

Edna knelt on the floor, hiding her face in the arms which were crossed on the lid of the desk.

The cripple came close to her and hesitated a moment, then touched her lightly:

"Edna, are you ill, or are you only praying?"

She lifted her head instantly, and the blanched, weary face reminded the boy of a picture of Gethsemane, which, having once seen, he could never recall without a shudder.

"Forgive me, Felix! I forgot that you were waiting—forgot that I asked you to sit up."

She rose, took the thin little form in her arms, and whispered:

"I am sorry I kept you up so long. The pain has passed away. I think the danger is over now. Go back to your room, and go to sleep as soon as possible. Good night, my darling."

They kissed each other and separated; but the fury of the tempest forbade all idea of sleep, and thinking of the "Fisher Folk" exposed to its wrath, governess and pupil committed them to Him who calmed the Galilean gale.

Profoundly impressed by the conviction that she held her talent in trust, Edna worked steadily, looking neither to the right nor left, but keeping her eyes fixed upon that day when she should be called to render an account to Him who would demand his own with interest. Instead of becoming flushed with success, she grew daily more cautious, more timid, lest inadvertence or haste should betray her into errors. Consequently as the months rolled away, each magazine article seemed an improvement on the last, and lifted her higher in public favor. The blacksmith's grandchild had become a power in society.

Feeling that a reclusal life would give her only partial glimpses of that humanity which she wished to study, she moved in the circle of cultivated friends who now eagerly stretched out their arms to receive her; and "keeping herself unspotted from the world," she earnestly scrutinized social life, and calmly watched the tendency of American thought and feeling.

A casual glance at the surface of society seemed to justify Burke's conclusion, that "this earth is the bedlam of our system;" but Edna looked deeper, and found much that encouraged her, much that warmed and bound her sympathies to her fellow-creatures. Instead of following the beaten track she struck out a new path, and tried the plan of denouncing the offence, not the offender; of attacking the sin while she pitied the sinner. Ruthlessly she assailed the darling follies, the pet, velvet-masked vices that society had adopted, and called the reading world to a friendly parley; demanding that men and women should pause and reflect in their mad career. Because she was earnest and not bitter, because the white banner of Christian charity floated over the conference ground, because she showed so clearly that she loved the race whose recklessness grieved her, because her rebukes were free from scorn, and written rather in tears than gall, people turned their heads and stopped to listen.

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In a few months we have distributed thousands of these books among our valued customers and have had the pleasure of receiving second orders for large selections, from those fond of good reading and who wish to start a home library.

As one of our valued readers, you are naturally interested in the success of the paper, and you are in a position to tell your friends what a good paper this is. What we should like you to do would be to get us at least one new subscriber. We don't ask you to do this little thing for nothing. It will not take much effort on your part, but we will reward you for your work, as you will see by reading the remarkable offer on this page. Remember that by getting us a new subscriber you are not only aiding us to improve our paper—which is to your benefit—but you receive a substantial reward for a minimum of effort.

To introduce the books into your home and to secure your good will and further services, we will present you with one book of your own selection for a club of but two subscribers to COMFORT at 15c. each, then a club of five yearly subscriptions secures three books and a club of six gets four books, and eight books for a club of ten. Send your clubs early and select a good supply of books for your library.

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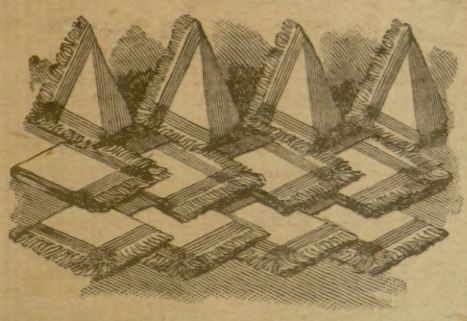
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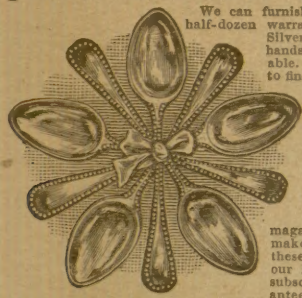
TABLE NAPKINS.



What an acceptable gift is a dozen white napkins for the dining table. A clean, fresh napkin gives a relish and delight to the table that nothing else will. There is nothing more appealing to the husband than the wife's effort to have his meals tempting. Table linen goes far to meet this effect and it will be a great pleasure for you to possess a set of one dozen of these domestic linen napkins. It matters not how many you may have in use, a few more will be acceptable and can be saved for "best" or when you have visitors. Rich is the housewife who has a large quantity of fine table linen, and the privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cost must appeal to our lady readers.

We will send you postpaid a set of 12 Club Offer. napkins for a club of 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE SILVER SPOONS.



We can furnish our customers with a half-dozen warranted quadruple plated Silver Spoons in one of the handsomest patterns imaginable. It was our good fortune to find a large line of silverware that could be bought cheap and our customers are getting the benefit. The pattern of these Spoons is now and very attractive and complete. We have Forks of same design to match, also Knives. We are anxious to increase the circulation of our big monthly magazine right away and are to make a liberal gift offer on these Spoons. To introduce our Magazine and obtain the subscriptions. As we guarantee these Spoons you should have no hesitancy about ordering at once.

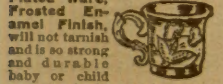
SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us 3 trial subscribers for our monthly for one year at 15 cents each, we will send the whole year to the addresses and to you we will send a free gift a Set of Six Spoons. For a club of 5 you can earn a dozen Spoons. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

CHASED AND PLAIN BAND RINGS.



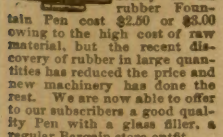
are 14K gold plate and they wear a long time.

A CHILD'S GOLD-LINED SILVER MUG.



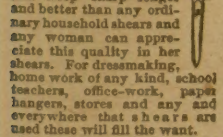
Plated Ware, Frosted Enamel Finish, will not tarnish and is so strong and durable that a baby or child cannot ruin it while playing with it. Handsome embossed decoration, leaves, birds, flowers, etc., hand cut and very attractive. Fancy handle just large enough for a baby's hands.

FOUNTAIN PEN.



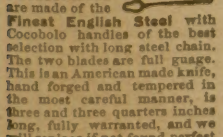
Until recently an all rubber fountain pen cost \$2.50 or \$3.00 owing to the high cost of raw material, but the recent discovery of rubber in large quantities has reduced the price and now machinery has done the rest. We are now able to offer to our subscribers a good quality Pen with a glass filler, a regular bargain store outfit.

A PAIR OF SHEARS.



Made of steel, eight inches in length, will hold the edge and keep sharp longer and better than any ordinary household shears and any woman can appreciate this quality in her shears. For dressing, home work of any kind, school teachers, office-work, paper hangers, stores and any and everywhere that shears are used these will fill the want.

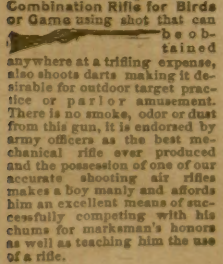
YOU CAN'T LOSE THIS POCKET KNIFE.



The two-bladed Chain Pocket Knife is made of the finest English Steel with Cocomo handles of the best selection with long steel chain. The two blades are full gauge. This is an American made knife, hand forged and tempered in the most careful manner, is three and three quarters inches long, fully warranted, and we will replace if not found perfect in every way. We make this offer because we know the knives are free from flaws and will last a lifetime.

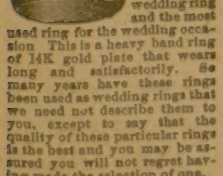
The above few articles are selected as representing our most popular premiums, also a club of five is a very popular quantity. Many send five subscriptions rather than work up larger clubs. For a club of only 5 yearly 15-cent subscribers to this monthly, we will send your choice of any one of these nine articles. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

AIR RIFLE.



A New King Air Steel Combination Rifle for Birds or Game using shot that can be obtained anywhere at a trifling expense, also shoots darts making it desirable for outdoor target practice or parlor amusement. There is no smoke, odor or dust from this gun, it is endorsed by army officers as the best mechanical rifle ever produced and the possession of one of our accurate shooting air rifles makes a boy manly and affords him an excellent means of successfully competing with his chums for marksmen's honors as well as teaching him the use of a rifle.

WEDDING RING.



A suitable wedding ring for the bride and the groom. This is a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate in the most long and satisfactory. So many years have these rings been used as wedding rings that you, except to say that the quality of these particular rings is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having made the selection of one.

You may have your choice of any one of the above excellent premium articles for a club of only ten yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BELLS BELLS BELLS
BELLS BELLS BELLS

Bells of Every Color. Bells in Profusion.

The noblest and daintiest decoration is the new Papered Bell, made of yards of pretty and soft paper folded ingeniously into a pretty paper Bell, and we have them in plain Red, Red, White and Blue, and Violet. The Red Bell is good at all times, the Red, White and Blue for Patriotic Holidays, and the Violet for Easter is especially attractive. We have but suggested the above, although one will think out and make use of these Bells in hundreds of pretty ways. For decorations there is nothing superior, as they are very graceful and extremely pretty suspended about a schoolroom, a church parlor, or vestry, in the home and especially pretty during the summer for outdoor trimming. It is a clever idea to have an assorted dozen in the house, then at any time you have something attractive with which to decorate a room, or rooms, upon short notice. Children derive much pleasure from these Bells and should have them for their amusement.

By importing these Bells in quantities direct we, of course, obtain them at very advantageous prices and are thus enabled to offer larger and better Bells than others who must rely on the home market, which is always sold out and no desirable goods on hand for immediate delivery. Do not make any mistake about the real beauty and decorative value of these Bells; they are extremely attractive, give every one splendid satisfaction, and are always admired wherever seen. Each Bell is eighteen inches in circumference and six inches high, as shown in our illustrations, and being nearly sun-proof, may be kept hanging for months.

Our magazines are now widely read, but we wish to secure more new subscribers in your vicinity, and are making our agents the most gratifying club offer just at this season. Read about our plan to distribute these Bells free and let us have your first order at once, we know you will require more just as soon as you see the first lot we send you.

Subscription Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each, we will send you four Bells as a premium, and you may have your choice of Red, Violet, or Red, White and Blue. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A POLAR TEDDY BEAR
THAT DANCES IN THE AIR.

THE regular Teddy Bear is an expensive luxury to be had by favored children of wealthy parents only, not to be bought in every store, and very high priced. This toy bear we offer is an improvement and very acceptable substitute, just as durable and just as pleasing to the little ones. Our illustration shows JUST HOW LIVELY the little JUMPING BEAR is, suspended on an elastic cord, with Jangling Bells, and he is so very good-natured that he can be played with in all sorts of different ways, that will be discovered by any youthful owner. GENUINE TEDDY BEARS are now so conspicuously famous that during the last Christmas season it was impossible to meet the demand for them even at such prices as \$3.00 and \$5.00 each for the larger ones. We know you will appreciate fully this unequalled opportunity to procure one or more of a smaller size, free. This Bear is eight inches high, has Jointed Arms, Legs, and Head, connected with Strong Wire and Nickel Rivet Heads, embroidered Claws, Mouth and Nose, a very shapely body and two Coal Black Eyes with a clean Polar White Body stuffed into proper shape and to give the greatest amount of wear for the longest time, so he is practically indestructible. There is no toy or other device so popular or pleasing, grown persons enjoy them equally as much as a juvenile, and the popular fad is widespread; they are being sold ahead for Christmas, 1907, for fear of another scarcity at that time. The funny ups and downs of this Little Bear are very amusing at any time of day, or any day in the week, month or year. We urgently recommend an early order so as to secure one or more before the market is again sold out. When the child gets tired of using "Teddy" as a jumping bear, it can be set up, or played with as a doll, or any ordinary toy. Children delight in taking these Bears to bed with them and use them in many happy ways.

Club Offer. For a club of only 3 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c each we will send you a Dancing Polar Bear free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Getting COMFORT Subscriptions
March the Month for Club Working

AGENTS REAP THEIR GREATEST RESULTS THIS MONTH

March, with its winds and fury, create business and activity all about, and our best agents always report the largest business of the year at this period. COMFORT'S Club Premium Offers this month are brightened up and polished off with many new plans and presents of new selection, making the work more attractive than ever.

COMFORT retains its place as the pre-eminent popular-priced periodical, and hundreds of new agents have this season been enrolled as active workers. Many new subscribers have come into the fold, but it is in your vicinity and to you that we now address ourselves, and urgently plead that you make the small effort required to secure but one small club of yearly subscribers at the 15-cent rate, while the opportunity is yours, and the season and the club premiums offered are all so propitious.

It is a proven fact, that a person will readily subscribe to COMFORT in preference to hundreds of other similar periodicals, which are no more like COMFORT within their covers than black is like white. COMFORT is larger and has more and better contents than its followers, the reading matter is interesting and entertaining, and there is so much of it that one has but to examine a copy to appreciate its value, and then the subscription price of FIFTEEN CENTS A YEAR is what clinches the bargain.

Twelve regular issues of this big and bright magazine sent to any address for but 15 cents, and to repay you for whatever time or interest you will give to showing it up, we reward you liberally.

There are many people who have already been subscribers to COMFORT for the past year, but they forgot, however, to sit down and write us a letter and inclose the money to renew their subscription for another year, and while they really want the paper they do not have the opportunity to re-subscribe direct. This is where your opportunity comes in. They will all thank you to act as their agent, as well as ours, and send in their subscription along with others. You will get well paid for your trouble in the premium you earn, and they won't have any more trouble in the matter at all and will also bless you for helping them out in having COMFORT for another year at the low price of 15 cents.

In this issue of COMFORT we have taken space to print a few new and some old reliable Club Offers. These articles we illustrate and describe, so that you may get a better idea of the goods and a description of their quality or attractiveness.

Each and every premium article we advertise is of extra good quality, and to every agent who works for COMFORT we promise a "SQUARE DEAL."

Although we now have a large subscription list we want you to derive some return for your spare moments now wasted. Instead of whiling away many precious moments, devote them to a little subscription work right around your own home and among those you are acquainted with. Results will surprise you, and the many pretty attractive and useful articles so easily procured for the new subscribers you can secure, will be a source of gratification to you, and in order that you may know of the complete variety of premium articles we give away, we ask the privilege of mailing to you a free copy of our catalogue, a copy of which will be sent upon receipt of a postal request.

Do not take our word for the whole matter, try the work just once, for a few moments each day for a week and learn for yourself the pleasure of self help and personal endeavor, which we will crown with the present you select, and you will not fail to find in our catalogue more than one article that you have often wanted, and never possessed.

Let nothing prevent you from giving this a trial. If you secure but three or even five subscribers we have a present for you just the same, and the effort will be appreciated by us just as much as if you sent a club of one or two hundred. "It's the few that make the many." Give us a lift, and we will give you a boost in return.

Below we print a convenient subscription blank coupon, for those who desire to now subscribe, and particularly those who last month did not have time to send us their renewal order with 15 cents.

Should you use this coupon for a renewal kindly indicate it by writing Ren. on the same. It will assist us.

You may copy this if you prefer not to cut the paper.

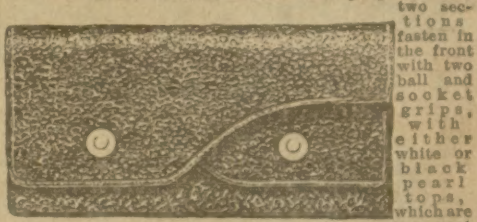
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For inclosed 15 cents please enter this subscription to COMFORT for one full year.

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Mar. '07.

THE HANDY POCKETBOOK

WE offer our lady readers a pocketbook of the most approved style and pattern, made of high-grade seal, in a pattern that is novel because it has four compartments, one of which may be always closed for the safe carrying of paper money or valuables, while the change section may be opened separately and handily for shopping. As shown in our illustration this pocketbook may be carried with one or more fingers inserted in the strap, which really makes it like a Handy Hand Bag, at once appreciated as an immense convenience, giving one a free hand for other purposes. The two sections are fastened in the front with two ball and socket grips, with either white or black pearl tops, which are very neat and effective, and more practical than a metal clasp. In the center of this book there is a nickle-plated frame with spring clasp fastening for small odds and ends that are carried about, the lining is soft and silky satin with watered effect and is generally accepted as the proper lining for a pocketbook. We are offering this handy pocketbook, we think the selection which we made will have your approval and the Pocketbook give you most complete satisfaction and service. Having every up-to-date feature, it is sure to please you from the standpoint of style. CLUB OFFER. For a club of only 7 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c each we will send you one free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



A GENUINE RICHTER HARMONICA. Every person knows that the "Richter" is the popular standard of harmonica. Ten keys, handsome nickel mounts and each in a case. Here you have the opportunity of buying a genuine "Richter." All persons with an ear for music will appreciate this instrument.

MUSIC MONEY. A PUZZLE. A four-inch cylinder Harmonica, a Coin Holder, and a Puzzle all in one. The soft, sweet tones of this round harmonica are superior in many ways to an ordinary harmonica, owing to the reinforcement of the instrument by being wholly encased in the metal cylinder. In addition to being a first-class Mouth Organ, it has combined with it a puzzle for the eye, nerves and mind.

SIX-SPOT PUZZLE. A Coin Holder for nickels, five cent pieces, for car fare and small change. Five pieces of money can be carried in this end of the instrument. The puzzle is fascinating and good practice for the eye, nerves and mind.

POCKET TALKING MACHINE. Here is a fun maker that beats all. Carry one of these Merry-phone talkers around in your pocket and you will have fun and laughter by the barrel. When you meet a friend stretching his neck to break the eleventh commandment you begin to operate your talking machine, and after you announce "Rubber" a few times, the laugh is contagious and the fun begins. This convenient portable talking machine is a new and clever device for reproducing the sound made by human voices and is a wonderfully correct imitation sufficient to amuse people who are the least bit nervous, or have a desire like the uncanny noises you can make in the dark. A durable and well-made instrument can be carried in the pocket and operated there or anywhere.

THE MAGIC FORTUNE TELLER. A Marvellous Invention. Answers to your questions and gives a look into your future and tell you what you want to know if you ask it. Being constructed on strictly scientific principles the adjustable horn acts as a medium of speech. You talk to it as though it were alive and its answers are revealed to you as though of the same breath. It is a money maker. You can now tell fortunes for money or you can act as our agent and Magic Fortune Teller to others.

CORAL NECKLACE. Every Girl or Woman delights in a coral necklace. The genuine Neapolitan article is so very expensive that few can afford one. This necklace looks so much like the real thing that many think they are so perfect in the coloring of this Italian Wonder. It is a triple strand, beautifully polished delicate coral pink necklace of the best proper shade to give it the most expensive appearance.

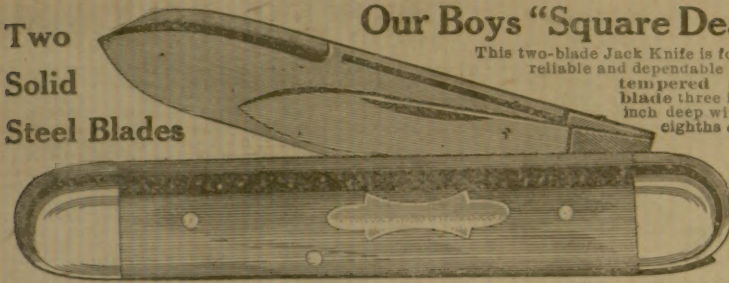
A GREAT BIG BOX FULL OF Pretty Venetian Beads in a Great Many Sizes and Shapes. In this assortment you will find sufficient quantity of like beads to make several useful and stylish articles for personal use. Many persons have developed such skill and taste with beads that they can now make beautiful imitation Indian relics, such as a child's dress or chemise skin with ornaments of beads of varied color, or a vanguard necklace of large sized beads. The outfit to make these various articles is chiefly a box of our beads, some strong linen thread and a needle, and they will amuse children for months. This great variety of beads, nearly seven hundred, is packed in a neat, round, wood-turned box with cover that its security so the beads are not likely to ever be spilled.



DOLLS AS BIG AS A BABY. These unbreakable dolls are nearly two feet high and so arranged they can either sit or stand. Their Beautiful Golden Hair is bright red stockings and black shoes make them very attractive for either very young or older children. You get out of these dolls and you are sure that the nose can't be broken off nor can baby punch in the eyes; the bright colored cheeks and ruby lips retain their color and shape for all time. Every child delights to have from one to three different dolls in their family. Bright inventors, artists, and mechanics have been at work for years trying to perfect low-price, jointed, indestructible dolls that can be made to sit, down, bend, stand on their hands, move arms and legs, and be placed in all sorts of cute positions. With their bright eyes, when dressed or undressed. The doll shown in cuts just patented, is a most wonderful and successful result of long and weary trials. They are beautifully finished, and can be placed in any natural position. Will last for years. Are more lifelike than anything ever gotten out before.

Please read carefully our descriptive matter above, also note our illustrations. In all cases we will premiums be found as represented; a large assortment, newest goods and liberal offers. Send us only two yearly subscribers to our peerless monthly, COMFORT, at 15 cents each, for any one of the above articles. State choice clearly and article will be forwarded same day at our expense. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two
Solid
Steel Blades



Our Boys "Square Deal" Jack Knife

This two-bladed Jack Knife is for good sturdy work, where a reliable and dependable knife is wanted. Has two tempered steel blades, one large blade three inches long and one half an inch deep with a two-inch blade three eighths of an inch deep. The handle is cocobola wood set between polished steel bolsters. Brass lined, brass riveted. Has nickel plated inset for initials to be engraved. The illustration is the exact size of the knife, it is a large and handsome knife that will give excellent service and prove good every time. This knife is American make and one of the best, and we selected it because it has quality and quantity to satisfy man or boy.

Club Offer. For a club of only 7 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each, we will send you one of these Knives postpaid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FOR A CLUB OF SEVEN. LADIES' GOLD FINGER RINGS.

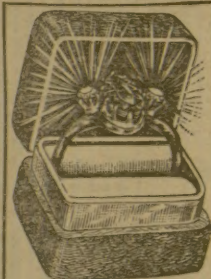


Opal.

The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold Rings you may be proud of and they will wear forever and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look refined and just as attractive as rings costing \$25.00 or more. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections, Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation chip diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind this guarantee. Each stone is set separately in Tiffany style and are sent in a Bronze Ring Box, plush lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use.

These Rings are Free. We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one.

The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell present. We will give one ring Free for a club for only 7 subscribers at 15 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Emerald.

24-INCH CENTERPIECES.

Beautiful hand-embroidered table covers can now be had by every reader without cost and little labor is required. Ladies familiar with fancy work find our patterns always new and original, those anxious to do hand embroidery readily understand our simple needlework instructions furnished free! We furnish the stamped patterns here illustrated, and can supply materials, thus making it convenient and within the reach of every woman, young or old, to make with her own needle one or more for her home, also they are the most useful and delightful wedding or Christmas gifts. These centerpieces are each twenty-four inches in diameter, are therefore unusually large and suitable for any table. The designs are CLEARLY AND DISTINCTLY STAMPED on a high grade of semi-linen material that washes and wears well, and absolute satisfaction is guaranteed.

Bunch of Grapes Pattern.

We predict great popularity for this grape pattern. It is to be the rage for embroidery shirt

Carnation Pink Pattern.

The famous Lawson thirty thousand dollar carnation, the largest, most fragrant and beautiful pink ever produced can be copied with this pattern



BUNCH OF GRAPES PATTERN.

waists, therefore popular for centerpiece design. We recommend this one to your consideration.

Wild Rose Pattern.

This very handsome centerpiece pattern will be one of the most popular in the whole collection. Can be worked out in soft, delicate colors and per-



CARNATION PINK PATTERN.

to aid you. To be done in soft pink shades with green and a border to suit. This design will make one of the swellest and most stylish table centerpieces ever conceived.

Wheat Pattern.

This centerpiece has perhaps the least amount of detail work of any kind, yet the effect when done



WILD ROSE PATTERN.

mits one to display their judgment in copying from nature. This pattern has a very deep border that may be easily worked with some simple stitch.

CLUB OFFER. For only 2 yearly subscriptions to this paper, at 15 cents each, we will send either one of the above 24-inch Centerpieces. For 3 yearly subscriptions at 15 cents each, we will send any 3 of above Centerpieces FREE, and the set of 4 for only 5 yearly subscribers. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.



WHEAT PATTERN.

in soft tan shades, with green for a border, is very pleasing. Observe the odd border on this design. It can be worked solid or outlined with excellent results.

DINING ROOM TABLE SET.



This set, consisting of Table Cloth, one Oval Dolly and four Round Dollies, is the most practical outfit we have gotten out. The six designs are stamped on one large piece, containing 900 square inches of American Linen, of extra heavy grade, full of wear and durability. The oblong tray cloth is 17 1/2 inches by 25 inches, the oval traycloth is 8 1/2 inches by 17 inches, and the dollies are each 8 x 8 inches. Good, generous sizes, each stamped with a violet design and fancy border for needlework. This set of six pieces properly finished will be a pride and pleasure to any woman, they are so useful and stylish.

Club Offer. We will send you one of these complete stamped linen sets as a free premium for a club of only 5 yearly 15-cent subscribers to this paper.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

HOUSEHOLD HANDY TOOL OUTFIT.

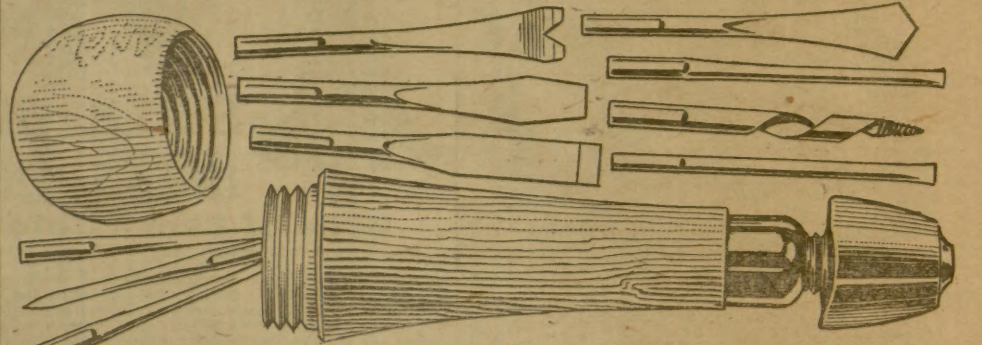


Illustration is but 3-4 Actual Size.

This handy Tool Set consists of ten useful handy tools for a hundred and one purposes. As illustrated the outfit consists of a Chisel, Screw Driver, Tack Puller, Reamer, Punch, Gimlet, Awls in several sizes, making a complete outfit for the Carpenter, Housewife, or the Office and Shop where smaller tools are frequently required for odd jobs. This is a most substantial article, the Maple handle is strong, fully finished and polished, with hollow center for the various hand-made steel tools, has a solid steel screw clamp with two steel jaws working on threads cut deep and strong. With this tool any sort of repair work can be done with best results as the tools are strong and serviceable, furnishing you with just the proper article to do each sort of work and do it neatly and with dispatch. Just examine our illustration carefully and note how well made is the whole outfit, the wide variety of the assortment, and this illustration is but 3/4 actual size of the Set.

Club Offer. For a club of 5 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each per year, we will send this Complete Set to you, postpaid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Handsome Cloth Bound Books

New Premium Series.

From the Season's best sellers, the list of books below has been selected, and we have been very careful to choose only those which are everywhere popular and by their popularity have become so well or favorably known, everyone is now reading this list of titles with an interest that comes from a desire to possess, and we have conveniently placed these various books in your way so that every one may order one or more at once from the following list:

Charlotte M. Braeme	Mary J. Holmes
Between Two Loves	Darkness and Daylight
Broken Wedding Ring	Dora Deane
Duke's Secret	English Orphans
Her Mother's Sin	Edith Lyle's Secret
Illida, or the False Vow	Ethelyn's Mistake
Mad Love, A	Red Hugh
Struggle for a Ring, A	Lena Rivers
Wedded and Parted	Millbank
Hall Caine	Mildred
Bondman, The	Maggie Miller
Deemster	Marie Corelli
Son of Hagar	Thelma
J. K. Jerome	Romance of Two Worlds
Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow	Carroll
Three Men in a Boat	Alice in Wonderland
Halvey	Anna Sewall
Abbe Constantin	Black Beauty
Bulwer	Carey
Lucetia	Esther
Verne	Fothergill
Michael Strogoff	First Violin
Lubbock	Hope
Pleasures of Life	Frivolous Cupid
Sienkiewicz	Swift
Quo Vadis	Gulliver's Travels
Doyle	Wetherell
Sign of the Four	Aesop's Fables
Queechy	Anderson's Fairy Tales
	Arabian Nights
	Grimm's Fairy Tales
	Handy Andy

Henry W. Longfellow

Courtship of Miles Stadiush

Evangelina

Edna Lyall

Donovan

Won by Waiting

Roche

Children of the Abbey

Dumas

Count of Monte Cristo

Eliot

Daniel Deronda

Cooper

Deerslayer

Cervantes

Don Quixote

Wood

East Lynne

Warren

Economical Cook Book

Haggard

King Solomon's Mines

Barrie

Little Minister

Garvie

Lorrie

Meredith

Lucile

Bulwer

Michael Strogoff

Lubbock

Pleasures of Life

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Pleasures of Life

HOW CAN WE HUMBUG YOU?

You Don't Pay A Cent

Until you know, until you see, until you feel, until you are sure. We cannot get a penny from you until you know that we have done the work, until you are willing to send it to us, until we have earned it of you as pay for what Vita-Ore has done for you. We take all the risk—we stand to lose all. You take no risk—you cannot lose anything. We match our remedy against your ailment. You must experience actual, positive, visible good before you pay for it. You must know it has helped you; you must feel better, stronger, healthier, from using it.

You Are To Be the Judge

You don't pay for promises, you pay for only what has been done. You pay for the work, not words, and if the work has not been done to your satisfaction, you don't pay for it—No, not a penny! You are to be the judge, and you can easily judge. You know if you feel better, if you sleep better, if you are stronger, more active, if your limbs do not pain you, if your stomach does not trouble you, if your heart does not bother you. You know whether or not your organs are acting better, whether or not health is returning to your body.

If You Cannot See It

If you cannot feel it, if you cannot be sure of it—that ends the matter and you pay nothing. How can we humbug you when you alone have the entire "say-so"? How can you hesitate to accept our offer immediately if you are ailing and need help? What excuse have you? Read the offer and do not delay another day before writing for a package on trial. Start your cure immediately.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE

and curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of any part, Nervous Prostration, Anaemia, Sores and Ulcers, and worn out, debilitated conditions.

FATHER, MOTHER AND SON

All Permanently Cured of Serious Ailments

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Vita-Ore has done so much for myself and family.
My husband has been afflicted with Catarrh for years and in 1900 it settled in his Stomach and nothing would help him. His Stomach would hardly stand anything. Whenever he tried to eat it caused coughing spells, at which times he vomited blood, and his death was expected at almost any hour. It was then my sister visited me. She had used Vita-Ore with good results and had some with her, which she gave him to try. My husband got better almost from the first dose, and was out of danger in a short time. We sent for more Vita-Ore and he kept on taking it until he got completely well, and he has remained so ever since, although now sixty-seven years of age.
About that time my son took very sick and the doctors pronounced it Quick Consumption and said he could not get well. We gave him Vita-Ore and he grew well and hearty. He was then twenty-six years of age and is now past thirty-two, is married and has two beautiful and healthy children.
I personally suffered for many years with Female Trouble until doctors told me that I had to have an operation as the only thing that could give me relief, and I consented. This was over ten years ago and it left me very weak and but very little benefited. It was the Vita-Ore which has given me strength and new blood so that I have since been able to attend to my household work. I will be sixty-six years old in May, but don't feel that old; I go about my work and duties now much better than I did twenty years ago. All of this we owe to Vita-Ore.
MRS. EMMA SACHS, 922 So. Illinois St.



Our 30-Day Trial Offer

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full sized \$1.00 package of Vita-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all the chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use Vita-Ore for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you. If you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not Vita-Ore has benefited you. Read what Vita-Ore is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

WHAT VITAE-ORE IS.

Vita-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vita-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

In all parts of the United States and Canada have testified to the efficacy of Vita-Ore in relieving

Comfort Readers!

Get out your pen and ink and write us:

"I am sick. I need Vita-Ore or something that will cure me. I have seen your trial offer. Send me a dollar package. I will use it and pay the dollar if I find it has helped me. I will not pay one penny if it does not help me."

That is all it takes. Just a letter asking for it. We and Vita-Ore do the rest. Don't delay! Do it now!

Help Nature with the Right Remedy

An aid to nature (and at all times, no matter what means are used, we are only assisting nature), Vita-Ore is indeed an ideal creation. It contains elements which, when the body is in ill health, are needed by nature for her work of recuperation, and in supplying such materials, it supplies health to the body, health in blood, brain and nerve tissue; health in those organs upon which health in the entire body is dependent. When there is an abnormal symptom, no matter in what organ, Vita-Ore assists nature to remove the abnormality and thus establish the cure. It is not a cure-all, though its efficacy covers a wide range of ailments and disorders, but is a vitalizing, tonic, healing, corrective and strengthening force that arouses nature to correct action in vital functions. It cures many disorders and has the same beneficial action in diseases which seem diametrically opposite, all in the same natural way, all by assisting nature to properly perform the functions which always are properly performed in good health, and thus establishes good health.
None deny that many ill and diseases, classified by physicians under various names, may be traced to one disturbing influence, one underlying lesion, and it is by the removal of these controlling causes that Vita-Ore cures so many seemingly diversified conditions. It cures the cause more than the disease, the origin more than the symptom, a manner of cure that needs no comment. It assists in re-establishing order, the lack of which is responsible for ill health in any portion of the body, and when this is encompassed, disease vanishes. It is a rational method, the getting down to the very root of the trouble, which should and does appeal to all rational people.

If You Don't Feel Right

If there is something wrong in the workings of your system, something wrong with your sleep, your digestion, your blood, your nerves and your vitality, you cannot afford to suffer another day when the thing that has set thousands right is offered you without a penny's risk, when it takes but a letter to start you on the treatment which has won international reputation by the work it has done for thousands. You cannot lose a penny—you win back health or pay nothing. Then send today for that which thousands have used and are using with the success denied them in other treatments.

A TRIAL OF VITAE-ORE

Will tell you its own plain story, a story that has meant comfort, peace, and happiness to thousands of men and women.

AS A BEACON LIGHT

Vita-Ore points the way for storm-tossed sufferers to a Haven of Health and Comfort. If you have been drifting in a sea of sickness and disease, towards the rocks and shoals of Chronic Invalidism, Port your helm before it is too late; take heed to the message of Hope and Safety it flashes to you, stop drifting about in a helpless, undecided manner, first on one course and then another, but begin this valuable treatment immediately to reach the goal you are seeking by the route so many have traveled with success. Every person who has let it guide them home to health is willing to act as a pilot for you; each knows the way from having followed it; attend their advice and follow the light. Thousands have followed it to guide them in the past, thousands are depending upon it today. Send for a trial package without delay.

Address, Theo. Noel Company, COMFORT DEPT., VITAE-ORE BLDG. Chicago, Ill.

A MEXICAN WAR HERO TESTIFIES TO ITS POWERS

Read this Affidavit from One of the Few Survivors of this Conflict. Vita-Ore Prolonged His Life.



W. F. Clendening

MIMS, TENN.
I, W. F. Clendening, of the County of Sumner, and State of Tennessee, do hereby testify under oath that I have been suffering from Kidney Trouble for more than three years. I had to get up eight and nine times a night to urinate. I also had a ringing in my ears and that has left me. I could not sleep and now I sleep like a babe. I am 81 years old and the Vita-Ore has done me more good than any other medicine and I owe all my present health to it. I went through the Mexican war in 1847 and 1848. I think Vita-Ore will prolong any man's life.

STATE OF TENNESSEE | ss.
COUNTY OF SUMNER | ss.
I, John M. Guthrie, acting Justice of the Peace for Sumner County, State of Tennessee, do hereby certify that W. F. Clendening appeared before me in person and made oath as to the truth and correctness of the above statement and signed and sealed same in my presence. Given under my hand and seal this 6th day of November, 1906.

J. M. Guthrie, J. P.

Feels Like a New Being

Rev. J. H. Maice, the Blind Evangelist, Tells of His Complete Cure from Complication of Troubles.

Rev. J. H. Maice, Author and Preacher, familiarly known all over central Pennsylvania as "The Blind Evangelist," a term by which he is held in sweet reverence by the thousands who have come under the magic of his eloquent voice and the charm of his gentle personality, knows the powers of Vita-Ore, having been restored by it to health and a life of usefulness and activity.
On the 4th of July, America's natal day, in the year 1889, he saw his wife and children, the fields and the sky, for the last time in the clear shapes in which God had made them, and gradually the light was blotted out until a total darkness hung over his life. That was not all, as a Rheumatic sickness came to add to his trial, and for many days he suffered all the tortures which the human frame is capable of enduring. At last Vita-Ore came to his aid, and drove out the humors which had so long distressed him. Read what he says:
CARLISLE, PENN.—For many long years I had been suffering from Sciatica and Muscular Rheumatism; at times I thought that it must kill me. No one can imagine what I endured from this dread disease. I had spent a great deal of money for doctors and all sorts of remedies, but found nothing to cure me. I was also troubled with Piles, a palpitating and weak Heart, my Kidneys were disordered, my Liver in bad shape, and altogether I had a goodly share of the trials which fall to the lot of man.
On the 24th day of November, 1905, I began to use Vita-Ore. The results were astonishing. I had not finished the third package before my Piles had entirely disappeared and my Rheumatism, which had so long remained unvanquished, was much improved. I continued using it until I had taken in all eight packages. I can safely say that I am entirely cured of all my diseases, aches and pains, and feel like a new being.
I also know many others who have been cured of many different diseases through the use of Vita-Ore. A prominent minister at this place was suffering from Vertigo and Stomach Trouble and began using it upon my recommendation. One package cured him, soundly and perfectly. I can only say to all, try it and see for yourself that its merit has not been exaggerated. I believe in it, because I know.
(REV.) J. H. MAICE.

All Pronounced Her Incurable.
THOMPSONVILLE, MICH.—I have spent hundreds of dollars, employing the best physicians in the State and some from Chicago. I have been examined with the X-Ray and all pronounced my case INCURABLE. Few seemed to know what my trouble was. Three packages of Vita-Ore have made a wonderful change in my condition. I can work all day and am free from pain, something I have not been free from for ten years.
MAY CONKEY.

Salt Rheum and Piles Cured.
DUNDEE, ILL.—For nearly nine years I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum on both of my limbs. I used nearly all the patent medicines and salves that were advertised to cure this trouble and spent several ten-dollar bills but to no avail. I was also afflicted with the Piles. After using four packages of Vita-Ore I can cheerfully say that I am cured and have not felt better for the last seven years. I am over sixty years old and can work like a man twenty years my junior.
CHAS. DOSE.